FORTY YEARS OF 'SPY'

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LITERATURE
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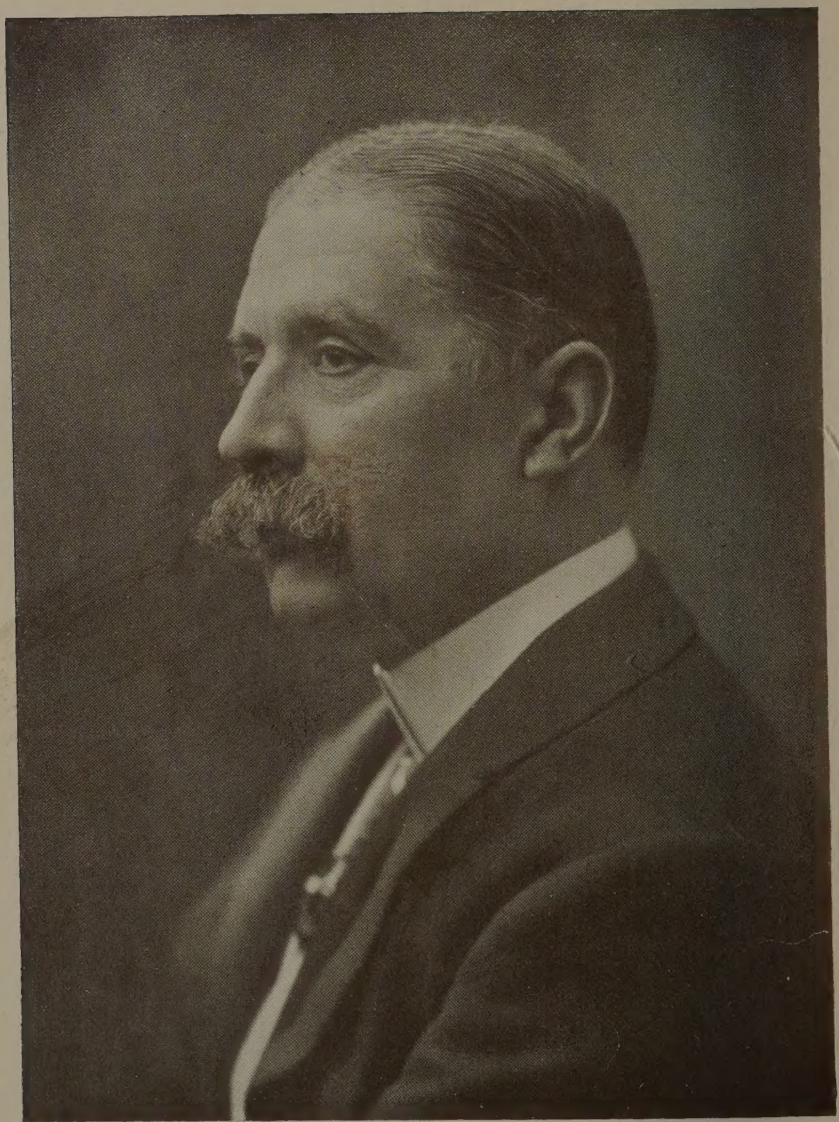

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LESLIE WARD.

FORTY YEARS OF 'SPY'

BY

LESLIE WARD

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS

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DEDICATED

TO

MY DAUGHTER

SYLVIA

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

I HAVE often been asked to record my recollections and impressions of the many interesting men and women I have met in the course of my long professional career as a cartoonist and portrait painter, when—particularly during my association with *Vanity Fair*—I met practically every person of note in the London world of the last forty years. I have at length succumbed to the invitation.

Unfortunately I have never kept a diary, and my main source of reminiscence must therefore be my memory; and had that been as lasting for the important events of later life as it has been for lesser occasions of inexperienced youth, my book would be the more entertaining. Certainly a journal of the talk and wit my studio has heard would have been of great interest. I have always encouraged my sitters to talk, and I only wish I could have remembered all the conversations that passed in those pleasant days and the amusing stories told to me; but it has not been possible to retain them in a comprehensive degree—when I was engrossed in the study of my subject and the resultant presentation of his features and personality. A "ghost," with a note-book, behind a screen would have been invaluable for recording the conversation of my sitters; but that plan would have been as mean as laying mines in the sea during naval warfare, and I should have been fairly blown up if caught! So whatever errors this book may be found to contain must be put down to the vagaries of memory.

As unhappily is inevitable in this changing life, some of the friends mentioned in the ensuing narrative have died during the period between writing and publication. Among those still living at an advanced age, however, I am glad to reckon Mrs. Attwell, the widow of my old schoolmaster, Professor Attwell: and I take this opportunity to express my deep regard for both of them, and appreciation of the happy time I spent at their school, Nassau House, Barnes.

The publication of this book has been delayed by several causes—the war, and a very serious operation I had to undergo in the spring of 1915. I wish to express my grateful thanks to my friend, S. M. Ellis, who, during my illness, put into shape and corrected the proofs of the final chapters.

LESLIE WARD.

June, 1915.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

PAGE

I come into the world.—The story of my ancestry.—My mother.—Wilkie Collins.—The Collins family.—Slough and Upton.—The funeral of the Duchess of Kent.—The marriage of the Princess Royal.—Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort.—Their visits to my parents' studios.—The Prince of Wales.—Sir William Ross, R.A.—Westminster Abbey.—My composition.—A visit to Astley's Theatre.—Wilkie Collins and Pigott.—The Panopticon.—The Thames frozen over.—The Comet.—General Sir John Hearsey.—Kent Villa.—My father.—Lady Waterford.—Marcus Stone and Vicat Cole.—The Crystal Palace.—Rev. J. M. Bellew.—Kyrle Bellew.—I go to school.—Wentworth Hope Johnstone 1

CHAPTER II

ETON AND AFTER

Eton days.—Windsor Fair.—My Dame.—Fights and Fun.—Boveney Court.—Mr. Hall Say.—Boveney.—Professor and Mrs. Attwell.—I win a useful prize.—Alban Doran.—My father's frescoes.—Battle Abbey.—Gainsborough's Tomb.—Knole.—Our burglar.—Claude Calthrop.—Clayton Calthrop.—The Gardener as Critic.—The Gipsy with an eye for colour.—I attempt sculpture.—The Terry family.—Private theatricals.—Sir John Hare.—Miss Marion Terry.—Miss Ellen Terry.—Miss Kate Terry.—Miss Bateman.—Miss Florence St. John.—Constable.—Sir Howard Vincent.—I dance with Patti.—Lancaster Gate and Meringues.—Prayers and Pantries. 27

CHAPTER III

MY FATHER'S FRIENDS

My father's friends.—The Pre-Raphaelites.—Plum-box painting.—The Victorians.—The Post-Impressionists.—Maclise.—Sir Edwin Landseer.—Tom Landseer.—Mulready.—Daniel Roberts.—Edward Cooke.—Burgess and Long.—Frith.—Millais.—Stephens and Holman Hunt.—Stanfield.—C. R. Leslie.—Dr. John Doran.—Mr.

PAGE

and Mrs. S. C. Hall.—The Virtues, James and William.—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor.—A story of Tennyson.—Sam Lover.—Moscheles *père et fils*.—Philip Calderon.—Sir Theodore and Lady Martin.—Garibaldi.—Lord Crewe.—Fechter.—Joachim and Lord Houghton.—Charles Dickens.—Lord Stanhope.—William Hepworth Dixon.—Sir Charles Dilke. 48

CHAPTER IV

WORK AND PLAY

School-days ended.—A trip to Paris.—Versailles and the Morgue.—I enter the office of Sydney Smirke, R.A.—Montagu Williams and Christchurch.—A squall.—Frith as arbitrator.—I nearly lose my life.—William Virtue to the rescue.—The Honourable Mrs. Butler Johnson Munro.—I visit Knebworth.—Lord Lytton.—Spiritualism.—My first picture in the Royal Academy.—A Scotch holiday with my friend Richard Dunlop.—Patrick Adam.—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis.—Mr. George Fox and Harry Fox.—Sir William Jaffray.—Mr. William Cobbett.—Adventures on and off a horse.—Peter Graham.—Cruikshank.—Mr. Phené Spiers.—Johnston Forbes-Robertson and Irving.—Fred Walker.—Arthur Sullivan.—Sir Henry de Bathe.—Sir Spencer Ponsonby.—Du Maurier.—Arthur Cecil.—Sir Francis Burnand.—The Bennett Benefit. 67

CHAPTER V

'SPY'

My coming of age.—The letter.—The Doctor's verdict.—The Doctor's pretty daughter.—Arthur Sullivan.—"Dolly" Storey.—Lord Leven's garden party.—Professor Owen.—Gibson Bowles.—Arthur Lewis.—Carlo Pellegrini.—Paolo Tosti.—Pagani's.—J. J. Tissot.—*Vanity Fair*.—Some of the Contributors.—Anthony Trollope.—John Stuart Mill.—*The World*.—Edmund Yates.—Death of Lord Lytton.—Mr. Macquoid.—Luke Fildes.—Small.—Gregory.—Herkomer.—*The Graphic*.—Gladstone.—Disraeli, etc. 89

CHAPTER VI

CARICATURE

Cannot be taught.—Where I stalk.—The ugly man.—The handsome man.—Physical defects.—Warts.—Joachim Liszt and Oliver Cromwell.—Pellegrini, Millais and Whistler.—The characteristic portrait.—Taking notes.—Methods.—Photography.—Tattersall's.—Lord Lonsdale.—Lord Rocksavage.—William Gillette.—Mr. Bayard.—The bald man.—The humorous sitter.—Tyler.—Profiles.—Cavalry Officers.—The Queen's uniform.—My subjects' wives.—What they think.—Bribery.—Bradlaugh.—The Prince of Wales.—The tailor story.—Sir Watkin Williams Wynn.—Lord Henry Lennox.—Cardinal Newman.—The Rev. Arthur Tooth.—Dr. Spooner.—Comyns Carr.—Pigott.—"Piggy" Palk and "Mr. Spy." 109

CHAPTER VII

PORTRAITURE

PAGE

Some of my sitters.—Mrs. Tom Caley.—Lady Leucha Warner.—Lady Loudoun.—Colonel Corbett.—Miss Reiss.—The late Mrs. Harry McCalmont.—The Duke of Hamilton.—Sir W. Jaffray.—The Queen of Spain.—Soldier sitters.—Millais.—Sir William Cunliffe Brooks.—Holman Hunt.—George Richmond.—Sir William Richmond.—Sir Luke Fildes.—Lord Leighton.—Sir Laurence Alma Tadema.—Sir George Reid.—Orchardson.—Pettie.—Frank Dicksee.—Augustus Lumley.—"Archie" Stuart Wortley.—John Varley.—John Collier.—Sir Keith Fraser.—Sir Charles Fraser.—Mrs. Langtry.—Mrs. Cornwallis West.—Miss Rousby.—The Prince of Wales.—King George as a boy.—Children's portraits.—Mrs. Weldon.—Christabel Pankhurst. 140

CHAPTER VIII

MY CLUBS

The Arts Club.—Mrs. Frith's funeral.—The sympathetic waiter.—Swinburne.—Whistler.—Edmund Yates.—The Orleans Club.—Sir George Wombwell.—"Hughie" Drummond.—"Fatty" Coleman.—Lady Meux.—The Prize Fighter and her nephew.—The Curate.—The Theobald's Tiger.—Whistler and his pictures.—Charles Brookfield. Mrs. Brookfield.—The Lotus Club.—Kate Vaughan.—Nellie Farren.—The Lyric Club.—The Gallery Club.—Some Members.—The Jockey Club Stand.—My plunge on the turf.—The Beefsteak Club.—Toole and Irving.—The Fielding Club.—Archie Wortley.—Charles Keene.—The Amateur Pantomime.—Some of the caste.—Corney Grain.—A night on Ebury Bridge.—The Punch Bowl Club.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.—Lord Houghton and the herring. 161

CHAPTER IX

THE LAW

The Inspiration of the Courts.—Montagu Williams.—Lefroy.—The De Goncourt case.—Irving.—Sir Frank Lockwood.—Dr. Lampson, the poisoner.—Mr. Justice Hawkins.—The Tichborne case.—Mr. Justice Mellor and Mr. Justice Lush.—The Druce case.—The Countess of Ossington.—The Duke's portrait.—My models.—The Adventuress.—The insolent omnibus conductor.—I win my case.—Sir George Lewis.—The late Lord Grimthorpe.—Sir Charles Hall.—Lord Halsbury.—Sir Alfred Cripps (now Lord Parmoor).—Sir Herbert Cozens-Hardy.—Lord Robert Cecil.—The late Sir Albert de Rutzen.—Mr. Charles Gill.—Sir Charles Matthews.—Lord Alverstone.—Mr. Birrell.—Mr. Plowden.—Mr. Marshall Hall.—Mr. H. C. Biron. 194

CHAPTER X

THE CHURCH AND THE VARSITIES—PARSONS OF MANY CREEDS AND DENOMINATIONS

PAGE

Dean Wellesley.—Dr. James Sewell.—Canon Ainger.—Lord Torrington.—Dr. Goodford.—Dr. Welldon.—Dr. Walker.—The Van Beers' Supper.—The Bishop of Lichfield.—Rev. R. J. Campbell.—Cardinal Vaughan.—Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury.—Dr. Armitage Robinson.—Varsity Athletes.—Etherington-Smith.—John Loraine Baldwin.—Ranjitsinhji.—Mr. Muttlebury.—Mr. "Rudy" Lehmann. 218

CHAPTER XI

IN THE LOBBY

In the House.—Distinguished soldiers.—The main Lobby.—The Irish Party.—Isaac Butt.—Mr. Mitchell Henry.—Parnell and Dillon.—Gladstone and Disraeli.—Lord Arthur Hill.—Lord Alexander Paget.—Viscount Midleton.—Mr. Seely.—Lord Alington's cartoon.—Chaplains of the "House"—Rev. F. E. C. Byng.—Archdeacon Wilberforce.—The "Fourth Party."—Lord Northbrook and Col. Napier Sturt.—Lord Lytton.—The method of Millais.—Lord Londonderry. 236

CHAPTER XII

VOYAGE ON H.M.S. *HERCULES*

Sir Reginald Macdonald's caricature.—H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh's invitation.—The *Lively*.—The *Hercules*.—Admiral Sir William Hewitt.—Irish excursions.—The Channel Squadron.—Fishing party at Loch Brine.—The young Princes arrive on the *Bacchante*.—Cruise to Vigo.—The "Night Alarm."—The Duke as *bon voyageur*.—Vigo.—The birthday picnic.—A bear-fight on board the *Hercules*.—Homeward bound.—Good-bye.—The Duke's visit to my studio. 252

CHAPTER XIII

YACHTSMEN—FOREIGN RULERS

Lord Charles Beresford.—Cowes.—Lady Cardigan.—Chevalier Martino.—Lord Albemarle.—Harry McCalmont.—Royal Sailors.—King Edward VII.—Queen Alexandra.—Prince Louis of Battenberg.—King of Greece.—Foreign Rulers.—The Prince Imperial.—Don Carlos.—General Ignatieff.—Midhat Pasha.—Sir Salar Jung.—Ras Makounan.—Cetewayo.—Shah of Persia.—Viscount Tadasu Hayashi, etc. 268

CHAPTER XIV

MUSICIANS—AUTHORS—ACTORS AND ARTISTS

PAGE

Wagner.—Richter.—Dan Godfrey.—Arthur Cecil.—Sir Frederick Bridge and bombs.—W. S. Penley.—Sir Herbert Tree.—Max Beerbohm.—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.—Henry Kemble.—Sir Edgar Boehm.—George Du Maurier.—Rudyard Kipling.—Alfred Austin.—William Black.—Thomas Hardy.—W. E. Henley.—Egerton Castle.—Samuel Smiles.—Farren.—Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft.—Dion Boucicault and his wife.—Sir Charles Wyndham.—Leo Trevor.—Cyril Maude.—William Gillette.—The late Dion Boucicault.—Arthur Bourchier.—Allan Aynesworth.—Charlie Hawtrey.—The Grossmiths.—H. B. Irving.—W. L. Courtney.—Willie Elliot.—"Beau Little"—Henry Arthur Jones.—Gustave Doré.—J. MacNeil Whistler—Walter Crane.—F. C. G.—Lady Ashburton and her forgetfulness 283

CHAPTER XV

NOTABLE PEERS—TANGIER—THE TECKS

Peers of the Period.—My Voyage to Tangier.—Marlborough House and White Lodge. 303

CHAPTER XVI

MARRIAGE —SOME CLERICS—FAREWELL TO *VANITY FAIR*

My engagement and marriage to Miss Topham-Watney.—"Drawl" and the Kruger cartoon.—"The General Group."—Field-Marshal Lord Roberts.—Archbishops Temple and Randall Davidson.—The Bishop of London.—Archbishop of York.—Canon Fleming.—Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.—Lord Salisbury's cartoon.—Mr. Asquith.—Joe Knight.—Lord Newlands.—Four great men in connection with Canada.—The Queen of Spain.—Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg.—General Sir William Francis Butler, G.C.B.—Mr. Witherby.—Farewell to *Vanity Fair*. 321

CHAPTER XVII

A HOLIDAY MISFORTUNE—ROYAL PORTRAITS—FAREWELL

Belgium.—Accident at Golf.—Portraits of King George V, the Duke of Connaught, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Garvin.—Portrait painting of to-day.—Final reflections.—Farewell. 332

ILLUSTRATIONS

IN COLOUR

	FACING PAGE
Mr. Charles Cox (Banker), 1881	46
The Marquis of Winchester, 1904	60
Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty (Garter King-at-Arms, 1905)	70
Lord Haldon, 1882	138
Admiral Sir Compton Domville, 1906 Miss Christabel Pankhurst	160
F. R. Spofforth (Demon Bowler), 1878	232
Mr. Gladstone, 1887	238
Sir Albert Rollit, 1886	248
The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, 1902	324
The Marquis of Salisbury, 1902	326

IN HALF-TONE

Leslie Ward	*Frontispiece*
James Ward, R.A.	2
James Ward's Mother	2
Miniature of my sister Alice and myself painted by Sir William Ross, R.A.	12
My Father	14
My Mother	14
Cartoons from *Punch*, 1865	22
Sir William Broadbent, 1902	30
Sir Thomas Barlow, 1903	30
Sir James Paget, Bart., 1876	30
My Brother, Wriothesley Russell, 1872	36
My Sister, Beatrice, 1874	36
Bust of my Brother, Wriothesley Russell, 1867	38
My Daughter Sylvia	38
John Everett Millais, R.A., 1874	54
C. R. Leslie, R.A. (my Godfather)	54
Lord Houghton, 1882	66
Fred Archer, 1881	66
The Duke of Beaufort, *cir.* 1895	66
First Lord Lytton (Bulwer Lytton), 1869	76

	FACING PAGE
Mr. George Lane Fox, 1878	82
Lord Portman, 1898	82
Duke of Grafton, 1886	82
Sir William Jaffray, Bart.	88
Sir William Crookes, 1903	92
Sir Oliver Lodge, 1904	92
Sir William Huggins, 1903	92
Professor Owen, 1873	92
Thomas Gibson Bowles, 1905	94
Colonel Hall Walker, 1906	94
Colonel Fred Burnaby, 1876	94
Pellegrini Asleep, etc., *cir.* 1889	98
John Tenniel, 1878	104
Anthony Trollope, 1873	104
Sir Francis Doyle, Bart., 1877	104
"Miles Bugglebury," 1867	108
J. Redmond, M.P., 1904	112
The Speaker (J. W. Lowther, M.P.), 1906	112
Bonar Law, M.P., 1905	112
Henry Kemble, 1907	118
H. Beerbohm Tree, 1890	118
Gerald du Maurier, 1907	118
William Gillette, 1907	118
Fifth Earl of Portsmouth, 1876	122
Major Oswald Ames (Ozzie), 1896	122
Earl of Lonsdale, 1879	122
The Rev. R. J. Campbell, 1904	126
Sterling Stuart, 1904	126
Father Bernard Vaughan, 1907	126
Canon Liddon, 1876	132
Cardinal Newman, 1877	132
The Dean of Windsor (Wellesley), 1876	132
Dr. Jowett, 1876	134
Dr. Spooner, 1898	134
Professor Robinson Ellis, 1894	134
Buckstone, and other Sketches	140
Mrs. George Rigby Murray	144
A Study	144
The Hon. Mrs. Adrian Pollock	144
A Midsummer-Night's Dream	150
Grand Prix	150
The Beefsteak Club	164
George Grossmith and Corney Grain, 1888	178
C. Birch Crisp, 1911	186
Oliver Locker Lampson, M.P., 1911	186
Weedon Grossmith, 1905	186
The Forty Thieves: programme and photographs	188

FACING PAGE

Johnny Giffard; Alfred Thompson; Corney Grain; "Tom" Bird; Corney Grain at Datchet; Pellegrini 190
Augustus Helder, M.P.; Madame Rachel; Lord Ranelagh; Beal, M.P.; Barnum; First Lord Cowley; Sir H. Cozens-Hardy; The Dean of Christchurch; Sir Roderick Murcheson 198
Lord Coleridge, 1870 210
Mr. Justice Cozens-Hardy, 1893 210
H. C. Biron, 1907 210
E. S. Fordham, 1908 210
Charles Williams-Wynn, M.P., 1879 214
Sir James Ingham, 1886 214
Lord Vivian (Hook and Eye), 1876 214
Sir Albert de Rutzen, 1909 216
Mr. Plowden, 1910 216
Canon Ainger, 1892 222
16th Marquis of Winchester, 1904 222
Archdeacon Wilberforce, 1909 222
Rev. J. L. Joynes, 1887 224
Dr. Warre Cornish, 1901 224
Dr. Goodford, 1876 224
Rev. R. J. Campbell, 1904 230
Sam Loates, 1896 234
Arthur Coventry, 1881 234
Frank Wootton, 1909 234
Fordham, 1882 234
"Dizzy" and "Monty" Corry (Lord Rowton), 1880 240
Campbell-Bannerman and Fowler, 1892 246
Gladstone and Harcourt, 1892 246
Lords Spencer and Ripon, 1892 246
The Fourth Party, 1881 250
Baron Deichmann, 1903 252
W. Bramston Beach, M.P., 1895 252
"Sam" Smith, M.P., 1904 252
Percy Thornton, M.P., 1900 252
Seventh Earl of Bessborough, 1888 260
Rev. F. H. Gillingham, 1906 260
Archdeacon Benjamin Harrison, 1885 260
"Charlie" Beresford, 1876 268
Admiral Sir John Fisher, 1902 268
Admiral Sir Regd. Macdonald, 1880 268
Captain Jellicoe, 1906 268
King Edward VII, 1902 270
Sir John Astley 276
"Jim" Lowther, M.P., 1877 276
Peter Gilpin, 1908 276
Earl of Macclesfield, 1881 276
Chinese Ambassador (Kuo Sung Tuo), 1877 280

FACING PAGE

Ras Makonnen, 1903 280
Chinese Ambassador (Chang Ta Jen), 1903 280
Richard Wagner, 1877 284
The Abbé Liszt, 1886 284
Kubelik, 1903 286
Sir Frederick Bridge, 1904 286
Paderewski, 1899 286
Sir Edgar Boehm, Bart., R.A., 1884; and the brass on Sir Edgar Boehm's Tomb 290
Sir Henry Lucy, 1909 292
W. S. Gilbert, 1881 292
W. E. Henley, 1892 292
Rudyard Kipling, 1894 292
From Nursery Rhyme Sketches; Rt. Hon. "Bobby" Low; Mr. Justice Lawrence; Danckwerts, K.C.; the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn; a Smile from Nature; Henry Irving 296
Lord Newlands, 1909 306
Count de Soveral, 1898 306
M. Gennadius, 1888 306
General Sir H. Smith Dorrien, 1911 312
Lord Roberts, 1900 312
Lord Kitchener, 1899 312
Lloyd George, 1911 318
Asquith, 1904 318
Rufus Isaacs, 1904 318
My Daughter 322
My Wife 322
Joseph Knight, and a facsimile letter 326
Princess Ena of Battenberg, 1906 330
Sketches drawn in September, 1899, by Mr. A. G. Witherby 332
M. P. Grace, Esq., Battle Abbey 340

IN LINE

Cruikshank's Autograph 86
Facsimile of a Whistler letter 299
"Smile, damn you, smile!" 334

FORTY YEARS OF 'SPY'

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

I come into the world.—The story of my ancestry.—My mother.—Wilkie Collins.—The Collins family.—Slough and Upton.—The funeral of the Duchess of Kent.—The marriage of the Princess Royal.—Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort.—Their visits to my parents' studios.—The Prince of Wales.—Sir William Ross, R.A.—Westminster Abbey.—My composition.—A visit to Astley's Theatre.—Wilkie Collins and Pigott.—The Panopticon.—The Thames frozen over.—The Comet.—General Sir John Hearsey.—Kent Villa.—My father.—Lady Waterford.—Marcus Stone and Vicat Cole.—The Crystal Palace.—Rev. J. M. Bellew.—Kyrle Bellew.—I go to school.—Wentworth Hope Johnstone.

In the course of our lives the monotonous repetition of daily routine and the similarity of the types we meet make our minds less and less susceptible to impressions, with the result that important events and interesting *rencontres* of last year—or even of last week—pass from our recollection far more readily than the trifling occurrences and casual acquaintanceships of early days. The deep indentations which everything makes upon the memory when the brain is young and receptive, when everything is novel and comes as a surprise, remain with most men and women throughout their lives. I am no exception to this rule; I remember, with extraordinary clearness of vision, innumerable incidents, trivial perhaps in themselves, but infinitely dear to me. They shine back across the years with a vivid outline, the clearer for a background of forgotten and perhaps important events now lost in shadow.

I was born at Harewood Square, London, on

November 21st, 1851, and I was named after my godfather, C. R. Leslie, R.A., the father of George Leslie, R.A.

My father, E. M. Ward, R.A., the only professional artist of his family, and the nephew by marriage of Horace Smith (the joint author with James Smith of "The Rejected Addresses"), fell in love with Miss Henrietta Ward (who, although of the same name, was no relation), and married her when she was just sixteen. My mother came of a long line of artists. Her father, George Raphael Ward, a mezzotint engraver and miniature painter, also married an artist who was an extremely clever miniature painter. John Jackson, R.A., the portrait painter in ordinary to William IV., was my mother's great-uncle, and George Morland became related to her by his marriage with pretty Anne Ward, whose life he wrecked by his drunken profligacy. His treatment of his wife, in fact, alienated from Morland men who were his friends, and amongst them my great-grandfather, James Ward (who, like my father, married a Miss Ward, an artist and a namesake). James Ward, R.A., was a most interesting character and an artist of great versatility. As landscape, animal, and portrait painter, engraver, lithographer, and modeller, his work shows extraordinary ability. In his early days poverty threatened to wreck his career, but although misfortune hindered his progress, he surmounted every obstacle with magnificent courage and tenacity of purpose. On the subject of theology, his artistic temperament was curiously intermingled with his faith, but when he wished to embody his mysticism and ideals in paint, he failed. On the other hand, we have some gigantic masterpieces in the Tate and National Galleries which I

My greatgrandfather (on my mother's side),
JAMES WARD, R.A.,
who died in his 91st year.

JAMES WARD'S MOTHER
who died at 100 *all but a month.*

think will bear the test of time in their power and excellence. "Power," to quote a contemporary account of James' life, "was the keynote of his work, he loved to paint mighty bulls and fiery stallions, picturing their brutal strength as no one has done before or since." He ground his colours and manufactured his own paints, made experiments in pigments of all kinds, and "Gordale Scar" is a proof of the excellence of pure medium. The picture was painted for the late Lord Ribblesdale, and when it proved to be too large to hang on his walls, the canvas was rolled and stored in the cellars of the British Museum. At the rise and fall of the Thames, water flooded the picture; but after several years' oblivion it was discovered, rescued from damp and mildew, and after restoration was found to have lost none of its freshness and colour.

As an engraver alone James Ward was famous, but the attraction of colour, following upon his accidental discovery—that he could paint—made while he was repairing an oil painting, encouraged him to abandon his engraving and take up the brush. This he eventually did, in spite of the great opposition from artists of the day, Hoppner amongst them, who all wished to retain his services as a clever engraver of their own work. William Ward, the mezzotint engraver, whose works are fetching great sums to-day, encouraged his younger brother, and James held to his decision. He eventually proved his talent, but his triumph was not achieved without great vicissitude and discouragement. He became animal painter to the King, and died at the great age of ninety, leaving a large number of works of a widely different character, many of which are in the possession of the Hon. John Ward, M.V.O.

The following letters from Sir Edwin Landseer, Mulready, and Holman Hunt to my father, show in some degree the regard in which other great artists held both him and his pictures :—

November 21st, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

. . . I beg to assure you that not amongst the large group of mourners that regret him will you find one friend who so appreciated his genius or respected him more as a good man.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

E. LANDSEER.

Linden Grove,
Notting Hill,
June 1st, 1862.

DEAR SIR,

I agree with my brother artists in their admiration of your wife's grandfather's pictures of Cattle, now in the International Exhibition, and I believe its being permanently placed in our National Gallery would be useful in our school and an honour to our country.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

W. MULREADY.

June 26th, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR,

. . . It is many years now since I saw Mrs. Ward's Grandfather's famous picture of the "Bull, Cow, and Calf." I have not been able to go and see it in the International Exhibition. My memory of it is, however, quite clear enough to

allow me to express my very great admiration for the qualities of drawing, composition, and colour for which it is distinguished. In the two last particulars it will always be especially interesting as one of the earliest attempts to liberate the art of this century from the conventionalities of the last. . . .

Yours very truly,

W. Holman Hunt.

My mother's versatile talent has ably upheld the reputation of her artistic predecessors; she paints besides figure-subjects delightful interiors, charming little bits of country life, and inherits the gift of painting dogs, which she represents with remarkable facility.

Although both my parents were historical painters, my mother's style was in no way similar to my father's. Her quality of painting is of a distinctive kind. This was especially marked in the painting of "Mrs. Fry visiting Newgate," one of the most remarkable of her pictures. The picture was hung on the line in the Royal Academy, and after a very successful reception was engraved. Afterwards, both painting and engraving were stolen by the man to whom they were entrusted for exhibition round the country; this man lived on the proceeds and pawned the picture. Eventually the painting was recovered and bought for America, and it is still perhaps the most widely known of the many works of my mother purchased for public galleries.

It is not surprising, therefore, that I should have inherited some of the inclinations of my artistic progenitors.

My earliest recollection is of a sea-trip at the age

of four, when I remember tasting my first acidulated drop, presented me by an old lady whose appearance I can recollect perfectly, together with the remembrance of my pleasure and the novelty of the strange sweet.

My mother tells me my first caricatures were of soldiers at Calais. I am afraid that—youthful as I then was—they could hardly have been anything but *caricatures.*

Wilkie Collins came into my life even earlier than this. I was going to say I remember him at my christening, but I am afraid my words would be discredited even in these days of exaggeration. The well-known novelist, who was a great friend of my parents, was then at the height of his fame. He had what I knew afterwards to be an unfortunate "cast" in one eye, which troubled me very much as a child, for when telling an anecdote or making an observation to my father, I frequently thought he was addressing me, and I invariably grew embarrassed because I did not understand, and was therefore unable to reply.

Other members of the Collins family visited us. There was old Mrs. Collins, the widow of William Collins, R.A.; a quaint old lady who wore her kid boots carefully down on one side and then reversed them and wore them down on the other. She had a horror of Highlanders because they wore kilts, which she considered scandalous.

Charles Collins, one of the original pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, her son, and Wilkie's brother, paid frequent week-end visits to our house, and the memory of Charles is surrounded by a halo of mystery and wonder, for he possessed a magic snuff-box made of gold inset with jewels, and at a word of

command a little bird appeared on it, which disappeared in the same wonderful manner. But what was even more wonderful, Mr. Collins persuaded me that the bird flew all round the room singing until it returned to the box and fascinated me all over again. In after years I remember seeing a similar box and discovering the deception and mechanism. My disappointment for my shattered ideal was very hard to bear.

My imagination as a small child, although it endowed me with happy hours, was sometimes rather too much for me. On being presented with a sword, I invented a lion to kill with it, and grew so frightened finally of the creature of my own invention that at the last moment, preparatory to a triumphant rush intended to culminate in victory, I was obliged to retreat in terror behind my mother's skirts, my clutch becoming so frantic that she had to release herself from my grasp.

On leaving Harewood Square, my parents went to live at Upton Park, Slough, where I spent some of the happiest days of my life. Always a charming little place, it was then to me very beautiful. I remember the old church, delightfully situated by the roadside, the little gate by the low wall, and the long line of dark green yews bordering the flagged paths, where the stately people walked into church, followed by small Page boys in livery carrying big bags containing the prayer-books. Leech has depicted those quaint children in many a humorous drawing. There were two ladies whom I recollect as far from stately. I wish I could meet them now. Such subjects for a caricature one rarely has the opportunity of seeing. Quite six feet, ungainly, gawky, with odd clothes and queer faces, not unlike

those of birds, they always inspired me with the utmost curiosity and astonishment. These ladies bore the name of "Trumper," and I remember they called upon us one day. The servant—perhaps embarrassed by their strange appearance—announced them as the "Miss Trumpeters," and the accidental name labelled them for ever. Even now I think of them as "the Trumpeters." The eccentricity of the Miss Trumpers was evidently hereditary, for on the occasion of a dinner-party given at their house, old Mrs. Trumper startled her guests at an early stage of the meal by bending a little too far over her plate, and causing her wig and cap to fall with a splash into her soup.

The ivy mantled tower was claimed very jealously in those days by the natives of Upton to be the tower of Gray's "Elegy," but it was in Stoke Poges churchyard that Gray wrote his exquisite poem, and it is there by the east wall of the old church that "the poet sleeps his last sleep."

In the meadow by the chancel window stands the cenotaph raised to his memory by John Penn, who, although the Pennsylvanians will assure you he rests safely in their native town, is buried in a village called Penn not far distant.

The churchyard always impresses me with its atmosphere of romantic associations; the fine old elm tree, and the pines, and the two ancient yews casting their dark shade—

"Where heaves the turf with many a mouldering heap,"

all add to the poetic feeling that is still so completely preserved.

When one enters the church the impression gained outside is somewhat impaired by some startlingly

ugly stained glass windows, which to my mind are a blot on the church. There is one which is so crushingly obvious as to be positively painful to the eye. It must be remembered, of course, that these drawbacks are comparatively modern, and a few of the windows are very quaint. One very old one reveals an anticipatory gentleman riding a wooden bicycle.

The Reverend Hammond Tooke was then Rector of Upton Church, and a friend of my people. Mrs. Tooke was interested in me, and gave me my first Bible, which I still possess, but which, I am afraid, is not opened as often as it used to be. My excuse lies in my fear lest it should fall to pieces if I touched it. On the way to and from church we used to pass the old Rectory House (in after days the residence of George Augustus Sala), then owned by an admiral of whom I have not the slightest recollection. The admiral's garden was a source of unfailing interest, for there, on the surface of a small pond, floated a miniature man-o'-war.

Another scene of happy hours was Herschel House, which belonged to an old lady whom we frequently visited. On her lawn stood the famous telescope, which was so gigantically constructed that —in search of science !—it enabled me to my delight to run up and down it. Sir William Herschel made most of his great discoveries at this house, including that of the planet Uranus.

Living so near Windsor we naturally witnessed a great number of incidents, interesting and spectacular. From our roof we saw the funeral procession of the Duchess of Kent, winding along the Slough road, and from a shop window in Windsor watched the bridal carriage of the Princess Royal (on the

occasion of her marriage to the Crown Prince of Prussia) being dragged up Windsor Hill by the Eton boys. I can also recall an opportunity being given us of witnessing from the platform of Slough station, gaily decorated for the occasion, the entry of a train which was conveying Victor Emmanuel, then King of Sardinia, to Windsor Castle. If I remember rightly, the Mayor—with the inevitable Corporation—read an address, and it was then that I saw the robust monarch in his smart green and gold uniform, with a plumed hat: his round features and enormous moustache are not easily forgotten.

The station-master at Slough was an extraordinary character, and full of importance, with an appearance in keeping. He must have weighed quite twenty-two stone. He used to walk down the platform heralding the approaching train with a penetrating voice that resounded through the station. There is a story told of how he went to his grandson's christening, and, missing his accustomed position of supreme importance and prominence, he grew bored, fell asleep in a comfortable pew . . . and snored until the roof vibrated! When the officiating clergyman attempted to rouse him by asking the portly sponsor the name of his godchild, he awoke suddenly and replied loudly, "Slough—Slough—change for Windsor!"

During the progress of my father's commissioned pictures, "The Visit of Queen Victoria to the Tomb of Napoleon I." and "The Investiture of Napoleon III. with the Order of the Garter" (both of which, I believe, still hang in Buckingham Palace), the Queen and Prince Consort made frequent visits to my father's studio. On one of these visits of inspection, the Queen was attracted by some little pictures

done by my mother of her children, with which she was so much pleased that she asked her to paint one of Princess Beatrice (then a baby of ten months old). Before the departure of the Royal family on this occasion, we children were sent for, and upon entering the room made our bow and curtsey as we had been taught to do by our governess. My youngest sister, however, being a mere baby, toddled in after us with an air of indifference which she continued to show. I suppose the gold and scarlet liveries of the Royal servants were more attractive to her than the quiet presence of the Royal people. When the Queen departed, we hurried to the nursery windows. To my delight, I saw the Prince of Wales waving his mother's sunshade to us, and in return I kept waving my hand to him until the carriage was out of sight.

In after years my father told me with some amusement, how the Prince Consort (who was growing stouter) reduced the size of the painted figure of himself in my father's picture by drawing a chalk line, and remarking, "That's where my waist *should* be!"

I sat to my parents very often, and my father occasionally gave me sixpence as a reward for the agonies I considered I endured, standing in awkward attitudes, impatiently awaiting my freedom. In my mother's charming picture called "God save the Queen," which represents her sitting at the piano, her fingers on the keys, her face framed by soft curls is turned to a small group representing her children who are singing the National Anthem. Here I figure with sword, trumpet, and helmet, looking as if I would die for my Queen and my country, while my sisters watch with wide interested eyes.

My sisters and I often played about my mother's studio while she painted. She never seemed to find our presence troublesome, although I believe we were sometimes a nuisance, whereas my father was obliged to limit his attentions to us when work was finished for the day.

I loved to draw, and on Sundays the subject had to be Biblical, as to draw anything of an everyday nature on the Sabbath was in those days considered, even for a child, highly reprehensible (at all events, by my parents).

Even then I was determined to be an artist. I remember that one day my oldest friend, Edward Nash (whose parents were neighbours of ours) and I were watching the Seaforth Highlanders go by, and, roused perhaps by this inspiring sight, we fell to discussing our futures.

"I'm going to be an artist," I announced. "What are you?"

"I'm going to be a Scotchman," he replied gravely. In after life he distinguished himself as a great athlete, played football for Rugby in the school "twenty," and was one of the founders of the Hockey Club. He is now a successful solicitor and the father of athletic sons.

A very interesting personality crossed my path at this period in the shape of Sir William Ross, R.A., the last really great miniature painter of his time. He was a most courteous old gentleman, and there was nothing of the artist in his appearance—at least according to the accepted view of the appearance of an artist. In fact, he was more like a benevolent old doctor than anything else. When my sister Alice and I knew that we were to sit to him for our portraits, we rather liked, instead of resenting, the

Miniature of my sister Alice and myself painted by Sir William Ross, R.A., 1855.

idea (as perhaps would have been natural), for he looked so kind. After our first sitting he told me to eat the strawberry I had held so patiently. I obediently did as he suggested, and after each sitting I was rewarded in this way. The miniature turned out to be a *chef d'œuvre.* It is so beautiful in its extreme delicacy and manipulation that it delights me always. My mother values it so much that in order to retain its freshness she keeps it locked up and shows it only to those who she knows will appreciate its exquisite qualities. Queen Victoria said when it was shown to her, "I have many fine miniatures by Ross, but none to equal that one."

We visited many artists' studios with our parents. I am told I was an observant child and consequently had to be warned against making too outspoken criticisms on the pictures and their painters. On one occasion a Mr. Bell was coming to dine ; we were allowed in the drawing-room after dinner, and as his appearance was likely to excite our interest, we were warned by our governess against remarking on Mr. Bell's nose. This warning resulted in our anticipation rising to something like excitement, and the moment I entered the room, my gaze went straight to his nose and stayed there. I recollect searching my brain for a comparison, and coming to the conclusion that it resembled a bunch of grapes.

My father was a very keen student of archæology ; and I think he must have known the history of every building in London inside and out ! I remember that once he took us to Westminster Abbey, there, as usual, to make known to us, I have no doubt, many interesting facts. Afterwards we went to St. James' Park, where my father pointed out the ornamental lake where King Charles the Second fed

his ducks, and told our governess that he thought it would be an excellent idea if when we returned we were to write a description of our adventures. The next day, accordingly, we sat down to write our compositions; and although my sister's proves to have been not so bad, mine, as will be seen, was shocking. The reader will observe that in speaking of St. James' Park, I have gone so far as to say "King Charles fed his duchess by the lake," which seems to imply a knowledge of that gay monarch beyond my years.

"Thhe other day you were so kinnd as to take us to Westminster Abbey we went in a cab and we got out of the cab at poets corner and then went in Westminster Abbey and we saw the tombe of queen Eleanor and then we saw the tomb of queen Elizabeth and Mary and the tomb of Henry VII and his wife lying by him and the tomb of Henry's mother, then we came to the tow little children of James II and in the middle the two little Princes that were smothered in the tower and there bones were found there and and bort to Westminster Abbey and berryd there. We saw the sword which was corrade in the procession after the battle of Cressy and we then saw the two coronation Chairs were the kings and queens were crowned and onder one of the Chairs a large stone under it that Edward brought with hin And we saw the tomb of Gorge II who was the last man who was berried there. Then we went to a bakers shop and we had some buns and wen we had done papa said to the woman three buns one barth bun and ane biscuit and papa forgot his gluves and i said they were in the shop and papa said silly boy why did you not tell me and then to the cloysters were three monks were berried then the senkuary

MY FATHER.
From a drawing by George Richmond, R.A.

MY MOTHER.
1909.

were the duke of York was taken and then the jeruclam chamber and then to Marlborough house were Marlborough lived and then Westminster hall and then judge Gerfys house and the inclosid at S' james park were Charles II fed his duchess and then we came home and had our tee and then went to bed."

A visit to London, which made a far greater impression on me, was made later, when I went to Astley's Theatre. Originally a circus in the Westminster Bridge Road, started by Philip Astley, who had been a light horseman in the army, the theatre was celebrated for equestrian performances. "Astley's," as it was called, formed the subject of one of the "Sketches by Boz." "It was not a Royal Amphitheatre," wrote Dickens, "in those days, nor had Duncan arisen to shed the light of classic taste and portable gas over the sawdust of the circus; but the whole character of the place was the same, the clown's jokes were the same, the riding masters were equally grand . . . the tragedians equally hoarse. . . . Astley's has changed for the better . . . we have changed for the worse."

Thackeray mentions the theatre in "The Newcomes." "Who was it," he writes, "that took the children to Astley's but Uncle Newcome?"

Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Pigott (afterwards Examiner of Plays) took *us;* we had a large box, and the play—*Garibaldi*—was most enthralling. I was overwhelmed with grief at Signora Garibaldi's death scene. There were horses, of course, in the great battle, and one of these was especially intelligent; limping from an imaginary wound, he took between his teeth from his helpless rider a handkerchief, dipped it in a pool of water, and returned—

still limping—to lay the cool linen upon the heated brow of his dying master.

Thrilling with excitement and fear, it never occurred to me that the battle, the wounds, and the deaths following were anything but real; but all my grief did not prevent me from enjoying between the acts my never-to-be-forgotten first strawberry ice.

The Panopticon was another place of amusement, long forgotten, I suppose, except by the very few. The building, now changed and known as the Alhambra, was a place where music and dancing were features of attraction. It was opened in 1852 and bore the name of the Royal Panopticon of Science and Art. I believe it was financed by philanthropic people, but it failed. *I* remember it because in the centre, where the stalls are now, rose a great fountain with coloured lights playing upon it. There were savages, too, and I shook hands with a Red Indian, with all his war paint gleaming, the scalp locks to awe me, and the feathers standing fiercely erect. He impressed me enormously, and in consequence of my seeing the savages, I became nervously imaginative. I had heard of burglars, and often reviewed in my mind my possible behaviour if I discovered one under my bed, where I looked every night in a sort of fearsome expectation. Religion had been early instilled into me; and, knowing the ultimate fate of wicked sinners, I resolved to tell him he would have to go to hell if he harmed me, and was so consoled with the idea that I went to sleep quite contentedly. A burglar might have been rather astonished had he heard such sentiments from my young lips.

In that strange "chancy" way in which remembrances of odd bizarre happenings jostle irrelevantly

one against another, I recall another experience. Once I was going to a very juvenile party; I forget where, but I was ready and waiting for the nurse to finish dressing my sisters. Resplendent in a perfectly new suit of brown velvet, and full of expectation of pleasures to come, I was rather excited and consequently restless. My nurse told me not to fidget. Casual reprimands had no effect. Growing angry, she commanded me loudly and suddenly to sit down, which I did . . . but in the bath! . . . falling backwards with a splash and with my feet waving in the air. My arrival at the party eventually in my old suit did not in any way interfere with my enjoyment.

About this time my mother visited Paris, and we looked forward to the letters she wrote to us. One letter mentions the interesting but afterwards ill-fated Prince Imperial.

"I again saw," she wrote, "the little baby Emperor; he is lovely and wore a large hat with blue feathers, I should like to paint him."

In 1857 the Thames was frozen over, and at Eton an ox was roasted upon the ice. I remember it well. Another time on the occasion of one of our many visits to Brighton, we saw the great comet, and a new brother arrived:—all three very wonderful events to me.

The brilliance of the "star with a tail" aroused my sister and me to leave our beds and open the window to gaze curiously upon this phenomenon. Simultaneously a carriage drove up to the door, and my mother (who had just arrived from Slough) alighted, and after her the nurse with a baby in her arms. We were reprimanded severely for our temerity in being out of bed, but we could not

return until we had had a glimpse of the new baby, who became one of the most beautiful children imaginable.

In Brighton we visited some relations of my father's, the Misses Smith, daughters of Horace Smith, one of the authors of "The Rejected Addresses." Of the two sisters, Miss Tysie was considered the most interesting, and although Miss Rosie was beautiful, her sister was considered the principal object of attraction by the innumerable people they knew. Everybody worth knowing in the world of art and especially of literature came to see the "Recamier" of Brighton; Thackeray was counted amongst her intimates, and we may possibly know her again in a character in one of his books. I remember being impressed with these ladies as they were very kind to us. Miss Tysie died only comparatively recently.

Two years later, I met a real hero, a general of six feet four inches, who seemed to me like a brilliant personage from the pages of a romantic drama.

General Sir John Hearsey, then just returned from India, where he had taken a conspicuous part in quelling the Mutiny, came to stay with us at Upton Park with his wife, dazzling my wondering eyes with curiosities and strange toys, embroideries, and queer things such as I had never seen or heard of before. Their two children were in charge of a dark-eyed ayah, whose native dress and beringed ears and nose created no little stir in sleepy Upton.

I could never have dreamt of a finer soldier than the General, and I shall never forget the awe I felt when he showed me the wounds all about his neck, caused by sabre-cuts, and so deep I could put my fingers in them. My father painted a splendid

portrait of him in native uniform and another of the beautiful Lady Hearsey in a gorgeous Indian dress of red and silver.

Another friend of my childhood was the late Mr. Birch, the sculptor; he was assisting my father at that time by modelling some of the groups for his pictures, and he used to encourage me to try and model, both in wax and clay. Some thirty years later, we met at a public dinner, and I realised the then famous sculptor and A.R.A. was none other than the Mr. Birch of my childhood.

When I was quite a small boy, we left Upton Park and came to Kent Villa. The house (which became afterwards the residence of Orchardson, the painter), was built for my father, who went to live at Kensington Park chiefly through Dr. Doran, a great friend of his (of whom I have more to say later on).

There were two big studios, one above the other, for my parents. The house, which was covered with creepers, was large and roomy. It was approached by a carriage drive, the iron gates to which were a special feature. There was a garden at the back where we used frequently to dine in a tent until the long-legged spiders grew too numerous; but we often received our friends there when the weather was summery.

There was a ladies' school next door, and I recollect in later years my father's consternation when the girls, getting to know by some means or other (I think by the back stairs), of the Prince of Wales' intended visit, formed a guard of honour at our gate to receive him, which caused annoyance to my father and natural surprise to His Royal Highness.

My parents were very regular in their habits,

for no matter how late the hour of retiring, they always began to work by nine. At four my father would take a glass of sherry and a sandwich before he went his usual long walk with my mother to the West End, and from there they wandered into the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, and lingered at the old curiosity shops. They were connoisseurs of old furniture and bought with discretion. As great believers in exercise, this walk was a regular pastime ; on their return they dined about seven and often read to one another afterwards. My father's insatiable love of history and of the past led him to seek with undying interest any new light upon old events.

J. H. Edge, K.C., in his novel, " The Quicksands of Life," writes of my father : " The artist was then and probably will be for all time the head of his school. He was a big, burly, genial man, with a large mind, a larger heart, and a large brain. He was a splendid historian, with an unfailing memory, untiring energy and industry, and at the same time, like all true artists, men who appreciate shades of colour and shades of character—highly strung and morbidly sensitive, but not to true criticism which he never feared." Highly religious and intensely conscientious in every way and yet so very forgetful that his friends sometimes dubbed him the " Casual Ward." Brilliant conversational powers combined with a strong sense of humour, made him a delightful companion. His love of children was extraordinary. He never failed to visit our nursery twice a day, when we were tiny, and I have often seen him in later years, when bending was not easy, on his knees playing games with the youngest children. His voice was very penetrating, and they used to say

at Windsor that one might hear him from the beginning of the Long Walk to the Statue. In church he frequently disturbed other worshippers by loudly repeating (to himself, as he thought) the service from beginning to end. I remember that on Sundays when the weather did not permit of our venturing to church, my father would read the service at home out of a very old Prayer-book, and when he came to the prayer for the safety of George IV., we children used to laugh before the time came, in expectation of his customary mistake. His powers of mimicry were extraordinary; I have seen him keeping a party of friends helpless with laughter over his imitations of old-fashioned ballet-dancers. His burlesque of Taglioni was side-splitting, especially as he grew stouter. Although a painter of historical subjects, he was extraordinarily fond of landscape, and among those of other places of interest there are some charming sketches of Rome, which he made while studying there in the company of his friend George Richmond, R.A. Among his drawings in the library at Windsor Castle, which were purchased after his death, are some remarkably interesting studies of many of the important people who sat to him for the pictures of Royal ceremonies. For the studies of the Peeresses' robes in "The Investiture of Napoleon III. with the Order of the Garter," my father was indebted to Lady Waterford (then Mistress of the Robes), whose detailed sketches were extraordinarily clever and very useful. This lady was a remarkable artist, her colour and execution being brilliant, so much so that when she was complaining of her lack of training in art, Watts told her no one who was an artist ever wished to see any of her work different from what it was . . . and he

meant it. My father had an equally high opinion of her gift.

Perhaps the "South Sea Bubble" is one of the most widely known of my father's pictures. Removed from the National Gallery to the Tate not very long ago, this splendid example of a painter-historian's talent remains as fresh as the day it was painted, and its undoubted worth, although unrecognised by a section of intolerant modernists, will, I think, stand the test of time.

I recollect many well-known people who came to our house in those days; some, of course, I knew intimately, and amongst those, Marcus Stone and Vicat Cole, who calling together one evening, were announced by the servant as "The Marquis Stone and Viscount Cole."

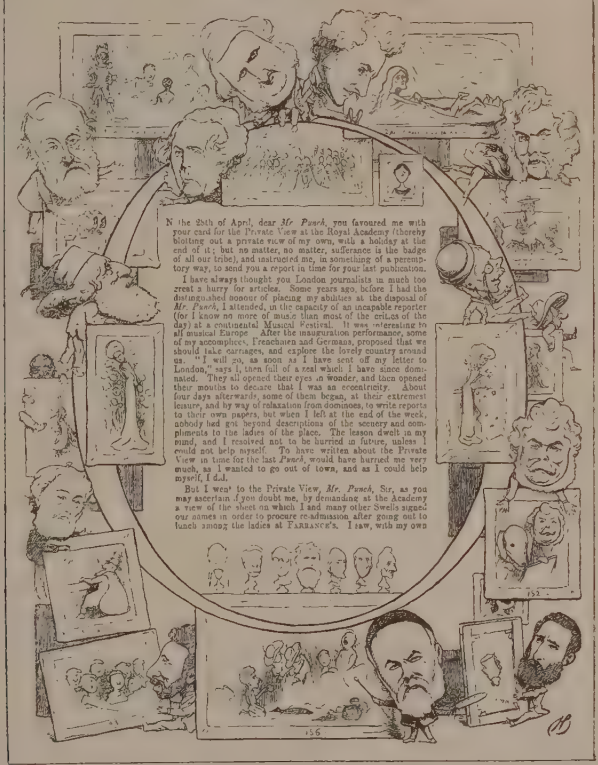
Gambert, the great art dealer, afterwards consul at Nice, is always connected in my mind with the Crystal Palace, where he invited my parents to a dinner-party in the saloon, and we were told to wait outside. My sister and I walked about, quite engrossed with sight-seeing. The evening drew on and the people left, the stall-holders packed up their goods and departed, while we sat on one of the seats and huddled ourselves in a corner. As the dusk grew deeper we thought of the tragic fate of the "Babes in the Wood." Up above, the great roof loomed mysteriously, and as fear grew into terror, we resolved as a last resort to pray. Our prayer ended, a stall-keeper, interested, no doubt, came to the rescue, and on hearing our story, stayed with us until our parents came.

We loved the Crystal Palace none the less for our misadventure, and the happiest day of the year, to me at least, was my mother's birthday, on the

My father is represented with Millais on the left hand top of the cartoon.

1865.

PRIVATE VIEW OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



N the 28th of April, dear *Mr Punch*, you favoured me with your card for the Private View at the Royal Academy (thereby blotting out a private view of my own, with a holiday at the end of it; but no matter, sufferance is the badge of all our tribe), and instructed me, in something of a peremptory way, to send you a report in time for your last publication.

I have always thought you London journalists in much too great a hurry for articles. Some years ago, before I had the distinguished honour of placing my abilities at the disposal of *Mr. Punch*, I attended, in the capacity of an incapable reporter (for I know no more of music than most of the critics of the day) at a continental Musical Festival. It was interesting to all musical Europe. After the inauguration performance, some of my accomplices, Frenchmen and Germans, proposed that we should take carriages, and explore the lovely country around us. "I will go, as soon as I have sent off my letter to London," says I, turn full of a real which I have since dominated. They all opened their eyes in wonder, and then opened their mouths to declare that I was an eccentricity. About four days afterwards, some of them began, at their extremest leisure, and by way of relaxation from dominoes, to write reports to their own papers, but when I left at the end of the week, nobody had got beyond descriptions of the scenery and compliments to the ladies of the place. The lesson dwelt in my mind, and I resolved not to be hurried in future, unless I could not help myself. To have written about the Private View in time for the last *Punch*, would have hurried me very much, as I wanted to go out of town, and as I could help myself, I did.

But I went to the Private View, *Mr. Punch*, Sir, as you may ascertain if you doubt me, by demanding at the Academy a view of the sheet on which I and many other Swells signed our names in order to procure re-admission after going out to lunch among the ladies at FARRANCE'S. I saw, with my own

ACADEMICIANS AND OUTSIDERS A BATTLE-PIECE.

CARTOONS FROM "PUNCH."

1865.

My mother is represented in the centre of the trio of representative lady painters at the lower left hand corner.

first of June, when we annually hired a private omnibus, packed a delicious lunch, and drove to the Palace, where we visited our favourite amusements, or rambled in the spacious grounds. Sims Reeves, Carlotta Patti, Grisi, Adelina Patti, sang there to distinguished audiences. Blondin astonished us with remarkable feats, and Stead, the "Perfect Cure," aroused our laughter with his eccentric dancing. A great source of attraction to me were the life-like models of fierce-looking African tribes, standing spear and shield in hand, in the doorways of their kralls. A pictorial description of how the Victoria Cross was won was another fascination, for in those days I had all the small boy's love of battle. When we were at home I loved to go to Regent's Park to see the panorama of the earthquake at Lisbon, and I would gaze enthralled at the scene, which was as actual to me as the "Battle of Prague," a piece played by our governess upon the piano, a descriptive affair full of musical fireworks, the thundering of cavalry and the rattle of shots.

On Sundays we were accustomed to walk to St. Mark's, St. John's Wood, to hear the Rev. J. M. Bellew, whose sermons to children were famous. We had to walk, I remember, a considerable distance to the church. I can't recall ever being bored by him. He was a very remarkable man, and his manner took enormously with children; he had a magnificent head and silvery curls, which made a picturesque frame to his face, and offered an effective contrast to his grey eyes. This, combined with a very powerful sweep of chin, an expressive mouth, wide as orators' mouths usually are, and an attractive voice, made him a very fascinating personality. He taught elocution to Fechter, the great actor, and

afterwards—when he had retired from the Protestant Church and become a Roman Catholic—he gave superb readings of Shakespeare. At all these readings, as at his sermons, an old lady, whose infatuation for Bellew was well known, was always a conspicuous member of the audience ; for no matter what part of the country he was to be heard, she would appear in a front seat with a wreath of white roses upon her head. Bellew never became acquainted with her beyond acknowledging her presence by raising his hat.

I used to take Latin lessons with Evelyn and Harold Bellew (afterwards known as Kyrle Bellew, the actor). Sometimes I stayed with them at Riverside House at Maidenhead where their father, being very fond of children, frequently gave parties, and I remember his entertaining us. Here Mr. Bellew nearly blew off his arm in letting off fireworks from the island. In those days there were few trees on this island, and it was an ideal place for a display, though this affair nearly ended disastrously.

The advantage of " archæological research " was very early impressed upon me by my father, and I was taken to see all that was interesting and instructive. We used to go for walks together, and as we went he would tell me histories of the buildings we passed, and on my return journey I was supposed to remember and repeat all he had said.

" Come now," he would say, pausing in Whitehall. " What happened there ? "

" Oh—er——" I would reply nervously. " Oliver Cromwell had his head cut off—and said, ' Remember ' ! "

I used to dread these walks together, much as I loved him, and I was so nervous I never ceased to

answer unsatisfactorily; so my father, over-looking the possibility of my lack of interest in his observations, and the fact that life was a spectacle to me, for what I saw interested me far more than what I heard, decided I needed the rousing influence of school life, and after a little preparation, sent me to Chase's School at Salt Hill.

Salt Hill was so called from the ceremony of collecting salt in very ancient days by monks as a toll; and in later times by the Eton boys, who collected not "salt"—but money, to form a purse for the captain of the school on commencing his University studies at King's College, Cambridge. Soon after sunrise on the morning of "Montem," as it was called, the Eton boys, dressed in a variety of quaint or amusing costumes, started from the college to extort contributions from all they came across. "They roved as far as Staines Bridge, Hounslow, and Maidenhead, and when 'salt' or money had been collected, the contributors would be presented with a ticket inscribed with the words, '*Nos pro lege*,' which he would fix in his hat, or in some conspicuous part of his dress, and thus secure exemption from all future calls upon his good nature and his purse."

"Montem" is now a matter of history, and was discontinued in 1846, when the Queen turned a deaf ear to her "faithful subjects'" petition for its survival.

Amongst my school friends at Salt Hill, Wentworth Hope-Johnstone stands out as an attractive figure, as does that of Mark Wood (now Colonel Lockwood, M.P.). The former became in later life one of the first gentlemen riders of the day. At school he was always upon a horse if he could get

one, and he would arrange plays and battle pieces in which we, his schoolfellows, were relegated to the inferior position of the army, while he was *aide-de-camp*, or figured as the equestrian hero performing marvellous feats of horsemanship. He became a steeple-chase rider, and coming to my studio many years after, I remember him telling me with the greatest satisfaction that he had never yet had an accident—ominously enough, for within the week he fell from his horse and sustained severe injuries.

I did not stay long at my school at Salt Hill, for the school was broken up owing to the ill-health of the principal. My preparation thus coming to an end rather too soon, I was sent to Eton much earlier than I otherwise should have been, and my pleasant childhood days began to merge into the wider sphere of a big school and all its unknown possibilities.

CHAPTER II

ETON AND AFTER

Eton days.—Windsor Fair.—My Dame.—Fights and Fun.—Boveney Court.—Mr. Hall Say.—Boveney.—Professor and Mrs. Attwell.—I win a useful prize.—Alban Doran.—My father's frescoes.—Battle Abbey.—Gainsborough's Tomb.—Knole.—Our burglar.—Claude Calthrop.—Clayton Calthrop.—The Gardener as Critic.—The Gipsy with an eye for colour.—I attempt sculpture.—The Terry family.—Private Theatricals.—Sir John Hare.—Miss Marion Terry.—Miss Ellen Terry.—Miss Kate Terry.—Miss Bateman.—Miss Florence St. John.—Constable.—Sir Howard Vincent.—I dance with Patti.—Lancaster Gate and Meringues.—Prayers and Pantries.

I HAVE the liveliest recollection of my first day at Eton, when I was accompanied by my mother, who wished to see me safely installed. In her anxiety to make my room comfortable (it was afterwards, by the way, Lord Randolph Churchill's room), she bought small framed and coloured prints of sacred subjects to hang upon the walls, to give it, as she thought, a more homely aspect. These were very soon replaced, on the advice of Tuck, my fag-master (and wicket-keeper in the eleven), by race-horses and bulldogs by Herring.

Next I remember my youthful digestion being put to test by a big boy who "stood me," against my will, "bumpers" of shandy-gaff; and for my first smoke a cheroot of no choice blend, the inevitable results succeeding.

Shortly afterwards I was initiated into the mysteries of school life; I had to collect cockroaches to let loose during prayers; and of course the usual

fate of a new boy befell me. I was asked the old formula: or something to this effect—

> "Who's your tutor, who's your dame?
> Where do you board, and what's your name?"

If your reply did not give satisfaction, you were promptly "bonneted," and, in Eton phraseology, your new "topper" telescoped over your nose.

I was at first made the victim of a great deal of unpleasant "ragging" by a bully, who on one occasion playing a game he called "Running Deer!" made me a target for needle darts, one of which lodged tightly in the bone just above my eye; but he was caught in the act by Tuck, who punished the offender by making him hold a pot of boiling tea at arm's length, and each time a drop was spilled, my champion took a running kick at him.

I learned a variety of useful things. Besides catching cockroaches, I became an adept in the art of cooking sausages without bursting their skins: if I forgot to prick them before cooking, I was severely reprimanded by my fag-master, and I considered his anger perfectly justifiable; my resentment only existing where unjustifiable bullying was concerned.

Windsor Fair was an attraction in those days, especially for the small boys, as it was "out of bounds," and therefore forbidden. I remember once being "told off" to go to the fair and bring as many musical and noisy toys as I could carry; which were to be instrumental in a plot against our "dame" . . . (the Reverend Dr. Frewer) . . . On the great occasion, the boys secreted themselves in their lock-up beds. The rest hid in the housemaid's cupboard, and we started a series of hideous discords upon the

whistles and mouth organs from the fair. Presently our "dame" appeared, roused by the concert, and at the door received the water from the "booby trap" all over his head, and then, drenched to the skin and looking like a drowned rat, he proceeded to rout us. We were all innocence with a carefully concocted excuse to the effect that the reception had been intended for Anderson, one of the boys in the house. Notwithstanding that expulsion was threatening us, we were all called to his room next morning, severely reprimanded, but . . . forgiven.

Old Etonians will remember Jobie, who sold buns and jam; and Levy, who tried to cheat us over our "tuck," and was held under the college pump in consequence; and old Silly-Billy, who used to curse the Pope, and, considering himself the head of the Church, was always first in the Chapel at Eton. Then there was the very fat old lady who sold fruit under the archway, and had a face like an apple herself. She sold an apple called a lemon-pippin, that was quite unlike anything I have tasted since, and looked like a lemon.

At "Sixpenny" the mills took place, and there differences were settled. A "Shinning-match," which was only resorted to by small boys, was a most serious and carefully managed affair; we shook hands in real duel fashion, and then we proceeded to exchange kicks on one another's shins until one of us gave in.

I remember having a "shinning-match" to settle some dispute with one of my greatest friends, but we were discovered, taken into Hawtrey's during dinner, and there talked to in serious manner. Our wise lecturer ended his speech with the time-honoured, "'Tis dogs delight to bark and bite," etc.

In 1861 I recollect very well the Queen and Prince Consort reviewing the Eton College Volunteer Corps in the grounds immediately surrounding the Castle, while we boys were permitted to look on from the Terrace.

At the conclusion of the review the volunteers were given luncheon in the orangery, where they were right royally entertained.

Prince Albert, whom I had noticed coughing, retired after the review into the castle, while the Queen and Princess Alice walked together on the slopes.

This was the last time that Prince Albert appeared in public, for he was shortly after seized with an illness from which he never recovered.

From Eton I frequently had "leave" to visit some friends of my parents, the Evans, of Boveney Court, a delightful old country house opposite Surly Hall. Miss Evans married a Mr. Hall-Say, who built Oakley Court, and I was present when he laid the foundation stone.

Mr. Evans, who was a perfectly delightful old man, lent one of his meadows at Boveney (opposite Surly Hall) to the Eton boys for their Fourth of June celebrations. Long tables were spread for them, with every imaginable good thing, including champagne, some bottles of which those in the boats used to secrete for their fags; and in my day small boys would come reeling home, unable to evade the masters, and the next day the "block" was well occupied, and the "swish" busy.

There were certain unwritten laws in those days as regards flogging; a master was not supposed to give downward strokes, for thus I believe one deals a more powerful sweep of arm and the stroke becomes torture. In cricket, also, round arm bowling was

SIR WILLIAM BROADBENT.
1902.
He was very angry and wrote to a leading Medical Journal to say how greatly he disapproved of this indignity.

SIR THOMAS BARLOW.
1903.

SIR JAMES PAGET, BART.
1876.

always the rule ; a ball was " no ball " unless bowled on a level with the shoulder, but lob-bowling was, of course, allowed. Nowadays, the bowling has changed. Perhaps the character of the " swishing " has also altered, but somchow I think the boys are just the same.

On the occasion of my first holiday, I arrived home from Eton a different boy ; imbued with the traditions of my school, I was full of an exaggerated partisanship for everything good or indifferent that existed there. I remember I discovered my sisters in all the glory of Leghorn hats from Paris ; they were large with flopping brims as was then the fashion. But to my youthful vision they seemed outrageous, and I refused to go out with the girls in these hats, which I considered, with a small boy's pride in his school, were a disgrace to me . . . and consequently to Eton !

My regard for the honour and glory of this time-honoured institution did not prevent me sallying forth on several occasions with a school friend to anticipate the Suffragettes by breaking windows ; although I was not the proposer of this scheme, I was an accessory to the act, and my friend (who seemed to have an obsessive love of breaking for its own sake) and I successfully smashed several old (but worthless) windows, both of the Eton Parish Church and also Boveney Church. Although I have made this confession of guilt, I feel safe against the law both of the school and the London magistrates.

In most respects I was the average schoolboy, neither very good, or very bad. Running, jumping, and football I was pretty " nippy " at, until a severe strain prevented (under doctor's orders) the pursuance of any violent exercises for some time.

Previous to this I had won a special prize for my prowess in certain sports when I arrived second in every event. I won a telescope, which seemed a meaningless sort of thing until I went home for the holidays, when I gave an experimental quiz through it from my bedroom window and discovered the infinite possibilities of the girls' school next door. Finally I was noticed by a portly old mistress who complained of my telescopic attentions, never dreaming, from what I could gather, of my undivided interest in other quarters, and my prize was confiscated by my father.

During my enforced rest from all exercise of any importance, I spent my time in compiling a book of autographs and in sketching anything I fancied. My aptitude and love for drawing were not encouraged at school at the request of my father, but I was always caricaturing the masters, and having the result confiscated. It was inevitable, living as I did in an atmosphere of art, loving the profession, and sitting to my parents, that I should grow more and more interested and more determined to become a painter myself, although strangely enough I never had a lesson from either my father or mother.

The boy is indeed the father of the man, for just as I anticipated my future by becoming the school caricaturist, so Alban Doran, one of my schoolfellows (and the son of my father's friend, Dr. Doran), spent the time usually occupied by the average schoolboy in play or sport, in searching for animalculæ or bottling strange insects, the result of his tedious discoveries. I believe he kept an aquarium even in his nursery, and was more interested in microscopes than cricket. The clever boy became a brilliant man, distinguishing himself at "Bart's,"

was joint compiler with Sir James Paget and Dr. Goodhart of the current edition of the Catalogues of the Pathological series in the Museum of the College of Surgeons. His success as a surgeon and a woman's specialist was all the more wonderful, when we remember his nervous shaking hands, which might have been expected to render his touch uncertain; but when an operation demands his skill the nervousness vanishes, and his hand steadies. He is noted for a remarkable collection of the ear-bones from every type of living creature in this country, and especially for his literary contributions to the study of surgery.

When I was at home on my holidays I spent a great deal of my time in a temporary studio erected on the terrace of the House of Lords. Here I watched my father paint his frescoes for the Houses of Parliament. Fresco painting would not endure the humidity of our climate, and several of these historical paintings which hung in the corridor of the House of Commons began to mildew. Other important frescoes were completely destroyed by the damp; but my father restored his works, and they were placed under glass, which preserved them. With his last two or three frescoes he adopted a then new process called "water-glass," which was a decided success.

Another holiday was spent at Hastings, where my father occupied much of his time restoring frescoes which he discovered, half-obliterated, in the old Parish Church at Battle. He intended eventually to complete his task; but on his return to London he found that the great pressure of work and engagements rendered this impossible. The dean of the parish wrote in consequence to say that

the restorations looked so patchy that it would be better to whitewash them over!

The Archæological Society met that year at Hastings, and my father, who intended to prepare me for an architectural career, thought it would encourage me if we attended their meetings, at which Planché, the President, presided. We visited all the places of interest near, and I heard many edifying discourses upon their histories, while I watched the members, who were rather antiquities themselves, and thoroughly enjoyed the many excellent luncheons spread for us at our various halting places.

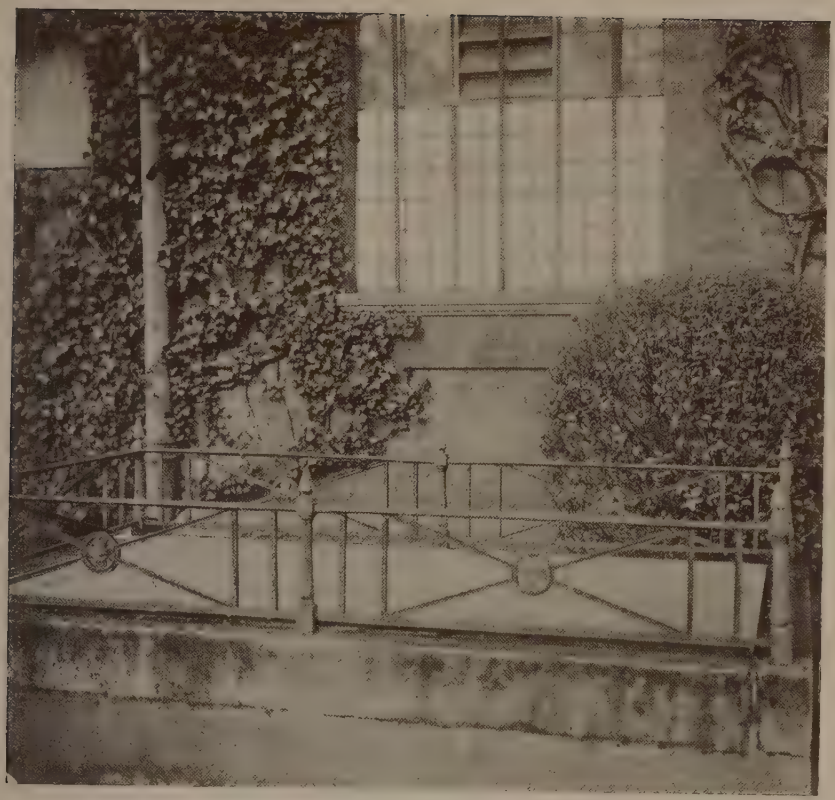
À propos of restoration, my father visited Kew Church in 1865, and found in the churchyard Gainsborough's tomb, which was in a deplorable state of neglect. Near to Gainsborough are buried Zoffany,* R.A., Jeremiah Meyer, R.A., miniature painter and enamellist (the former's great friend), and Joshua Kirby, F.S.A., also a contemporary. My father at once took steps to have the tomb restored at his own expense, and as the result of his inquiries and efforts in that direction, received the following letter which is interesting in its quaint diction as well as in reference to the subject.

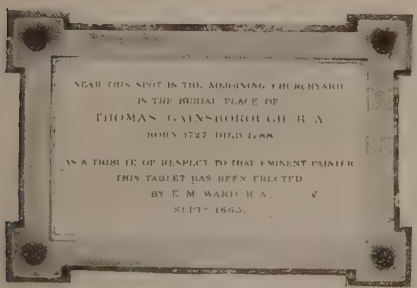
Petersham, Surrey,
August 24th, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is with much pleasure that I learn that one great man is intending to do Honor to the Memory of another. In reply to your note, I beg that you will consider that my Rights, as the Holder of the Freehold, are to be subservient by all means

* Spelt *Zoffanj* on his tombstone.




NEAR THIS SPOT IN THE ADJOINING CHURCHYARD
IS THE BURIAL PLACE OF
THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH R A
BORN 1727 DIED 1788
AS A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THAT EMINENT PAINTER
THIS TABLET HAS BEEN ERECTED
BY E M WARD R A
SEPT 1865.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH ESQ^R^
DIED AUG^ST^ THE 2.^D^ 1788
AGED 61 YEARS
ALSO THE BODY OF
GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT ESQ^R^
WHO DIED JAN^RY^ 20TH 1797
AGED 42 YEARS
ALSO M MARGARET GAINSBOROUGH
WIFE OF THE ABOVE
THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH ESQ^R^
WHO DIED DEC^MR^ THE 17TH 1798
IN THE 72.^D^ YEAR OF HER AGE
RESTORED AND ENCLOSED
AS A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT
BY E. M. WARD. R A
SEPTEMBER 1865

GAINSBOROUGH'S TOMB AT KEW CHURCHYARD AND TABLET TO HIS MEMORY INSIDE CHURCH.

to the laudable object of paying our Honor to the Memory of the great Gainsborough.

I am,
My dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
R. B. Byam, Esq.
Vicar of Kew.

To J. Rigby, Esq., Kew.

To this *capital* letter my father replied:—

Kent Villa.

Dear and Reverend Sir,

I cannot refrain from expressing to you my warm thanks for the very kind and disinterested manner in which you have been pleased to entertain my humble idea in regard to the restoration of Gainsborough's tomb, and the erection of a tablet to his memory in the church, the duties of which you so ably fulfil, nor can I but wholly appreciate your very kind but far too flattering reference to myself in your letter to our friend Mr. Rigby which coming from such a source is I assure you most truly valued.

Your most obedient and obliged Servant,
E. M. Ward.

The tomb was restored, a new railing placed around it, and a tablet to the artist's memory was also placed by my father inside the church.

Some very pleasant memories are connected with enjoyable summers spent at Sevenoaks, where my father took a house for two years, close to the seven oaks from which the neighbourhood takes its name. Particularly I remember the amusing incident of the burglar. I was awakened from midnight slumbers by my sister knocking at the door and

calling in a melodramatic voice "Awake! . . . awake! . . . There is a burglar in our room." I promptly rushed to her bedroom, where I found my other sister crouching under the bedclothes in speechless terror. Having satisfied myself as to the utter absence of a burglar in that particular room, I started to search the house—but by this time the whole household was thoroughly roused; the various members appeared with candles, and together we ransacked the establishment from garret to cellar. In the excitement of the moment we had not had time to consider our appearances and the procession was ludicrous in the extreme. My grandfather (in the absence of my father) came first in dressing-gown, a candle in one hand and a stick in the other. My mother came next (in curl papers), and then my eldest sister. It was the day of chignons, when everybody, without exception, wore their hair in that particular style. On this occasion my sister's head was conspicuous by its quaint little hastily bundled up knot. I wore a night-shirt only; but my other sister, who was of a theatrical turn of mind (she who had awakened me), had taken the most trouble, for she wore stockings which, owing to some oversight in the way of garters, were coming down.

After satisfying ourselves about the burglar—who was conspicuous by his absence—we adjourned to our respective rooms, while I went back to see the sister upon whom fright had had such paralyzing effects. There I heard an ominous rattle in the chimney.

"Flora!" said my stage-struck sister, in trembling tones, with one hand raised (*à la* Lady Macbeth) —and the poor girl under the clothes cowered deeper and deeper.

MY BROTHER, WRIOTHESLEY RUSSELL.
1872.

MY SISTER, BEATRICE.
1874.

Two seconds later a large brick rattled down and subsided noisily into the fireplace.

"That is the end of the burglar," said I, and the terrified figure emerged from the bed, brave and reassured. Retiring to my room I recollected the procession, and having made a mental note of the affair went back to bed. Early the next morning I arose and made a complete caricature of the incident of the burglar, which set our family (and friends next day) roaring with laughter when they saw it.

In those days we used to sketch at Knole House, then in the possession of Lord and Lady Delaware. My mother made some very beautiful little pictures of the interiors there, and several smaller studies. She copied a Teniers so perfectly that one could have mistaken it for the original. The painting was supposed to represent "Peter and the Angels in the Guard Room," and the guards were very conspicuous. On the other hand, as one only discovered a little angel with Peter in the distance, one could almost suppose Teniers had forgotten them until the last minute, and then had finally decided to relegate them to the background. This picture (the original) was sold at Christie's during a sale from Knole several years ago.

Of course the old house was the happy hunting ground of artists; the pictures were mostly fine although some of them were at one time in the hands of a cleaner, by whom they were very much over-restored. A clever artist (and a frequenter of Knole at that time for the purpose of making a series of studies) was Claude Calthrop (brother of Clayton Calthrop the actor and father of the present artist and writer Dion Clayton Calthrop). I was then just

beginning to be encouraged to make architectural drawings, and I was making a sketch of the exterior of Knole House when one of the under gardeners came ambling by wheeling a barrow. He paused . . . put down the barrow, took off his cap . . . scratched his head and said to me, "Er . . . why waaste yer toime loike that . . . why not taake and worrk loike Oi dew!"

Another time when I was sketching in that neighbourhood, in rather a lonely part, I fell in with a gipsy encampment. One of the tribe, a rough specimen, of whom I did not at all like the look, was most persistently attentive. He asked a multitude of questions, about my brushes, paints, and materials generally—and seemed anxious as to their monetary value. As he did not appear to be about to cut my throat—and I felt sure he harboured no murderous intentions towards my painting—I began to feel more at ease, and when no comments after the style of my critic, the gardener, were forthcoming, it struck me that perhaps I had a vagrant but fellow beauty-lover in my gipsy sentinel. I wish now that I had even suggested (in view of his evident love of colour) his changing his roving career for one in which he could indulge his love of *red* to the utmost and more or less harmlessly.

When I was about sixteen I turned my attention to modelling, and in the vacation I started a bust of my young brother Russell. I spent all my mornings working hard and at length finished it. On the last day of my holiday I went to have a final glance at my work and found the whole thing had collapsed into a shapeless mass of clay. With the exception of watching sculptors work I had no technical knowledge to help me; but, not to be discouraged, I

BUST OF MY BROTHER, WRIOTHESLEY RUSSELL.
1867.
Exhibited that year in the Royal Academy, modelled by myself.

MY DAUGHTER SYLVIA.
Sketched 1900.

waited eagerly for the term to end, so that I might return to my modelling. When the time came, and my holidays began, I at once set to work again, taking the precaution to have the clay properly supported this time. Allowing no one to help me, I worked away strenuously, for I was determined it should be entirely my own. My bust was finished in time to send in to the Royal Academy, where it was accepted. I had favourable notices in the *Times* and other papers, which astonished and encouraged me, and I went back to school tremendously elated at my success.

Tom Taylor, then art critic of the *Times*, wrote to my mother, saying:—

DEAR MRS. WARD,

. . . I must tell you how much Leslie's bust of Wrio was admired by our guests last night—particularly by Professor Owen. . . .

Later I started another bust of Kate Terry, but I was never pleased with it, as it did not do my distinguished sitter justice, and I resolved not to send it to an exhibition.

I did not follow up my first success in the paths of sculpture, for I still suffered slightly from my strain, and I came to the conclusion that it would prove too great a tax on my strength at that time if I took up this profession.

The stage claimed a great part of my attention about this time, and I became an inveterate "first-nighter" in my holidays. From the pit (for, except on rare occasions, I could not afford a more expensive seat), or when lucky enough to have places given me, I saw nearly all the popular plays of the

day; and when Tom Taylor introduced my parents to the Terry family, I became more interested than ever, owing to the greater attraction of personal interest. I grew ambitious and acted myself, arranged the plays, painted the scenery, borrowing the beautiful costumes from my father's extensive historical wardrobe.

The first time I appeared before a large audience was at the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater, which was taken by a good amateur company called "The Shooting Stars," composed chiefly of Cambridge Undergraduates. We arranged two plays, and the acting of the present Judge Selfe was especially good, also that of Mr. F. M. Alleyne.

One night, when I came down from my dressing-room, made up in character to go on the impromptu stage, I complimented an old carpenter of ours, waiting in the wings, upon the clever way in which he had arranged the stage and the scenery.

"Oh yes, sir," he replied, very modestly, thinking I was a stranger, "*I* didn't paint the scenery, Mr. Leslie did that!"

In some theatricals at the Friths' house, when John Hare coached us, I took the part of an old butler. On my way to Pembridge Villas, attired ready for the stage, I remembered I needed some sticking plaster to obliterate one of my teeth; so leaving the cab at a corner, I entered a chemist's shop, where I was amused, because the assistant put me on one side rather rudely for other customers who came later, and after attending to them, addressed me roughly with a, "Now, what do *you* want?" His rudeness was an unconscious tribute to my effective disguise, and his manners altered considerably when I disillusioned him.

At one time Miss Marion Terry, who was then about to go on the stage, after witnessing my acting in a play of Byron's, suggested in fun and raillery at my enthusiasm that we should make our debut together. Owing to her excessive sensibility and highly strung temperament, rehearsals were very trying to her at first, and for this reason her eventual success was in doubt. When one has seen her perform her many successful parts with such exquisite talent and pathos, one feels glad to realize that she finally overcame her nervousness, and that her gift of acting was not lost to the public.

I knew the Terrys very well then, and I was in love with them all; in fact, I do not know with which of them I was most in love.

Ellen Terry sat to my father for his picture of "Juliet," and Kate Terry for "Beatrice" in *Much Ado*. I remember too that when Ellen made her reappearance in the theatre, my mother lent our great actress a beautiful gold scarf, to wear in that part in which she fascinated us on the stage as fully as she did in private life. Among my cherished letters I find the following notes written to me at school, after her marriage to G. F. Watts.

1866.

My dear Leslie,

I am extremely obliged to you for your sketch and I'm sorry Alice [my sister] should be "riled" that I wanted a *character* of her, as the people down here call caricatures. Please give my love to her and to her Mama and to all the rest at Kent Villa—when you write. Mrs. Carr and Mr. Carr (my kind hostess and host) think the caricature is a capital one of *me!*

Polly [Miss Marion Terry] sends her love, and is awfully jealous that *I* should have sketches done by you and *she not ! !*

With kindest regards and best thanks, believe me, dear Leslie,

Sincerely yours,
ELLEN WATTS.

DEAR LESLIE,

I fulfil my promise by sending you the photo of my sister Kate, that you said you liked ! I *think* it's the same. I hope you'll excuse it being so soiled, but it's the only one I have—the fact is, the Baby [her brother Fred] seized it, as it lay upon the table waiting to be put into a cover, and has nearly bitten it to pieces.

I came up from Bradford, in Yorkshire, on Monday last, where I had spent a week with Papa and Polly, and I can't tell you, Leslie, how cold it was. I intend going to Kent Villa, as soon as possible. I've promised Alice a song of Mrs. Tom Taylor's and have not sent it to her yet, "Better late than never," tho' I really have been busy.

With my best regards,
Sincerely yours,
NELLY WATTS.

Those were delightful days spent with delightful companions. Lewis Carroll was sometimes a member of the pleasant coterie which met at our house in those days. My sister Beatrice was one of his greatest child friends, and although he always sent his MSS. for her to read, he disliked any mention of his fame as an author, and would abruptly leave the presence of any one who spoke about his books.

The public at that time were in complete ignorance of the real identity of Lewis Carroll. Later in life, when I wished to make a cartoon of Mr. Dodgson for *Vanity Fair*, he implored me not to put him in any paper. Naturally, I was obliged to consent, but *Vanity Fair* extorted some work from his pen as a compromise. He was a clever amateur photographer, and in my mother's albums there are photographs taken by him of several members of the Terry family, together with some of us.

Mrs. Cameron was famous in those days as an amateur photographer, and she took photographs of all the leading people of the day. Watts and Tennyson were among her intimates, and most celebrities of the day knew her by sight. She was a very little old lady—I remember being in a shop (where some of her photographs were on view) with my young brother, who was a beautiful boy, when Mrs. Cameron entered. She caught sight of Russell, and could not take her eyes from his face. At last she said, "I want to know who the little boy is with you," and seemed very interested. I told her who we were, whereupon she asked if I thought my parents would allow him to sit to her. Of course they were delighted.

In 1867 Kate Terry resolved at the height of her fame to marry Mr. Arthur Lewis (of whom I have more to say later), and to retire from the stage, apparently quite content to leave her glories. Then the most famous of the Terry sisters, Kate received an ovation worthy of her. The *Times*, in a long article, said: "It is seldom that the theatre chronicles have to describe a scene like that at the New Adelphi on Saturday, when Miss Kate Terry

took her farewell of the Stage as Juliet. . . . Again and again Miss Terry was recalled, and again she appeared to receive the long and continued plaudits of the crowd. . . . Let us close our last notice of Miss Terry with the hope that in her case the sacrifice of public triumph may be rewarded by a full measure of that private happiness which is but the just recompense of an exemplary, a laborious, conscientious and devoted life, on and off the stage, as the annals of the English theatre—not unfruitful in examples of wives—may show."

Punch was just as enthusiastic and published a long eulogy in verse, two stanzas of which I quote below:—

> She has passed from us just as the goal she had sighted,
> From the top of the ladder reached fairly at last;
> With her laurels still springing, no leaf of them blighted,
> And a fortune:—how bright!—may be gauged by her past.
>
> May this rhyme, kindly meant as it is, not offend her,
> All fragrant with flowers be the path of her life,
> May the joy she has given in blessings attend her,
> And her happiest part be the part of "The Wife."

Although I was not intended to enter the theatrical profession, the stage never failed to attract me; and once, when I was still at school, I was presented with a seat in exactly the centre of the dress circle at a theatre where Miss Bateman (who became Mrs. Crowe) was taking the part of Leah. I remember this fine actress made a great sensation, especially in one scene where she uttered a rousing curse with great declamatory power; the house was hushed with excitement and admiration; and you could have heard the proverbial pin drop, when I . . . who had been playing football that morning, was suddenly seized with the most excruciating cramp;

I arose . . . and could not help standing up to rub away the pain in my leg, the curse then for the moment echoing throughout the audience.

Another time, somewhat later, I was again to prove a disturbing element. I was at the old Strand Theatre, in the stage box, and my host was a personal friend of Miss Florence St. John, then singing one of her most successful songs. Now I am the unfortunate possessor of a loud voice and a still louder sneeze, which latter I have never succeeded in controlling. In the middle of the song, I was overcome with an overpowering and irresistible desire to sneeze . . . which I suddenly did with terrific force. Miss St. John was so disconcerted, that she stopped her song, and thinking it was a deliberate attempt at annoyance from her friend—my host—called out, "You brute!" After that, I took a back seat.

Besides visiting the theatre in my holidays, I used to go sketching into the country; and one summer my parents took an old farmhouse at Arundel. This reminds me of another unfortunate propensity of mine, and that is, to tumble whenever I get an easy opportunity. When we were inspecting the house, we discovered a curious sort of uncovered coal hole under one of the front windows, and my father jokingly remarked, "What a trap for Leslie!" Three days later, when we were settled in the house, my parents were going for a drive . . . and as I waved them a farewell, which precipitately ended by my disappearing into this hole, my father's jest became a prophecy.

At Arundel I made friends with a brewer named Constable, who was also a clever amateur artist. Sometimes he took me fishing, but more often I watched him sketch in the open. An interesting fact

about Mr. Constable was that his father had been an intimate friend of the great Constable, although, curiously enough, no relation. My friend told me that whatever he had learned had been owing to his close observation of the great artist's methods. I remember his water colours showed little of the amateur in their strength and handling, for they were masterly and forcible in touch, and perhaps more effective because they were usually painted in the late afternoon, when the sun was getting low, and the long shadows were full of strength and depth of colour.

Vicat Cole, R.A., was also a friend of his, and he used frequently to paint at Arundel.

Although I worked hard in the holidays at my drawing, I managed to enjoy myself pretty considerably, and was the fortunate possessor of many delightful acquaintances.

One of the pleasantest memories of my later school days was of a dance given by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Levy and the Misses Levy at Lancaster Gate. The cotillion was led by Sir Howard Vincent, and many of the smart and well-known men of that day were there; among them Sir Eyre Shaw, the "Captain Shaw" of "Gilbert and Sullivan" fame. Patti, who was a very intimate friend of theirs, was present, sitting in the middle of the room looking angelic and surrounded by a host of admiring men. We were each given a miniature bugle. Patti had one also, on which she sounded a note, and whoever repeated it exactly was to gain her as a partner in the dance. The men advanced in turn, some blew too high, and others too low, until one and all gave up in disgust. At last my turn came; I was trembling with eagerness and excitement, and determined to dance with Patti or die. . . . I hit the note! . . .

MR CHARLES COX (BANKER) 1881

and gained my waltz !—and the applause was great as I carried off my prize.

In earlier days I went to a juvenile party at Lancaster Gate, and, going down to supper late, I found myself quite alone. I calmly devoted my attention to some *méringues*, while it seems that my people, amongst the last of the guests, were ready to go. The ladies were putting on their cloaks. . . . I heard the sounds of departure, but, still engrossed in the good things, I ate on. Hue and cry was raised for me ; and finally I was found covered with cream and confusion amongst the *méringues*.

I remember, *à propos* of my being a "gourmand," that I was a great believer in the efficacy of prayer. My sister and I used to rise very early in the mornings after dinner-parties to rummage in and to ransack the cupboards for any dainty we fancied. After a good "tuck in," we would pray for the forgiveness of our sins, and then we would fall to breakfast with an easy conscience.

CHAPTER III

MY FATHER'S FRIENDS

My father's friends.—The pre-Raphaelites.—Plum-box painting.—The Victorians.—The post.—Impressionists.—Maclise.—Sir Edwin Landseer.—Tom Landseer.—Mulready.—Daniel Roberts.—Edward Cooke.—Burgess and Long.—Frith.—Millais.—Stephens and Holman Hunt.—Stanfield.—C. R. Leslie.—Dr. John Doran.—Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.—The Virtues, James and William.—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor.—A story of Tennyson.—Sam Lover.—Moscheles *père et fils*.—Philip Calderon.—Sir Theodore and Lady Martin.—Garibaldi.—Lord Crewe.—Fechter.—Joachim and Lord Houghton.—Charles Dickens.—Lord Stanhope.—William Hepworth Dixon.—Sir Charles Dilke.

BEFORE I proceed any further with the reminiscences of my school-days and after, I should like to recall a few memories of the men and women who visited the studios of my parents. Artists of course predominated, and amongst the latter were men who distinguished themselves in the world. Many of them, through no fault of their genius, have lost some of their shining reputation. Others, who were merely popular painters of the hour, are forgotten. Again, a few who were somewhat obscure in their lifetime, have gained a posthumous reputation, and still others have to await recognition in the future.

It is an age of reactions. Just as the pre-Raphaelite movement "revolted" against the academic art preceding it, so the photographic idealism of pre-Raphaelitism was superseded by a reaction in art resulting and undoubtedly profiting by its really fine example. I will not go as far as to say Whistler gained by the pre-Raphaelites;

but his art assuredly became all the more conspicuous by contrast, and perhaps his school is indirectly responsible for the latest reaction in favour of raw colour. In the "back to the land" style of painting which we find in favour with a few modern artists, abnormal looking women are painted with surprising results, and these artists seem to delight in a sort of blatant realism that becomes nauseous. With passionate brutality they present their subjects to us, and their admirers call the result "life." Let us have truth by all means, and let us not, on the other hand, lapse into the merely pretty; but let the truth we portray be imaginative truth allied to beauty.

That reminds me of the "plum-box" artist, who used to go round to country houses when I was a boy, with a completed painted picture of what was then considered the ideal and fashionable face, which consisted mainly of big eyes, veiled by sweeping lashes, a perfect complexion, a rosebud mouth, and glossy curls. The artist (one feels more inclined to call him the "tradesman") then superimposed the features of his sitter upon this fancy background, and the result invariably gave great pleasure and satisfaction.

Nowadays it has become the fashion or the pose of the moment to decry the works of the Victorians as old-fashioned, and in many cases with undoubtedly good reason; but unfortunately the best work is often included in the same category. In the rage for modernity, culminating in "post-impressionism," "futurism," and other "isms," in art, literature, the stage, and, I believe, costume, the thorough and highly conscientious work of some of our greatest men has become obscured; they are like the classic

which nobody reads, and they stand unchallenged, but unnoticed except by the very few. Perhaps their genius will survive to-day's reactionary rush into what is sometimes described as individualism, and the worship of personality before beauty, which, if carried to excess as it is to-day, seems to verge into mere charlatanism. We are a little too near the great ones to see them clearly, and perhaps they can only be judged by their peers. Sometimes I see the casual onlooker glance at, sum up, and condemn, pictures which I know represent the unfaltering patience of a lifetime, combined with a passionate idealism of motive. The abundance of art schools, the enormous reduction in prices, the overwhelming commercialism which sets its heel upon the true artist, to crush him out of existence unless he compromises with art, all combine to render the art and artist in general widely different from the men of my early days. True, the Victorian came at a great moment, and now more than ever, if I may misquote: "art is good . . . with an inheritance."

Among the innumerable artists I knew during my later school-days, Maclise stands out a massive figure and a strong personality. He reminded me in a certain grand way of a great bull; his chin was especially bovine; it was not exactly a dewlap or a double chin, but a heavy gradation of flesh going down into his collar. In the National Portrait Gallery there is a portrait by my father of Maclise as a young man.

His work is to me typical of the man: he was a magnificent draughtsman, a cartoonist of fine ideas. In the National Collection at Kensington there are some beautiful pencil drawings by him of various

celebrities of the day, and they are perfect in line and study of character. In the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords may be seen his "Battle of Waterloo" and "Death of Nelson," which are extremely masterly in drawing and composition. But in my opinion he lost his charm of line when he attempted paint, for his colouring is unsympathetic and the effect is hard. His crudity of colour is not so noticeable, however, in the frescoes as in his oil-paintings.

Sir Edwin Landseer was an artist who, like Maclise, received large sums for his pictures. He was considered one of the greatest painters of the day, but I am afraid it is no longer the fashion to admire him, although his best works must always hold the position they have deservedly won. I wonder how many people remember that the lions in Trafalgar Square were designed by our great animal painter.

"The Sleeping Bloodhound" stands out amongst Landseer's pictures as a masterpiece. It was painted in two hours from the dead body of a favourite hound.

It is curious that in many instances, especially of early work, his colour was very rich, and that in his later work his feeling for colour seems to have weakened.

Tom Landseer no doubt contributed largely to his brother's reputation by his masterly fine engravings of Sir Edwin's pictures, which were sometimes unsatisfactory in colour and gained in black and white.

Herbert, whose name was prominent through his fresco of "Moses breaking the Tablets," was quite a character in those days. I remember he always spoke with what appeared to be a strong French accent, although it has been said he had

never been abroad in his life. The story went that, going to Boulogne he stepped from the boat . . . slipped . . . and broke his English. Later in life he worked himself "out," and his Academy pictures of religious subjects became very grotesque and quite a laughing-stock. I am afraid this type of work needs a watchful sense of humour and a powerful talent to preserve its gravity.

Mulready was an artist whose character showed in strong contrast to that of Herbert. He was the dearest of old men; I can see him now with his superb old head, benevolent and yet strong. He painted that indisputably fine picture, "Choosing the Wedding Gown," now in the National Collection at the Kensington Museum. Although the subject will not be viewed with sympathetic interest by many of the present generation, its worth is undoubted. His work is completely out of date, but I remember one curious fact in connection with his crayon drawings, which hung upon the walls of the Academy Schools; when Leighton visited there, he had these drawings covered over, because they were extremely antagonistic to his own teaching.

David Roberts, who was then considered the greatest painter of interiors, began life as a scene painter, as did Stanfield who was his contemporary and a very powerful sea painter. Both men were Royal Academicians, as was Edward Cooke, an artist of less power than Stanfield, but of not much less distinction, imbued with the spirit of the old Dutch painters of sea and ships. He lived to a ripe old age with his two sisters, but perhaps the youngest in appearance and manner of the four was his wonderful old mother, who died when she was close upon a hundred.

Then there were Burgess and Long who painted Spanish subjects. Long was best known, however, by his picture of the "Babylonian Marriage Mart," and Burgess as a young man sprang into fame with his picture called "Bravo Toro." Like almost every other artist, Long took to portrait painting, and his pictures became a great financial success; but his portraits were not for the most part successful from an artist's point of view.

Most of the well-known artists of the day visited my parents, and amongst them I remember Sydney Cooper, David Roberts, C. R. Leslie, Peter Graham, Stanfield, Edward Cooke, Frith, Millais, etc., etc. Stephens, the art critic of the "Athenæum," came with his intimate friend, Holman Hunt; he assisted the famous pre-Raphaelite in painting in the detail in some of his pictures, such as the Moorish temple in "The Saviour in the Temple." Later, he wrote the catalogue of "Prints and Drawings" at the British Museum. The last time I met Mr. Stephens, he told me the greatest pleasure he could possibly have was to go round London with my father, for there was not a place of interest of which he could not tell some anecdote of historical or topical information; and as an antiquary of some merit, the art critic was evidently in a position to give his appreciation with the authority of knowledge.

I think my father's closest friend was John Doran. To quote Mr. Edge:—". . . Doctor Doran, known as the 'Doctor,' having graduated in Germany as a 'Doctor of Philosophy.' He was a delightful raconteur, a brilliant conversationalist, a man to put the shyest at his ease. He, too, studied history and wrote some of the most delightful biographies in the English language. The painter

(my father) and the Doctor took many an excursion together to old-world places celebrated for memories quaint, tragic or humorous, and their rambles were perpetuated in their pictures and books."

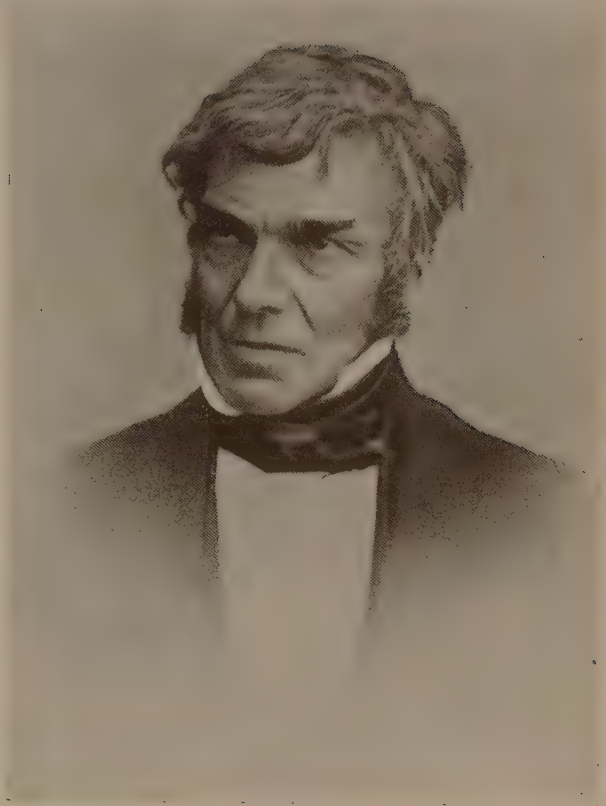
Doran began his literary career by producing a melodrama at the Surrey Theatre when he was only fifteen years of age, and continued up to his death to produce a series of interesting works, although he did not write for the stage after his early success. He was editor of *Notes and Queries* and the author of "Table Traits and Something on Them." Perhaps his best-known work was "Her Majesty's Servants." Among his later works, "Monarchs Retired from Business," and "The History of Court Fools" occur to my mind simultaneously.

The three following anecdotes from Dr. Doran's journal, will appeal on the strength of their own dry humour and at the same time give the reader a glimpse of the character of my father's Irish friend:—

October 18th, 1833. In an antiquated edition of Burnet's "History of His Own Times" it was stated that an old Earl of Eglinton had behaved so scandalously that he was made to sit in the "Cutty Stool" (or stool of repentance at kirk) for three Sabbaths running. On the fourth Sunday he sat there again, so the minister called him down as his penance was over. "It may be so," said the Earl, "but I shall always sit here for the future . . . it is the best seat in the kirk, and I do not see a better man to take it from me."

December 9th, 1833. Colonel Boldero told us after dinner a good story of Luttrell that Rogers told him the other day. He was about to sit for his picture, and asked Luttrell's advice as to how he should be taken. "Oh," said Luttrell, "let it be as when

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.
Drawn by me from life for the "Graphic.
1874.



C. R. LESLIE, R.A. (MY GODFATHER).
Died in 1859.

you are entering a pew—with your face in your hat."

December 5, 1833. Heard also at dinner a story of "Poodle" Byng. Dining once at the Duke of Rutland's, he exclaimed on seeing fish on the table, "Ah! My old friend haddock! I haven't seen that fish at a gentleman's table since I was a boy!" The "Poodle" was never invited to Belvoir again.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, also well-known writers of the day, were constant visitors at our house. S. C. Hall was said to have suggested the character of Pecksniff to Dickens, perhaps because he interlarded his conversation with pious remarks, which may have sounded singularly hypocritical to many people. As a child I regarded him with terror, because whenever he called he would come to our nursery and behave in a manner he probably thought highly entertaining to children, which consisted of pulling awful faces. His mass of white hair, bushy eyebrows and staring eyes gave him an ogreish look, and added to my fears when he shook his fist at me in mock horror. Then he would tickle me as hard as he could; and as I hated this form of play, his exertions only moved me to tears, so that when I heard him coming I invariably hid myself until his departure.

Mr. Hall began life as a barrister and turned to literary work, establishing the *Art Journal*, and carrying it on in the face of very discouraging circumstances. Eventually he was successful, and his work had an extensive influence, I suppose, on the progress of British art. As a writer his output was enormous; he and his wife published between them no fewer than two hundred and seventy volumes.

As an ardent spiritualist he was very interested at that time in a medium who, I am afraid, was an atrocious humbug. One Good Friday my father called, to find Mr. Hall in a state of great excitement.

"You've just missed dear Daniel," said Hall. "He floated in through the window, round the house and out again, and I don't doubt we shall see the day when he will float round St. Paul's."

Mrs. S. C. Hall (very Irish), who had a great personal reputation as a writer, was most attractive and altogether a very interesting woman, being a spiritualist and a philanthropist. She founded the Hospital for Consumptives in the Fulham Road, and persuaded her great friend Jenny Lind to sing at charity concerts to gain funds for her institution. My father painted both of them, and the portrait of Mr. Hall is now in the possession of the latter's family.

Ruskin was on very friendly terms with them, and it was the Halls who introduced us to the Virtues, who were the proprietors and publishers of the *Art Journal*. James Virtue, who was a fine oar and President of the London Rowing Club, was one of the most cheerful men one could wish to meet; and as hostess, his wife, who, I am happy to say, is still living, was equally delightful. His brother William Virtue afterwards saved my life—but that is anticipating events somewhat.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor were another interesting and talented couple who were friends of my parents. Tom Taylor was the art critic of the *Times*, and at one time editor of *Punch*. He was also the author of several popular plays, of which *Still Waters Run Deep* and the *Ticket of Leave Man*, in which Henry Neville played the hero, are perhaps the most widely known.

In conjunction with Charles Reade he wrote some amusing comedies; as well as writing in prose and verse for *Punch* he compiled some interesting biographies, of Reynolds, Constable, David Cox, and C. R. Leslie, R.A. At dinner his appearance was remarkable, for he usually wore a black velvet evening suit. A curious trait of the dramatist's was his absent-minded manner and forgetfulness of convention. Sometimes when walking in the street with a friend he would grow interested, and, to emphasise his remarks, turned to look more directly into the face of his companion, at the same time placing his arm around his waist. In the case of a lady this habit sometimes proved rather embarrassing!

Mr. Tom Taylor was a man of unbounded kindness in helping everybody who was in need of money or in trouble; his generosity probably made him the object of attentions from all sorts and conditions of people, a fact very soon discovered by his domestics, for one day Mr. and Mrs. Taylor returned from a walk to be met by a startled parlourmaid who announced the presence of a strange-looking man who was waiting to see them. Her suspicions being aroused by his wild appearance, she had shown him into the pantry, fearing to leave him in the drawing-room. On repairing to the pantry with curiosity not unmixed with wonder, they discovered . . . Tennyson . . . quite at home and immensely tickled by his situation.

Mrs. Tom Taylor was descended from Wycliffe, and in her early youth lived with her two sisters with their father, the Rev. Mr. Barker (who was quite a personality), in the country. Laura Barker was brought up in circumstances very similar to the Brontës. She was extremely talented, and began

her musical career at the age of thirteen, when her great musical gifts brought her to the notice of Paganini. Paganini, after hearing her play, was much astonished at her power in rendering—entirely from ear—his wonderful harmonies upon her violin. General Perronet Thompson, on another occasion, was so pleased with her performance that he encouraged her talent by presenting her with a "Stradivarius." Later she became an art critic in Florence, and the composer of many popular songs. When she married Mr. Tom Taylor she continued to publish her talented songs under her maiden name.

A well-known composer, whose name is probably merged in memories of the near past, is Sam Lover, who will be remembered as the writer of "Molly Bawn," "Rory O'More," "The Four-leaved Shamrock," and many others. His career was a strange and varied one. Beginning life as an artist, he won his way to fame in Dublin, where he became a very popular miniature painter, and many famous men of the day sat to him. His roving taste, however, led him gradually to abandon art for literature. In this again he was successful, and came to London, where he contributed to most of the magazines of the day, and wrote several novels. After more successes he began to compose the songs so well known to-day. About the same time he wrote ballad poetry, but finding the output a strain, he prepared a series of entertainments which he entitled "Irish Evenings," in which he embodied songs and music of his own composition. These entertainments became exceedingly popular, and the reputation he acquired led him to extend his horizon to America. On returning, he turned his experiences to account, and finally changed his profession and

sailed away to become an English foreign consul in foreign lands. Before he left England he said to my mother, "Mrs. Ward, if I return, I know I shall find you as young as when I leave you!" He has not returned, but his words come back to me, for indeed she seems to have discovered the secret of eternal youth.

Felix Moscheles the painter, was a constant visitor at our house, and he was the son of old Mr. Moscheles the great composer and pianist and friend of Mendelssohn. Felix Moscheles was a chum of Du Maurier when both lived in Paris, and he wrote a biography of this eminent *Punch* artist and author of "Trilby." Inheriting some of the remarkable gift of his father (quite apart from his talent as a painter) Felix played the piano, but he was astonishingly modest about his undoubted talent and would only play very occasionally. He is an old man now, but active still, for I heard his name not long ago in connection with a Peace Society. Moscheles' niece, Miss Roche, who is Mrs. Henry Dickens, the wife of the eminent K.C. and eldest surviving son of Charles Dickens, inherits the musical talent of her family, and is also well known in musical circles.

À propos of the Dickens family, I remember an incident in connection with one of Mr. Philip Calderon's pictures, when I was going through the Royal Academy (then in Trafalgar Square). I noticed an old Darby and Joan looking carefully through the catalogue for the title of a picture by the artist representing a nude nymph riding on a wave of the sea, surrounded by a friendly crowd of porpoises disporting themselves gaily around her.

"Ah," said the old gentleman, "here we are. . . . 'Portrait of Mrs. Charles Dickens, Junior!'"

Sir Theodore and Lady Martin (*née* Helen Faucit) used to visit my parents. Sir Theodore was knighted when he had completed the Queen's book, and his wife, when she left the stage, dined more than once at her Majesty's table.

When I was still at school, Garibaldi visited England, and after being universally fêted in London, and honoured with a banquet by the Lord Mayor, suddenly announced his intention of returning to Italy. The cause of the resolution was the subject of much controversy at the time, as he would, by his departure, cancel many engagements and upset the preparations the provinces had made to receive him. Garibaldi embarked for Italy after a sojourn of seven weeks in England, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland in their yacht.

His son, Minotti Garibaldi, came to our house, and his visit recalls an amusing episode in connection with one of my father's pictures. An eccentric old art critic, a low churchman, who, as such, cultivated a modesty in dress and a deep humility of demeanour that consorted oddly with his rubicund feature (which had roused our housekeeper to remark "Mr. So-and-so, 'e's got a nose to light a pipe"), was calling upon my father to view his picture of "Anne Boleyn at the Queen Stairs of the Tower." Anne Boleyn is represented in the picture as having sunk down from exhaustion and fear on the lower step leading to the place of execution. After remarking upon the masterly manner of the painting, the old man paused, and looking up under his eyes he placed a thoughtful finger upon his forehead and said in mournful accents, "*The hutter 'elplessness!*" A little later young Garibaldi called

THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER, 1904.

and was introduced to our pious critic, who, not quite knowing what to say, but feeling he should rise to the occasion, made a spasmodic attempt at tact and ejaculated "*'Ow's yer pa?*"

The late Lord Crewe comes to my mind now as one of my parents' friends; he cultivated the society of artists and . . . bishops! He was very absent-minded, and there is a story told of him, which, although far-fetched, is very typical. Suddenly recollecting his duties as host of a large house party, he approached his guests one afternoon and asked them if they would care to go riding, and finding several agreeable, made arrangements with each one to be at the hall door at 2.30, when he would supply them with an excellent white horse. At the appointed hour, guest after guest arrived booted, breeched, and habited, until nearly the whole party had assembled. They waited, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing Lord Crewe ride away, quite oblivious, on the white horse.

My parents, after staying there some time, arrived home to find a letter inviting them to Crewe Hall and written in a way that suggested an absence of years. Lord Crewe's extraordinary absent-mindedness was proverbial, and, since he was not aware of it, caused him to be considerably taken advantage of. He used to dine at the "Athenæum," and usually at the same table. Another member came rushing in one day to obtain a place for dinner for himself. All being engaged, the waiter was obliged to refuse the extra guest, when the flurried member pointed to an empty seat.

"Oh, sir," said the waiter with apologetic deference, "That's Lord Crewe's."

"Never mind," said the urgent would-be diner. "Tell him when he comes—that he's dined!"

It is to be supposed the waiter found his deception worth while, for when Lord Crewe arrived, he was met with surprise and quiet expostulation.

"You dined an hour ago, my lord," said the unscrupulous waiter.

"So I did," murmured the poor victim, as he retraced his steps.

I once remember his coming all the way from Crewe to dine with my people. After dinner my sister Beatrice, who played the violin, performed her latest piece for his benefit. Lord Crewe, evidently tired after his meal, went to sleep and slept soundly until the finish, when he awoke suddenly, applauded loudly and eulogised her talent at some length.

Marks, the R.A., paid a visit to Crewe Hall; after which he composed some very tuneful and witty songs of "the noble Earl of Crewe," which set forth that gentleman's idiosyncrasies at no small length, much to the amusement of all who heard them.

I wonder how many people nowadays remember Fechter the actor. I often saw him when I was a boy, and thought his acting splendid. His love scene with Kate Terry in the *Duke's Motto* took London by storm. He had a marked foreign accent that did not interfere in the least with the clear elocution that he owed to Bellew's instruction. Fechter was born in London and educated in France as a sculptor, but his inclinations tended towards the stage; he made his début at the Salle Molière, and achieved success as Duval in *La Dame aux Camellias*. After acting in Italy, Germany, and France, he came to England and won his laurels

upon our stage. In conversation he was brilliant, and in appearance gave one the impression of strength both physically and mentally; I think his face is to this day more deeply impressed upon my mind than that of any other actor I remember excepting Irving. My father painted his portrait in the costume he wore in *Hamlet* and many years after my mother presented the picture to Henry Irving; but she still has the dress which Fechter gave her when leaving England. Charles Dickens thought highly of him, as the following letter will show.

3, Hanover Terrace,
Thursday, Twenty-fifth April, 1861.

My dear Ward,

I have the greatest interest in Fechter (on whom I called; by the way, I hope he knows), and I should have been heartily glad to meet him again. But—one word in such a case is as good, or bad, as a thousand. . . .

I am engaged on Tuesday beyond the possibilities of backing out or putting off.

With kind regards to Mrs. Ward, in which my daughter and Miss Hogarth join,

Very faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

Irving (when comparatively unknown to the London public) I first saw in *Lost in London*, and not long afterwards when he played "Macbeth," I could not resist caricaturing him.

Sothern I remember, of course, in "Lord Dundreary;" and Lytton, his son, also a successful actor in comparatively late years, and a playfellow of my brother Russell.

W. S. Gilbert came often to our Sunday "evenings" at Kent Villa. Years after, I recollect a story he told in the Club against himself. He was at the Derby, and crossing over from the stand, he got amongst the crowd who hustled and jostled him without the slightest regard for his comfort. He remonstrated with them, and receiving a good deal of impertinence in consequence, he lost his temper. When he at length emerged from the crush, he discovered his watch, a unique repeater and gold chain worth about two hundred pounds, had disappeared. The five minutes' talk proved to be one of the most expensive he had ever indulged in.

Although my father was interested in all sorts and conditions of men, historians, as I have remarked before, possessed a supreme attraction for him, and he sought the society of such men, as they in their turn sought his, whenever opportunity presented itself. William Hepworth Dixon, the historian, became friendly with my father shortly after our arrival at Kent Villa, and in the company of Douglas Jerrold was frequently at our house.

Mr. Dixon wrote a series of papers in the *Daily News* on the "Literature of the Lower Orders," which were precursors of Henry Mayhew's inquiries into the conditions of the London poor. He took a great interest in the lower classes and was instrumental in obtaining a free entry for the public to the Tower of London. Afterwards he became chief editor of the *Athenæum*. As a traveller he visited Italy, Spain, Hungary—all Europe, in fact, as well as Canada and the United States, where he went to Salt Lake City and wrote a history of the Mormons. He finally met with a riding accident in Cyprus which made him more or less of an invalid

afterwards. His extraordinary reluctance to enter a church is one of the idiosyncrasies that returns to me; this must have puzzled my father, who was a very religious man and a constant church-goer.

Lord Stanhope (formerly Lord Mahon) was another historian, and an intimate friend of my father's. When the first Peel Ministry was formed in 1834, Lord Mahon appeared as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and during the last year of the Peel Ministry he held the office of Secretary to the Board of Control and supported the repeal of the Corn Laws. He subsequently pursued a somewhat wavering course, voted with the Protectionists against the change in the Navigation Laws, and lost his seat for Hertford at the general election of 1852. Afterwards his lordship devoted most of his life to historical research and wrote among other works "A History of the War of the Succession in Spain." His portrait is amongst the many my father painted of men distinguished in their studies; Bulwer, Thackeray, Lord Macaulay, Hallam, Dickens, Collins, were also subjects for his brush.

Sir Charles Dilke (the Dilkes were then proprietors of the *Athenæum*) once came to dine with us, and was mortally offended because a foreign ambassador was given precedence, as is etiquette as well as politeness to a stranger amongst us. He took my sister down, and sulked and grumbled to her all dinner time, venting on our high-backed antique chairs his annoyance at what he imagined to be a serious slight to his dignity and position.

I went with my father to Charles Dickens' last reading. He was an amateur actor of high repute, and his rendering of the famous novels was

exceedingly dramatic. Wilkie Collins once wrote a play, called *The Lighthouse*, for some private theatricals in which Dickens acted. My father designed the invitation card, and the original drawing was sold at the Dickens' sale at Christie's, where it fetched a high price. At the last party given by Miss Dickens before he died, I was introduced to the great author, and curiously enough, he said, "I am so pleased to make your acquaintance, and I hope this will not be *your last visit.*" That evening Joachim gave us an exhibition of his incomparable art. Lord Houghton, who was as absent-minded in his way as his brother-in-law, Lord Crewe, was one of the guests. He fell asleep during Joachim's recital, and snored. As the exquisite chords from the violin rose on the air, Lord Houghton's snores sounded loudly in opposition, sometimes drowning a delicate passage, and at others lost in a passionate rush of melody from the player, who must have needed all his composure to prevent him waking the slumbering lord.

About that time I made several slight caricatures of Dickens, which have been not only exhibited, but published.

LORD HOUGHTON.
1882.

FRED ARCHER.
1881.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

CHAPTER IV

WORK AND PLAY

School-days ended.—A trip to Paris.—Versailles and the Morgue.—I enter the office of Sydney Smirke, R.A.—Montague Williams and Christchurch.—A squall.—Frith as arbitrator.—I nearly lose my life.—William Virtue to the rescue.—The Honourable Mr. Butler Johnson Munro.—I visit Knebworth.—Lord Lytton.—Spiritualism.—My first picture in the Royal Academy.—A Scotch holiday with my friend Richard Dunlop.—Patrick Adam.—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis.—Mr. George Fox.—Sir William Jaffray.—Mr. William Cobbett.—Adventures on and off a horse.—Peter Graham.—Cruikshank.—Mr. Phene Spiers.—Johnstone Forbes-Robertson and Irving.—Fred Walker.—Arthur Sullivan.—Sir Henry de Bathe.—Sir Spencer Ponsonby.—Du Maurier.—Arthur Cecil.—Sir Francis Burnand.—The Bennett Benefit.

AFTER leaving school, I took a trip with some schoolfellows to Paris. Our visit was not remarkably adventurous. I remember my interest in the outside seats on the trains, our nearly being frozen to death while indulging in the novelty of a journey to Versailles, and my excitement when I thought I had discovered Shakespeare in the *Morgue*, although second thoughts led me to the conclusion I was a little late in the day.

My great ambition at this period of my life was to be able to study drawing and painting, but my father was inexorable in his decision, and I entered the office of Sydney Smirke, R.A., to learn architecture.

Mr. Smirke was one of three talented brothers (the sons of the very distinguished artist, Robert Smirke, R.A.), Sir Edward Smirke, the City Solicitor, and Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., who achieved fame as

an architect and designed Covent Garden Theatre among buildings of note. It is probable (I was told at the time) that Mr. Sydney Smirke would have received a knighthood, had he not opposed Queen Victoria's desire at that time that all Art Exhibitions should be restricted to the neighbourhood of South Kensington. He had then decided with the Committee who commissioned him upon the present site of Burlington House for the Royal Academy, which was to be built to his design. Among his best-known works are the Carlton and Conservative Club houses, the Reading Room, and the Roman and Assyrian Galleries at the British Museum.

While I was in Mr. Smirke's office, I longed more than ever to be an artist, for the purely mechanical part of the profession did not appeal to me in the least, neither did the prospect of an architect's life commend itself. After a year during which I worked very conscientiously, considering my adverse sympathies, with bricks and mortar, Mr. Smirke finished his last work on Burlington House, and announced his intention of retiring.

In the meantime I had visited Christchurch and Bournemouth, and had completed a series of drawings of interiors. One of these—of the Lady Chapel—was bought by Montague Williams, whose wife had then recently died. My picture, which represented a woman placing flowers upon a tomb, figured in the drawing, was the best work I had done up to that period, and it probably possessed some sad association or suggestion for him. I had wished to sell the picture to the Rev. Zacchary Nash, the Rector of Christchurch, and he wrote to me, saying, "If you very much wish me to buy the water-colour drawing, I will; but I dislike all pictures, and consider they

never rise to my preconceived idea of the subject or object they are intended to represent."

The walls of his house were entirely without the usual ornamentation, and I do not remember to have seen there a single picture, with the exception of the usual conventional and handed-down portraits of relations.

I was made a member of the Architectural Association, and exhibited my drawings of Christchurch, which were so highly appreciated by my father, and so pleased him by what he considered my advance in the architectural profession, that I had not the heart to tell him of my ever-increasing desire to leave it and go through the Academy Schools, and become a painter. He had repeatedly said he would rather I swept a crossing than be an artist, whereupon I decided upon the one outside our house, in anticipation.

On my return, my father immediately exerted himself to find a new office for me, and Mr. Smirke suggested a colleague of his, Mr. Street, in the following letter:—

My dear Sir,

. . . with regard to Leslie I quite concur with you in wishing him to get into some busy and eminent office where he can see and profit by all the matters connected with the carrying out of architectural work. I have enclosed herewith a note to Mr. Street, requesting him to tell me candidly whether he can readily admit Leslie into his office, and I shall not fail to let him know how highly I appreciate Leslie's qualification. At the same time I must remind you that in an eminent architect's office, each stool has its money value and very big

premiums are realised. What I shall tell Street will be that in taking Leslie into his office he is taking an excellent draughtsman with taste and intelligence to boot, and *not* a raw recruit—one in short, who would be found useful from the first day of his entrance.

Yours sincerely,
SYDNEY SMIRKE.

My father in the meantime had spoken to his friend Mr. Edward Barry, R.A., with a view to my entering his office. This interview resulted in my calling upon Mr. Barry with specimens of my work, of which he approved and upon which he complimented me. At the same time he warned me that T-squares and compass, and not the paint brush, would be my daily implements for at least five years. This was too much for me, and I frankly told him it would be impossible, and that three years—until my coming of age—would be my limit. Barry then expressed his opinion that an artist's career was what I was fitted for, and not an architect's office, and although I quite agreed with him I went home with a heavy heart at the thought of my father's disappointment. On my return I sought my room, and, after locking the door, I sat down to consider the situation. Also, I found that—perhaps from the effect of my excitement—my nose was bleeding, and I endeavoured to staunch the flow of blood. Presently, before I had decided upon a tactful plan of action, my father knocked at the door, and when I opened it, rushed in, greatly excited to hear the result of the interview. A rousing scene followed, and although I respected his feelings and was sorry to go against his wishes, I instinctively clung to my decision to live my life as I chose and to

SIR ALFRED SCOTT-GATTY, C.V.O. (GARTER KING-AT-ARMS, 1905).

follow my own career. The same evening my father consulted his friend, Mr. Frith, on the matter, and he kindly consented to act as mediator in this affair of my future career. After trying to dissuade me, and presenting an artist's life from its very blackest standpoint, and still finding me full of hope and enthusiasm, Mr. Frith at last said, "I don't mind telling you that, had you been my son, I should certainly have encouraged you in your desire to adopt an artist's profession."

Finally my father was persuaded, and as there was nothing more to be said, we shook hands upon my determination. Thus we buried the long-cherished idea of my architectural career, of which I was heartily glad to hear the last.

After the disagreement, Frith, to encourage me, commissioned me to "square out" one of his pictures from a small sketch—"The Procession of Our Lady of Boulogne." I received eighteen guineas when my task was completed, but in my excitement at receiving my first cheque, I threw it (in its envelope) accidentally in the fire. I was in despair when I discovered my blunder, and, in my ignorance of paper money, went to Frith and told him of the calamity. He chaffed me, and said, "You know, Leslie, I'm not compelled to give you another cheque . . . but if you wish it I will." Whereupon he gave me my long-looked-for and fateful eighteen guineas.

I was now free to face my future and to begin life as I wished; and in the meanwhile I nearly ended it prematurely while I was on a visit to my friend William Virtue, at Sunbury. At my host's suggestion, we started with three friends for a bathe in the river, early on a Sunday morning, the tide being high and the current strong. I was a fair swimmer

and very fond of the pastime, and so, when our return home for breakfast was suggested, I thought to have one more plunge, whereupon Bill, as we called him, being familiar with the current in the vicinity of the weir, advised me to avail myself of one in particular, which would, if I followed it, he said, carry me back to the boat. I acted upon the suggestion, but upon reaching our boat found myself unable to get a firm enough grip upon it, and, after making several attempts, became quite exhausted, and then tried to float on my back to give myself a rest. Then an article I had been reading the night before headed "Precautions in case of Drowning," came to my mind, with the advice when exhausted to "Throw yourself upon your back." But this precaution proved fruitless, as at this moment an under-current sucked me down. Being by this time quite helpless, I was shot up again like the imp in the bottle, only to be washed under again, and then in desperation I called for "Help!" and sank for the last time. In my case no past incidents lit up my brain with one lightning flash of thought—no beautiful ideas surged up—as one has heard told in novels. I only thought of the boat . . . I must get to the boat . . . and when I sank I said to myself, "Good-bye."

My host, who was then in smooth water on the other side of the river exclaimed, to the rest of the party, "Where's Ward?" and as he spoke he observed the ring in the water where I had disappeared. Fearing I was dead, he exclaimed, "Good God, how shall I break the news?" but he plunged in and lost no time in rescuing me.

How it was done, he was scarcely able to say, but he found me obedient to his directions, and,

being a powerfully built man, he was able to battle against the rush of water, whilst supporting me. I was eventually dragged into the boat, and, wonderful to relate, I had retained sufficient consciousness to know I was alive, while fearing at the same time for Virtue, who, placing me in safety, had swum after another of our party who had rashly gone to the aid of both of us, and was in difficulties himself. Needless to add, my heroic friend was in a fainting condition when we reached his house, but with the aid of a little brandy, he soon recovered, and no harm came to any of us. In fact, in the afternoon I had sufficiently recovered to walk to Teddington, where I called upon the Edward Levys, who had taken a house there for the summer. Feeling quite fit in spite of the episode of the morning, I was sitting in the drawing-room regaling my hostess with the little incident of my rescue, when she asked me to ring the bell for tea. On either side of the fire-place a bell appeared to be attached to the wall. One of these, as happens in old-fashioned houses, was a dummy, and this one I attempted to pull; being at that age when a young man does not wish to be outwitted, and finding the bell was extremely difficult to manage, I gave it an extra hard tug, and, to my consternation, pulled off the dummy handle and with it masses of plaster which came showering down all around me. My feelings on discovering my blunder were too deep for words.

Another lamentable accident happened to me when I was attempting to coax my coming moustache with a pair of curling tongs—to curl the edges! In carelessly handling the lamp (which exploded), and in trying to blow out the flames, I burnt myself so badly that I lost every atom of hair on my face,

eyebrows, eyelashes, and the rest. Seeing an advertisement a little later for hair restorer and moustache renovator, I bought it in high hopes, and rubbed it well in (as directions) before going to bed. When, the next morning I arose, expectant, I was puzzled to find my lips swollen out of all proportion, and my disappointment was not untinged with feelings that can be left to the imagination.

About this time I received my first commission, through Mrs. Pender (afterwards Lady Pender), who asked my father if I could be induced to undertake a series of drawings for a friend of hers, Mrs. Butler Johnstone Munro. Of course, I jumped at the offer, and lost no time in making the acquaintance of my patroness, who was an eccentric old lady of eighty, and quite an original character. Her brother, Mr. Munro of Novar, had left her his collection of pictures of all schools, which she prized greatly, and she wished me to make a plan and series of drawings to scale, of the pictures in their frames exactly as they hung upon the walls of her house in Hamilton Place, that it might give her an idea how they should be placed in a mansion she was moving into. The work took me a little over three months to complete, and when it was done, I made sure of a handsome remuneration from Mrs. Butler Johnstone, who was very wealthy. Alas! the five-pound note which she paid me after my first day's work was all I ever got, for she died suddenly while I was taking a summer holiday, and I was "mug" enough not to send in a claim to her executors. Thus only the memory and satisfaction of having studied some of the finest pictures in this country was left me by way of compensation for my trouble. I often, however, look back in amusement at some of my experiences while

I was working for this quaint old lady, who, I may mention, seemed to consider me at her beck and call, and used to telegraph for me to come and show her guests a portfolio containing an almost unique set of water-colour drawings by Turner. Colonel Butler Johnstone, M.P. (my patroness's husband) came into the room one day when I was starting upon my commission; *he* evidently had no sympathy with art, for he said that he thought that I might be better occupied. It seemed to him, he said, rather ridiculous to undertake such tedious work, because when it was completed he couldn't see the object of it.

This was a little disconcerting, but I was not discouraged.

I remember, one summer morning, Mrs. Butler Johnstone arriving on horseback at my father's house, and sending in a message by the servant to inform Mr. Leslie Ward, that the "Honourable Mrs. Butler Johnstone Munro" was waiting to see him, and, upon my hastening downstairs, I saw at the front door, mounted upon a good, but aged horse, my strange employer, shielding her wrinkled old face from the sun with a white parasol, which I afterwards discovered she habitually used whilst riding in the Park during the season. This call was to ask me to accompany her to the Kensington Museum, and there to act as her mouthpiece, she being desirous of making a proposition to Sir Wentworth Cole as to her intention of making a temporary loan of pictures to that institute. While we were driving to the Museum in a hansom cab, I remember that a somewhat ridiculous *contretemps* took place. The old lady, in giving her directions to the driver, managed to get her bonnet and cape entangled and dragged off, and I was reprimanded severely for the vain

attempts I made to act as the "gallant" in assisting her to replace them.

My visit for six weeks, with my parents, to the first Lord Lytton (Bulwer Lytton) at Knebworth, made a great impression upon my mind, as I suppose I began to consider myself "grown up," and was rather flattered on receiving so interesting an invitation. During my stay I made a water-colour painting of the great hall, which was hung with rich red hangings and a fine old Elizabethan curtain. I also both caricatured from memory and drew a portrait of my host (for which he sat), for his appearance proved an irresistible attraction to me. Lord Lytton had a remarkably narrow face with a high forehead; his nose was piercingly aquiline, and seemed to swoop down between his closely-set blue eyes, which changed in expression as his interest waxed and waned. When he was interestedly questioning his neighbour, he became almost satanic looking, and his glance grew so keenly inquisitive as to give the appearance of a "cast" in his eyes. Carefully curled hair crowned his forehead, and his bushy eyebrows, beard and moustache gave a curious expression to his face, which was rather pale, except in the evening, when he slightly "touched up," as the dandies of his day were in the habit of doing. His *beau ideal* was D'Orsay, and he showed the nicest care in the choice of his clothes. His trousers were baggy as they tapered downward, and rather suggested a sailor's in the way they widened towards the feet. I can see him now standing on the hearthrug awaiting the announcement of dinner —dressed up "to the eyes," and listening with bent, attentive head to his guests. It was typical of Lord Lytton that he listened to the most insignificant of

Sketched from memory.

Slight Sketch of Knebworth.

FIRST LORD LYTTON (BULWER LYTTON).
Drawn from life.
1869.

Silent
(Before dinner).
Sketched from memory

his guests with all the deference that he would have shown to the greatest. Replacing his hookah (for he smoked opium) he would be silent for a considerable time, watching us out of his odd eyes, and when he spoke it was in a soft voice which he never raised above a low tone. He told many stories of "Dis-ra-eel-i," whose name he pronounced with slow deliberation, and one strained one's ears to catch every word that he said, they were so interesting. I wish I could remember them now.

In Art he had no taste whatever, but he was especially fond of artists with literary tastes, which perhaps explains why he "took" so much to Maclise and my father. Maclise (whom he considered everything that could be desired both as a personality and an artist) painted his portrait, which is now at Knebworth. It is an extraordinarily good likeness, but very hard in the quality of painting, and unsympathetic in treatment.

When I was at Knebworth I first found myself in public opposition to my father's dislike of tobacco. I do not think I have mentioned this distaste before. When he gave a dinner at home, he usually persuaded a friend to choose the cigars, and was very glad to escape from the atmosphere of tobacco when they were being smoked by his guests. Later in life the doctor ordered an occasional cigarette to soothe his nerves; he smoked *one*, and that was too much for him.

À propos of this detestation of tobacco, I suffered what I supposed then to be one of the most humiliating moments of my life. When the cigars were handed round to the guests after dinner, I took one and began to light it, whereupon my father, who had never allowed me to smoke in his presence, saw my

cigar, and waved it magnificently down. Considering myself "grown up," I was at the most sensitive period of my boyhood, and I felt I must appear ridiculous in the eyes of all the men at the table, when possibly the whole episode had passed unnoticed, or if they had observed me, would not have given a moment's notice to the occurrence.

There was a French cook at Knebworth who used to go fishing in the lake for minnows. Lord Lytton was wont to damp my ardour when I expressed a desire to fish, by informing me that there were pike, but that nobody had ever succeeded in catching any. Strangely enough, from the moment I started to fish, I was very successful. Never a day passed without my making a good haul; and although the Frenchman failed to catch them, he knew the secret of stuffing and serving them for dinner.

Lord Lytton was in some respects rather curious, for he informed me that if I went on fishing I should empty the lake. However, I went down one morning and found the whole lake drained and the fish destroyed. The only explanation which occurred to me was that he might have regarded fishing as cruel, just as he considered shooting brutal; for after once hearing the cries of a hare he had wounded he never handled a gun again.

An American lady named Madame de Rossit was then acting as Lord Lytton's secretary. She had her little daughter with her, a very precocious child, who had been brought up evidently on the great man's poetry. I remember a very painful evening when all the household and the neighbours were present to hear the child recite "The Lady of Lyons." Anything more distressing could hardly be imagined.

Hume, the spiritualist and medium, whom I mentioned in connection with the S. C. Halls, constantly came, and Lord Lytton, with a view to testing my psychic possibilities, arranged that I should work with the planchette. He was, I think, making experiments more out of curiosity than earnest belief. Our attempts were entirely without results. I was evidently not *en rapport.*

My host was always attracted by the mysterious; he loved haunted rooms and tales of ghosts. There was a room at Knebworth where a "yellow boy" walked at midnight, and the house itself was full of surprises. For instance, you went to a bookcase to take down a volume, and found the books were merely shams, or you attempted to open another case, and found it was a concealed entrance to the drawing-room. There were some fine pieces of old oak in the house, nevertheless, and upon my mother's expression of admiration for one old door he had it packed and sent to her as a present.

In the grounds, there was a curious maze that we found just as troublesome, but more picturesque. Then there was the beautiful *Horace* Garden, of which my father made a painting. Down a delightful green vista of lawns, barred with shadows from the trees overhead, stood statues of the Greek and Roman poets and philosophers, grey against the sunlit scene. This garden was Lytton's idea, and it was certainly one of the greatest "beauty spots" of Knebworth. The house itself did not inspire me; but at night, when the moon shone, the griffins on the front, silhouetted romantically against the sky, gave a mysterious beauty to the building, in the glamour of the moonlight.

I will conclude my memories of Knebworth with

Lord Lytton's advice to me that no young man's education was complete until he had mastered the entire works of Sir Walter Scott.

On my return to London, I sent my painting to the Royal Academy, where it was very favourably received and well hung.

The *Telegraph*, coupling me with my father in this notice, said: "We have already mentioned a masterly drawing by E. M. Ward, R.A., and we would call attention to the work of something more than promise by the Academician's young son, 'The Hall at Knebworth, Herts.'"

Needless to say, I was encouraged by kindly criticism, for having chosen my profession in the teeth of opposition, I felt I had to succeed, and was extremely anxious to gain the approval of my father. I entered Carey's to take a preliminary course of instruction preparatory to the Royal Academy Schools. These studios were well known in former days as Sass's School of Art, where many eminent artists had attended before they rose to fame. At the same time I studied at the Slade School, where Poynter was then professor. I then copied at the National Gallery the well-known picture of "A Tailor," by Moroni, selected by my father, who had a very high regard for that wonderful old master. Now that everything was running smoothly I was quite happy. I was at liberty to follow my own desires, with the thought of the future before me, which I faced with all the optimism of youth and an untroubled mind.

With these high hopes I was considerably enlivened by my first holiday in Scotland with a Scotch school friend. Dunlop and I started on tour from Edinburgh, where I was introduced to the

Adams. Mr. Adam was a solicitor who, with all the security of a comfortable practice and successful life, was very anxious to bring up his son in his office; but Patrick dreamed of an artistic career, and had other ambitions. He read the lives of Constable, Turner, and David Cox, and, becoming inspired by the example of these great men, and by the works of Sam Bough (a painter of whom Edinburgh is proud), he rose at dawn to paint before going to his father's office, where he regarded the hours spent on his stool as so much waste of time, and longed for evening when he could return to his beloved pursuits again. When we met, our sympathies went out to one another, and we spent our time discussing art. Together we visited the local galleries and steeped ourselves in the beauty we found there.

At Holyrood Palace we were shown the room where the ill-fated Rizzio was murdered, and where the sad scene of love, passion, and hatred was enacted in so small a space, which was yet large enough to hold destinies between its walls. The blood-stain was pointed out to me, and I was informed at the same time that the episode of Mary Queen of Scots and the unfortunate Italian was the subject of E. M. Ward's picture of the year in the Royal Academy. (This painting, by the way, was purchased by the late Sir John Pender.) It is to be supposed that I appeared duly impressed.

When we left Edinburgh, my newly-found friend, Patrick Adam, suggested we should correspond about Art; but although he became a successful painter, and one of the foremost Scottish Academicians, I have never met him from that day to this.

During our visits to the picture galleries, my

friend Richard Dunlop, who was a matter-of-fact Scot and not in the least temperamental or of an artistic turn of mind (but a splendid fellow for a' that), became distinctly bored, and after we had visited Mr. Arthur Lewis (who was a very keen sportsman and deer-stalker to the day of his death) and his wife, formerly Kate Terry, at Glen Urquhart, he retraced his steps and left me to go on alone. My continual eulogies of the beauties we saw, the exquisite colours and effects of landscape evidently became too much for him. I am glad to say that he still remains one of my best friends, and I always associate him with our mutual and equally valued friend, Charlie Frith.

On the various boats in which I voyaged from time to time, I enjoyed watching the passengers, and occasionally caricaturing people who amused me. There was one pale curate who looked as though he might have understudied Penley in *The Private Secretary*. He wore a long coat and broad-brimmed hat, and his smile was always dawning to order, whereupon charming dimples appeared in his cheeks. I watched him shedding the cheerful light of his fascinating smile upon the ladies, until gradually a change crept over him; the smile wore off, and presently the sea claimed him. I always think a man or woman should be economical with their expressions when they are apt to be victims of *mal-de-mer*, for so few smiles at sea last until the voyage is over.

About this period I was fortunate enough to be invited to Cheshire by some friends of my parents, to the house of Mr. and Mrs. George Fox, who lived at Alderley Edge. My host, who was a well-known *connoisseur*, possessed a remarkable collection of

MR GEORGE LANE FOX.
1878.

LORD PORTMAN.
1898.

DUKE OF GRAFTON.
1886.

pictures. I remember one by Thomas Faed (called "God's Acre," representing two little children by their mother's grave). The painting was full of delicate sentiment, a qualification perhaps rather despised in these days; but the masterly loose handling and fine colour redeemed it from any such criticism from myself. I fear the picture would not realise anything like the considerable price given for it by my host, which, I believe, was over two thousand five hundred pounds.

My first evening at the Fox's is never forgotten, for I made an amusing blunder in all the superiority and imagined importance of nineteen years.

Harry Fox, the son of the house, was then twenty-one. On that memorable evening I was sitting in the drawing-room when he entered, and, attempting to be friendly and conversational, I said to him—

"Well, are you home from school now?"

My friend, who married an equally fine horsewoman, was a splendid rider in those days (as he is now). He was always dapper in his appearance, and alert in his bearing. *My* hunting days began when I visited Alderley Edge, and although I had ridden at Upton, Slough, I was somewhat of a novice at the riding with which I here intended to compete.

I followed the hounds upon a powerful weight carrier called the "Count," and became a very good acrobat when I was riding him. The horse overjumped a good deal, but, growing accustomed to seeing me come over his ears, would wait until I got on to his back again. I jumped over everything, and because I had very little experience, I did not profit by the example of some of the finest riders when I saw them avoiding unnecessary obstacles.

One day I was riding the "Count" and when jumping a hedge, I lighted on my head. If you can think you have broken your neck, I did at that moment. Another rider following nearly landed on top of me.

"Are you hurt?" he called.

"Give me some brandy," I replied, stirring from what I had previously imagined to be my last sleep. Instead, he cantered on. It was enough: I could speak.

This callous behaviour roused me to such resentment that I tried to rise—at the crucial moment the "Count" stepped heavily upon my foot. I swore violently, and, anger impelling me to action, I mounted him and rode away.

Riding one evening as the twilight was falling and the surrounding country growing faint in the failing light, I rode my horse into a bog. We soon found ourselves up to the knees and in an apparently inextricable position. The situation was growing unpleasant when the horse, instinctively recognising the danger, made a supreme struggle for liberty, and, after some exertion, we emerged and reached home safely.

I used to follow Mr. Brocklehurst, the then Master of the Cheshire Harriers, and old Mr. Cobbett (the son of the great William Cobbett) who dressed so exactly in the same fashion as his famous father, one could almost imagine he had left Madame Tussaud's, with his snuff-box, to take a day's hunting in Cheshire. Sir William Cobbett (the grandson) still adheres as nearly as possible to that old tradition of dress.

It was in Cheshire, at Alderley, that I met Edmund Ashton, an old Etonian and a jolly fellow,

who became engaged to Fox's sister. The village was gay with decorations on the day of the wedding; on one triumphal arch the local poet had evidently exerted his muse, for in big letters shone the following couplet:—

> On this day with joy and pride
> Edmund weds his youthful bride.

Under the hospitable roof of Mr. Fox, a trio of us (Will Jaffray, now Sir William, Harry Fox and I) formed a bond of friendship maintained to this day, and which has always been one of the pleasantest facts of my life.

About this time I settled to work in earnest and entered the R.A. schools as probationer in Architecture, with drawings of a monument to a naval victory, after which I became a full student for a study made from the antique.

Old Charles Landseer (brother of Sir Edwin and "Tom" Landseer the engraver) was then keeper. He was a quaint old gentleman, but I fear his teaching didn't carry much weight. What I do remember about him was that as he stooped to look over one's work the evident dye that had once been sprinkled on the back of his head had remained there until it became solidified and resembled old varnish.

There was an old student too who bore somewhat the same appearance, and seemed privileged to remain for ever a student. In his case the rust seemed to have spread to his clothes, so that I can remember the peg on which he hung his coat was left severely alone, in fact, no other student would permit of his hat or coat being near it.

It is a shame to mention old George Cruikshank in the same breath, but while on the subject of hair

dye he also toned his grey hair, but in a perfectly harmless manner. What was comic in him was that up to the last he wore a lock which, being suspended by a broad and very visible piece of elastic, was evidently in his mind quite a success.

Among the students whose names come into my head as being prominent students at the time were Ouless, Alfred Gilbert, Miss Starr, Swan, Cope, Waterlow, Hamo Thornycroft, Percy Macquoid, and Forbes Robertson.

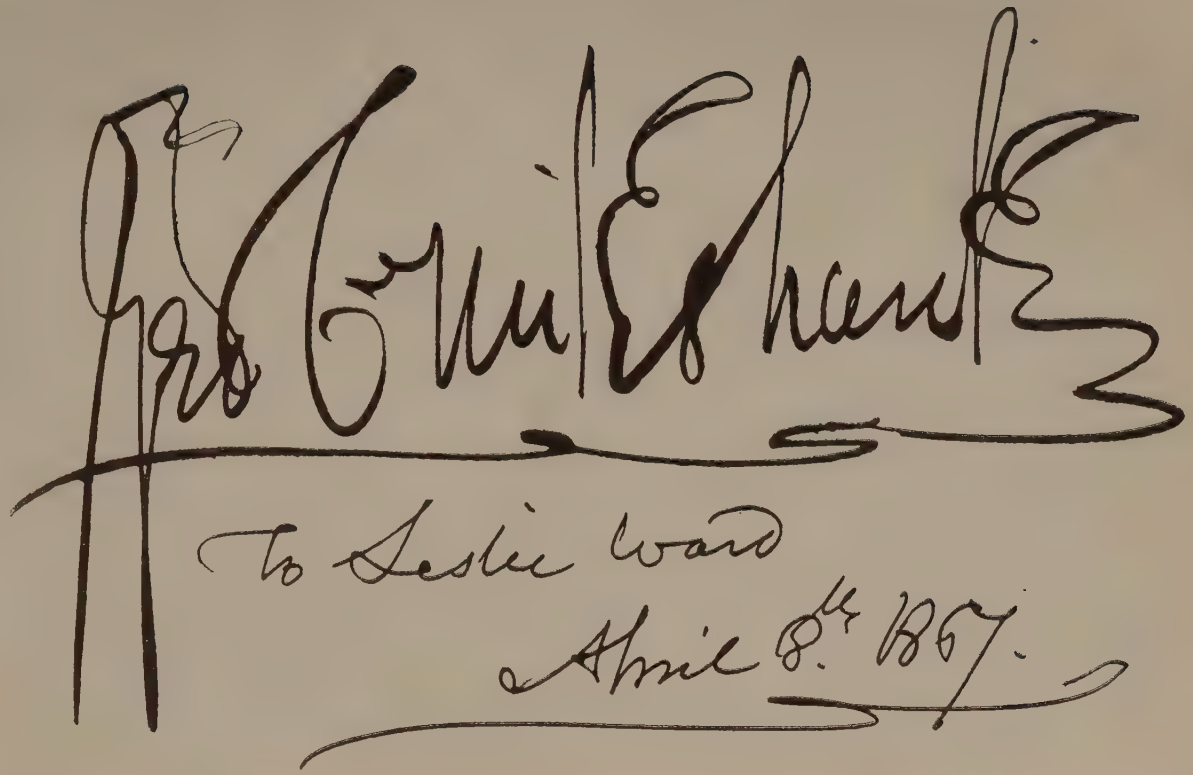
I can remember the latter coming up to me one day in the antique school, and evidently elated by the fact, saying—

"Ward, to whom do you think I have been introduced to-day?" And while I was waiting to consider an answer, he said—

"*The Great Man* . . . and this day is the happiest of my life."

I congratulated him. . . I knew at once to whom he referred and what pleasure the meeting must have been to him, knowing the enthusiastic admiration in which he held Irving. He became a friend of Sir Henry's, and finally, fascinated by the stage and finding his dramatic talent stronger than his artistic aptitude, clever as he was as an artist, he abandoned painting as a profession, and went on the stage. The Garrick Club, of which Sir Johnston is a member, possesses a portrait by him of Phelps as Cardinal Wolsey. The only regret is that so great an actor should be retiring from the stage, although he has indeed won his laurels. It is to be hoped that his clever brother Norman Forbes will carry on the family tradition for some time to come.

Fred Walker, then one of the visiting artists at the R.A. schools, was a man who possessed great


To Leslie Ward
April 8th 87.

individuality, a highly strung and excessively nervous temperament, and, unfortunately, very bad health. It was the custom of the students, with whom he was very popular, to give an annual dinner, and about this time the toast of the evening was "Fred Walker." When his health was drunk, I remember he got up to reply, and found himself from sheer nervousness quite speechless, whereupon he murmured a scarcely audible "Thank you," and collapsed into his seat again. Du Maurier drew the character of "Little Billee" from this artist. He died young, and after his death his pictures fetched very high prices, especially some delicate and beautiful water colours. "The Haven of Rest," now in the Tate Gallery, is a poem on canvas, and it is also one of his most popular works, which will certainly live. Sir Hubert Herkomer was undoubtedly influenced by him in his earlier days.

Marks and Fred Walker were the first two Academicians who lent their names to poster designs, and they were very much "called over the coals" for it. Millais came in for a like share of condemnation when he sold his "Bubbles" to Pears' Soap. In these days of advertisement, when the hoardings are covered with every type of art, and really great artists apply their talent to the demands of commercialism, the censure levelled at Millais, Walker, and Marks appears rather more like fiction than fact.

Another novelty of that period was the musical play which Arthur Sullivan pioneered so successfully. My first experience of that delightful form of entertainment was at the Bennett Benefit, given by the staff of *Punch* to raise funds for the family of one of their then deceased contributors.

The musical version of *Box and Cox* which

was produced for the first time, was entitled *Cox and Box* and attracted a good deal of attention. Sullivan, who had composed the music, conducted it himself; Sir Francis Burnand wrote the libretto, and Sir Henry de Bathe acted the part of the "Bouncer," with George du Maurier and Sir Spencer Ponsonby as the lodgers.

Another musical play, *Les Deux Aveugles*, followed, in which Sir Henry de Bathe and Du Maurier acted again with Arthur Cecil.

The *Punch* staff performed in a play by Tom Taylor, entitled *The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*, and the cast included the author, Mark Lemon, Tenniel, Shirley Brooks, Kate Terry, and Florence Terry (who took the child's part).

The production was a most artistic one, and attracted a very distinguished audience: everybody of any consequence in the world of art, literature, and the stage, flocked to see *Punch* behind the footlights.

[illegible] life-size oil picture] [painted by [illegible] Ward, 19[illegible]

SIR WILLIAM JAFFRAY, BART.

CHAPTER V

'SPY'

My coming of age.—The letter.—The Doctor's verdict.—The Doctor's pretty daughter.—Arthur Sullivan.—"Dolly" Story.—Lord Leven's garden party.—Professor Owen.—Gibson Bowles.—Arthur Lewis.—Carlo Pellegrini.—Paolo Tosti.—Pagani's.—J. J. Tissot.—*Vanity Fair*.—Some of the Contributors.—Anthony Trollope.—John Stuart Mill.—*The World*.—Edmund Yates.—Death of Lord Lytton.—Mr. Macquoid.—Luke Fildes.—Small.—Gregory.—Herkomer.—*The Graphic*.—Gladstone.—Disraeli, etc.

On my coming of age, Doctor Doran sent me the following advice, which at the first attempt I had some difficulty in deciphering. Later on, however, I soon discovered that it was intended, to complete the joke, that it should be begun at the end and from there read.

Doran John.

Yours truly ever,

Yourself find will you which in condition the see to surprised be will you, anything yourself deny never and advice my follow you if, fact in.

Everything in consideration first the yourself make.

Thing bad a always is which, behind be never then will you as others all before yourself put.

Difference the all makes which, it like you unless, lamb the with down lie or, lark the with rise don't. By done be to like would you as you to do others till

wait. Own your as good as be cannot course of which, others of opinion the considering by distracted be not will you then as own your but advice nobody's take. To-morrow till off put can you what to-day do never.

Life through guidance your for advice of words few a you give me let now.

Him cut to happened I although him for regard great a have and years for him known have I. Morning very this himself shaving saw I man a of photo the you send I herewith.

LESLIE DEAR MY.

On the morning of my birthday, which was to be celebrated by a dance, I felt so ill and consequently became so depressed, I was obliged eventually to pay a visit to the family doctor, who impressed me with the seriousness of my condition and prophesied all sorts of calamities after sounding my heart and feeling my pulse.

"You must be very—very careful," he said, shaking his head. "My dear boy, I'm sorry to say it; but you must not dance to-night."

I was overwhelmed.

"But," I expostulated, "I came to ask you to make me fit so that I might dance."

"You must give up dancing for a time," he said, with great firmness.

I sank into the deepest dejection; life seemed bereft of half its interest. When the evening drew on and the guests began to arrive, I saw my favourite partners carried off, and as I watched the crowd of dancers enjoying themselves my dejection grew deeper. Heaven knows what would have become of me had not my doctor's daughter arrived late, being a very

pretty girl, and, I knew, one of the best dancers there, I threw discretion to the four winds, and went up to her.

"Don't tell your father," I said. "But will you have the next with me?"

She laughed and accepted. I danced every dance after that.

At the end of the evening, Arthur Sullivan played a "Sir Roger," with Chappell's man at the piano; I realized none of the dire effects I had expected, and the next day felt better than I had done for months.

The capriciousness of one's memory is extraordinary (at least in the light—or darkness—of one's usual forgetfulness). I remember my first dinner-party perfectly; and my kind host and hostess had on this occasion invited a particularly attractive girl for me to take down. Most of the guests were elderly people, and some of them were hungry people also. I had received an invitation from my hostess for almost a fortnight previously, but on that occasion the dinner had been postponed, and their usual hour altered for the convenience of a guest. I, who had not been notified to that effect, arrived in consequence half an hour late, to find the guests still waiting; my inward embarrassment was great when I faced the pairs of hungry and expectant eyes. There was one awfully fat parson who looked as though food came before Church matters. I remember even now his expression of intense relief. I hope he was satisfied. We had a most perfect dinner, and I took down my partner. I felt my hostess's eye upon me; I do not think the lady realized that the fault lay with herself and not with me.

My first dinner-party at home was spoiled for me by an accident. I sat next to Mrs. Edmund Yates, who was a beautiful woman, resplendent that evening

in a gorgeous gown. Everything had up till now gone smoothly, and I felt that I was getting along nicely when my sleeve caught my glass and swept it over—as Fate would have it—Mrs. Yates' dress. I was terribly upset—so was she, and so was the liqueur.

Commissioned portraits were occupying most of my time in those days, and I exhibited (at the Royal Academy) one drawing of my brother Russell, and one of my sister Beatrice. The latter work was much admired by Mr. "Dolly" Storey,* who paid me the compliment of offering to buy it from me; but on hearing my parents wished to keep it in the family, he offered me a very good price for any other drawing of similar character.

Although I made a considerable number of portraits, I was always caricaturing the various personalities—interesting, extraordinary or amusing—who crossed my path.

At a garden party at Lord Leven's, in Roehampton Lane, I saw Professor Owen or "Old Bones" (as he was irreverently nicknamed), and, struck with his antediluvian incongruity amidst the beautiful surroundings of the garden, and the children there, I resolved to caricature him. Impressing his strange and whimsical face upon my memory, I returned home and at once conveyed my impressions to paper. I "caught" him in his best clothes, with the tall white hat, which made a contrast to his florid face; it is hardly one's idea of a garden party "get up" as will be seen by the boots. I suppose some eccentricity must be forgiven in the light of his genius, for "Old Bones" was a man, and a scientist, of prodigious activity. There was no end to his works—especially their titles, of which,

* "Dolly" Storey, G. A. Storey, A.R.A.

1903.
SIR WILLIAM CROOKES.

1904.
SIR OLIVER LODGE.

SIR WILLIAM HUGGINS.
1903.

PROFESSOR OWEN.
1873.
"My first" in "Vanity Fair."

for instance, "On the Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Animals," is a fair example; while "Memoir on a Gigantic Sloth," has possibilities. He belonged to innumerable societies, geological, zoological, chirurgical, and so forth; and he was, as *Vanity Fair* described him, "a simple-minded creature, although a bit of a dandy."

A little before this, Mr. Gibson Bowles, then editor of *Vanity Fair*, had become dissatisfied with the artists who were working for him in the absence of Pellegrini, and, owing to a disagreement, was looking for a new cartoonist. Millais, remembering my ambitions in that direction (for when I saw the first numbers of *Vanity Fair* I was greatly taken with Pellegrini's caricatures, and, having a book of drawings of a similar character, had thought that if only I could get one drawing in *Vanity Fair* I should die happy), called to see my book of caricatures. This book contained drawings made at various times, from my early youth up to that period; and when Millais saw the sketch of "Old Bones," he was very taken with it.

"I like so much this one of Professor Owen," he said. "It's just the sort of thing that Bowles would delight in. Re-draw it the same size as the cartoons in *Vanity Fair* and I'll take it to him."

I called with the cartoon, which was accepted—but was unsigned. I had invented a rather amusing signature in the form of a fool's bauble, but this did not meet with Mr. Bowles' approval. After a little discussion he handed me a Johnson's dictionary, in order that I might search there for some appropriate pseudonym. The dictionary fell open in my hand in a most portentous manner at the "S's," and my eye fell with the same promptitude on the word SPY.

"How's that?" I said. "The verb to spy, to observe secretly, or to discover at a distance or in concealment."

"Just the thing," said Bowles. And so we settled it, and since then, like the Soap man (this is not an advertisement), I have used no other (with one exception, of which I will tell later).

Becoming a permanent member of the staff of *Vanity Fair* and my dream more than realized, I turned my attention to caricature whole-heartedly and with infinite pleasure.

On the publication of my first drawing, Pellegrini called upon Gibson Bowles (rather suddenly, considering his previous indifference and silence), to tell him in flattering terms what he thought of the caricature, and to inquire into the identity of the artist. *I* in my turn received the following letter from Mr. Arthur Lewis.

Thorpe Lodge,
March, 1873.

My dear Leslie Ward,

I've just got my last week's *Vanity Fair*. I presume the admirable cartoon of Professor Owen is yours, as you said you'd some idea of doing him for a trial of your skill. I cannot refrain from sending you my congratulations on so successful a commencement. Without flattering, I can tell you that I think it almost (if at all) without exception the best of the whole series.

I hope we may have many more of such quaint yet kindly caricatures from your pencil.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

Arthur Lewis.

THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES (TOMMY).
Founder of "Vanity Fair."
1905

COLONEL HALL WALKER.
1906.

COLONEL FRED. BURNABY.
1876.

I was extremely pleased to receive this flattering letter and encouragement from a man whom I admired; whose opinions, as those of an amateur artist of undoubted ability, were worth considering; and who was entirely in sympathy with my choice of a career. Mr. Arthur Lewis knew everybody in literary and artistic circles; at his house in Campden Hill all the most delightful artists and *artistes* of the day came to amuse and be amused. There, in the garden, where one might imagine oneself miles away from London, Mrs. Arthur Lewis (Kate Terry of former years) entertained, and, in the summer time, gave charming garden parties.

Before his marriage, Mr. Lewis was noted for his suppers at Moray Lodge, where he once entertained the Prince of Wales. It was from this house, by the way, that the Moray Minstrels derived their name.

On Sunday mornings he was pleased to paint, for as he was a very busy man, the week end was the only time he could spare for his favourite occupation. One of his pictures, after being hung on the line at the Royal Academy, was bought by a stranger from William Agnew for two hundred pounds. Lewis told me with great pride that he was prouder of that cheque than of any he ever received, and as a rich man he must have been the recipient of large sums.

It was at the Lawsons' house that I first met my fellow artist Carlo Pellegrini. Previous to our meeting, a mutual acquaintance had jestingly and rather fiendishly accosted Pellegrini one day with a remark concerning my work.

"Hullo, Pellegrini! You've got a rival."

"Oh, that boy," replied the caricaturist, "I taught 'im all 'e know!"

This was news indeed to me, for as well as owing

my education in drawing to the Academy Schools, I had caricatured from my earliest childhood. At the time I treated the assertion as a joke; but in later life, when the fiction was believed by journalists and set forth in print, I rather regretted my former indifference.

An episode occurred shortly after the publication of my caricature of the late Lord Alington, showing how easily such misunderstandings might gain credence. A friend of mine met me one day. "My dear fellow," he began, "there's a capital caricature in Sotheran's that you could study with advantage—you should go and have a look at it. You may get a few tips from it." I stared a moment to make sure that he was not pulling my leg, then I understood. "My dear old fool," I said. "Go and have another look and at the signature to it—that particular drawing is mine."

Pellegrini was quite as individual in his outward appearance as he was by temperament. In person he was little and stout, and extremely fastidious. He always wore white spats, and their whiteness was ever immaculate, for he rode everywhere, a fact which probably accounted for his bad health in later years. His boots, too, were the acme of perfection, and his nails were as long and pointed as those of a Mandarin. He used to tell the story of his arrival in London, without the proverbial penny, and how he wandered about the streets unable to find a night's lodging, until, growing weary and desperate, he slept in a cab. There were other stories of how he fought with Garibaldi, having a charmed life while the bullets whistled past him, or of his destined career of diplomacy, and of his Medici descent. One of the most amusing characteristics of Pellegrini was the

way in which he related an anecdote. His expressive eyes, which always seemed to be observing everything, would commence to flash before the words came; and his English, which was ever poor, stumbled and tripped, for although he was rather too quick to recollect slang terms, his grammar remained appalling, but delightfully naïve. As the story progressed his eyes would roll and flash, and, working himself up into a frenzy as Neapolitans do, he would become extremely excited, until when the crisis came, the point of the story burst upon the listeners' ears with a bomb-like suddenness. His own description of how he would treat his enemy was inimitable. First he created his subject, and then imagined him lying in terrible agony and poverty by the wayside, and dying of thirst.

"I go up to 'im and I say, 'You thirsty?' and 'e say 'e die . . . 'Ah!' I reply, 'I go and fetch you some water. . . . I take it and 'old it to 'is lips . . . then . . . when 'is lips close on the brim . . .'" (here Carlo's eyes would flash and distend) ". . . I take the cup away and 'e fall back and die!"

In reality, in spite of his melodramatic description, I expect Pellegrini would have been the first to help the sufferer, for he had a tender heart and the kindest of dispositions.

Our meeting at the Lawsons' was the beginning of a lasting friendship. I became fond of "Pelican," as his friends called him, and always found his company refreshing. There are innumerable stories to tell of him, some hardly polite, but none the less entertaining. I think his quaint English added to the humour of his narrative, his naïve self-glorification and childish conceit added not a little to the entertainment of his hearers.

A friend once said to him, "Pelican, I noticed in the picture of D—— (a Colonel in the Blues) that 'Spy' has left out the spurs!"

"Ah," replied Carlo, smiting his chest with a blow of conscious pride, "*I* never make mistake in the *closes*."

As a matter of fact, D—— had stood in a position in which his spurs were concealed.

I scored off Pellegrini on another occasion, much to his amusement. Weldon, "Norroy King at Arms," invited us to dine with him to meet Sandys the artist, who did not turn up. Pellegrini, who had a habit of sleeping after meals, partook of the excellent dinner, and then, taking a cigar and the most comfortable armchair, sank into a profound slumber, punctuated by violent snores. Weldon and I after attempting conversation, exchanged looks rather glumly across his sleeping body, when Weldon had an inspiration.

"I say, Ward," he exclaimed, "here's an opportunity, we may as well do something to amuse ourselves—do take a pencil and draw him!"

So I drew the caricaturist, who, waking presently from his slumbers, was immensely tickled by my sketch, and wrote across the corner "approved by C. P." The drawing now hangs in the Beefsteak Club.

Another episode *à propos* of Carlo's slumbers occurred in there.

I must mention first of all an extraordinary accomplishment of Pellegrini's, which I do not remember ever having noticed in any other man—the habit of retaining a cigar in his mouth while he slept and snored. One day as he slept by the fire I watched him drawing in his breath and letting it

A looker-on at Wimbledon Common during a Volunteer Review, 1871.

PELLEGRINI ASLEEP.

A Ballet Dancer, Manchester Theatre. ("The Ballet of Hens"), 1871.

PELLEGRINI "APE."

"My fellow, what I care!
I say to 'im, 'you go to ——'.

go in his usual queer fashion . . . when the cigar fell out of his mouth! Feeling that a substitute was needed, I, in a spirit of curiosity, replaced it by a cork; the indrawing and expanding continued as before; then he snored—once—twice—thrice; and suddenly the cork shot out, and, making a noise like a pop-gun, flew with considerable force into the fire. Pleased with my experiment, I rescued it, but it was rather too burnt to replace. Then an irresistible piece of devilry made me dab the tip of his nose with it. Stirring in his sleep, he brushed his face with his hand with the action of one who brushes away a fly. I made another little dab in a carefully chosen spot, with the same result. The men sitting at the other end of the room began to giggle, and the caricaturist in burnt cork began to grow interesting. Presently Carlo awoke, stretched, and giving his face a final rub, stood up, accompanied by a roar of laughter. Going to the nearest glass, Pellegrini saw his comic reflection.

"Oh!" he said, dramatically, "I do not accept apologize—you no longer remain member 'ere!—write to the Committee—most unclubbable that—you wait . . . we shall see!"

I tried to pacify him, but he waved me aside. The next morning he wrote me the following letter:—

Studio,
53, Mortimer Street,
Cavendish Square.

DEAR LESLIE,

Forgive me if I took the joke of last evening too much *au serieux*.

Ever yours,
PELLEGRINI.

During my first years on *Vanity Fair* (or

thereabouts) Pellegrini was engaged in making an excellent series of caricatures of the members of the Marlborough Club, in which the Prince of Wales was much interested. His Royal Highness enjoyed Pellegrini's genius and his company. The drawings were reproduced in the most costly manner, and the collection was still unfinished when, owing to a disagreement, Pellegrini refused to complete them.

The famous caricaturist numbered some eminent men amongst his friends. Paolo Tosti and the late Chevalier Martino (Marine Painter in Ordinary to the King) I remember especially. In the early days Pellegrini was constantly to be seen at Pagani's, where there gradually gathered a coterie of well-known Italians and Englishmen. In this way the restaurant became the *rendezvous* of interesting people, and Pagani's undoubtedly owed its fame to Pellegrini.

In later years, illness barred him from many pleasant places, and kept him a prisoner in nursing homes. He suffered from a variety of ailments, and not the least amongst them was lumbago.

I was at the Fielding Club one evening when "Pelican" came crawling in, looking white and ill; blue circles round his eyes accentuated his look of misery.

"Come along, Pelican," I said, thinking to cheer him, for we frequently played together, "come and play billiards."

"Ah!" he groaned, his hand on his back. "I cannot play billiard to-night, my boy, I 'ave lumbago!"

Later the hospital claimed him, and it was sad to visit an old friend whose sufferings were acute, in such changed surroundings at Fitzroy Square.

The King of Italy decorated him, and when I came with my congratulations, he said, "Oh! Don't! It come too late!"

There is yet another memory of him in brighter circumstances which comes to me quite clearly across the years. One of my sisters was staying at my studio in William Street, when the Neapolitan came in full of his quaint humour. Looking at her gallantly, he smiled, and said, with a soft sigh and with such child-like admiration as to be irresistibly comical, "Oh, those beautiful cat's-eye!"

I remember the day was glorious and the season at its height. We were going out, when he said, "I *must* carry your sunshade." This was only an excuse for foolery, for he took it and, walking with it, assumed a mincing gait to the accompaniment of remarkably comic grimaces. My sister, remonstrating, said, "Really, Mr. Pellegrini, I can't walk with you like this."

"Very well," he replied, and crossing over with the same absurd gestures, he walked on the other side of the road, twirling the red sunshade all the way to Gunter's, where he continued his fooling by trying to persuade the waitress to supply him with a liqueur (which was decidedly forbidden).

While we ate our ices, he conquered the girl with high-flown and exaggerated compliments, and finally had his way; and as for the liqueur, success found him more or less indifferent to its consumption, for the jest had been nearly all bravado.

James J. Tissot was an occasional contributor to *Vanity Fair*. His work can hardly be called caricature; for the sketches were rather characteristic and undoubtedly brilliant drawings of his subjects. He was achieving considerable popularity

(especially with dealers) by painting lively scenes—usually in grey tones—of Greenwich breakfast parties, modern subjects with a pretty female figure as the centre of attraction. Tissot had a strong personality, and from the psychological point of view his story is extraordinary. The woman to whom he was devoted (and who figured so frequently in his pictures) died, and Tissot, overcome with grief, perhaps with remorse, left England and went to the East to seek distraction in foreign travel. In Palestine he stayed and painted; and here he drew a series of religious pictures illustrating the life of Christ. They were exhibited at the Doré Gallery on his return to England, and showed an extraordinary change of outlook. He became at first extremely religious, and then the victim of religious mania. Later, he surprised his world by becoming a monk, driven by his devotion to the memory of the dead woman to the extremities which often arise when a strong character is suddenly disrupted by great sorrow. Finally, he entered a monastery, where he eventually lost his reason and died.

He used to say in his sane days, when talking about his work, and about art in general, "If you feel the drapery or the hang of a garment in a drawing is shaky, and your model cannot understand the subtleties of the pose you require, get a cheval glass, pose yourself, if possible, and sketch your reflection. Sometimes it is astonishing how successful the result is."

Before I proceed any further with my recollections of *Vanity Fair* I think perhaps I might jog the reader's memory by a few reminiscences of the early days of that paper, which was almost the first paper which could be called a society journal. *The Owl*

was the first to be published of that type, and out of this pioneer arose *Vanity Fair*. In those days the eager public paid a shilling for their weekly publications; and *Vanity Fair* was founded by Mr. Gibson Bowles (better known as "Tommy"), since a member of Parliament, and at that time the best editor the paper ever had. He had the gift of the right word in the right place; and it may be remarked that a dislike of Dickens prevented any quotations from that well-known author from entering the pages, and that he opposed the fashion of that period of alluding to a lady of title with the Christian name as a prefix.

Among the earliest contributors were the late Colonel Fred Burnaby and the late Captain Alexander Cockburn, a son of the late Chief Justice, Lady Desart, Lady Florence Dixie (who was editress at one time), and the late Mr. "Willie Wyllats." The latter, an even more brilliant writer than many of the rising men of that generation, also wrote for *Vanity Fair* at that period.

The caricatures in *Vanity Fair* were supplemented by very terse and extremely clever comments upon the lives of the subjects portrayed by the cartoonist. These were signed "Jehu, Junior," and were in themselves enough to attract the reader by their caustic wit.

Looking back to-day it is strange to read in the light of great events these miniature biographies of politicians now forgotten, of others who left their party to go over, of statesmen, of judges who sat on important cases and are now only remembered in connection with a trivial poisoner, an impostor in a claim, of careers then unproved but now shining clearly in the light of fame, and of others whose

light is extinguished—all within so short a lapse of time.

In those days I stalked my man and caricatured him from memory. Many men I was unable to observe closely, and I was obliged to rely upon the accuracy of my eyesight, for distance sometimes lends an entirely fictitious appearance to the face. I listened to John Stuart Mill at a lecture on "Woman's Rights"; and then as he recited passages from his notes in a weak voice, it was made extremely clear that his pen was mightier than his personal magnetism upon a platform. A strange protuberance upon his forehead attracted me; and, the oddly-shaped skull dipping slightly in the middle, "the feminine philosopher" just escaped being bereft not only of his hair when I saw him, but of that highly important organ—the bump of reverence.

His nose resembled a parrot's, and his frame was spare. In fact, he was ascetic and thin-looking generally; but his manner and personality breathed charm and intellect.

With Anthony Trollope I was more fortunate, for my kind friend, Mr. James Virtue, the publisher, invited me to his charming house at Walton, where I was able to observe the novelist by making a close study of him from various points of view. We went a delightful walk together to St. George's Hill, and while Trollope admired the scenery, I noted the beauties of Nature in another way, committed those mental observations to my mental note-book, and came home to what fun I could get out of them.

The famous novelist was not in the least conscious of my eagle eye, and imagining I should let him down gently, Mr. Virtue did not warn him, luckily for me,

JOHN TENNIEL.
1878.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
1873.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE, BART.
1877.

for I had an excellent subject. When the caricature appeared, Trollope was furious, and naturally did not hesitate to give poor Virtue a "blowing-up," whereupon I in turn received a stiff letter from Mr. Virtue. It surprised me not a little, that he should take the matter so seriously; but for a time Mr. Virtue was decidedly "short" with me. Luckily, however, his displeasure only lasted a short period, for he was too genuinely amiable a man to let such a thing make a permanent difference to his ordinary behaviour.

I had portrayed Trollope's strange thumb, which he held erect whilst smoking, with his cigar between his first and second fingers, his pockets standing out on either side of his trousers, his coat buttoned once and then parting over a small but comfortable corporation. The letterpress on this occasion I consider was far more severe than my caricature, for I had not praised the books with faint damns as being "sufficiently faithful to the external aspect of English life to interest those who see nothing but its external aspects and yet sufficiently removed from all depth of humanity to conciliate all respected parents." Nor had I implied that "his manners are a little rough, as is his voice; but he is nevertheless extremely popular amongst his friends, while by his readers he is looked upon with gratitude due to one who has for so many years amused without ever shocking them. Whether this reputation would not last longer if he had shocked them occasionally, is a question which the bookseller of a future generation will be able to answer."

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, for through this drawing I received an offer from Edmund Yates, who was then starting *The World*, to make a series of caricatures regularly for the forthcoming

paper. My father, who was anxious for me to continue my more serious work of portraiture, advised me to do half the number requested by Yates. When Yates heard my decision he refused to consider a smaller number of contributions, and so the matter dropped. Previous to this I had illustrated a number of his lectures by drawings of celebrities, and I declined the extra work with some reluctance. Looking back, I see the excellence of my father's advice that I should not devote the whole of my time to work for reproductions, and I have often regretted that I did not give more time to my more serious work. I never realized that *Vanity Fair* might one day cease to exist for me, or that a period might arrive when, owing to the ever enlarging field of photography, that type of work would be no longer in such demand.

My father was himself a caricaturist of no mean order; and one of my most cherished possessions is a caricature which my father made of me as a child, drawn on the day before I returned to Eton after a holiday. In it I am represented as a most injured person, because a very callous conversation is being carried on in the face of the great tragedy of my life (at the moment), the ending of the holidays. Of course I caricatured my father in due time for *Vanity Fair*; and he was a delightful subject.

"For heaven's sake, don't let me down gently!" he said. And I didn't!

In consequence, friends complained of my want of respect, whereas my father regarded the drawing with amusement, for he could always appreciate a joke against himself.

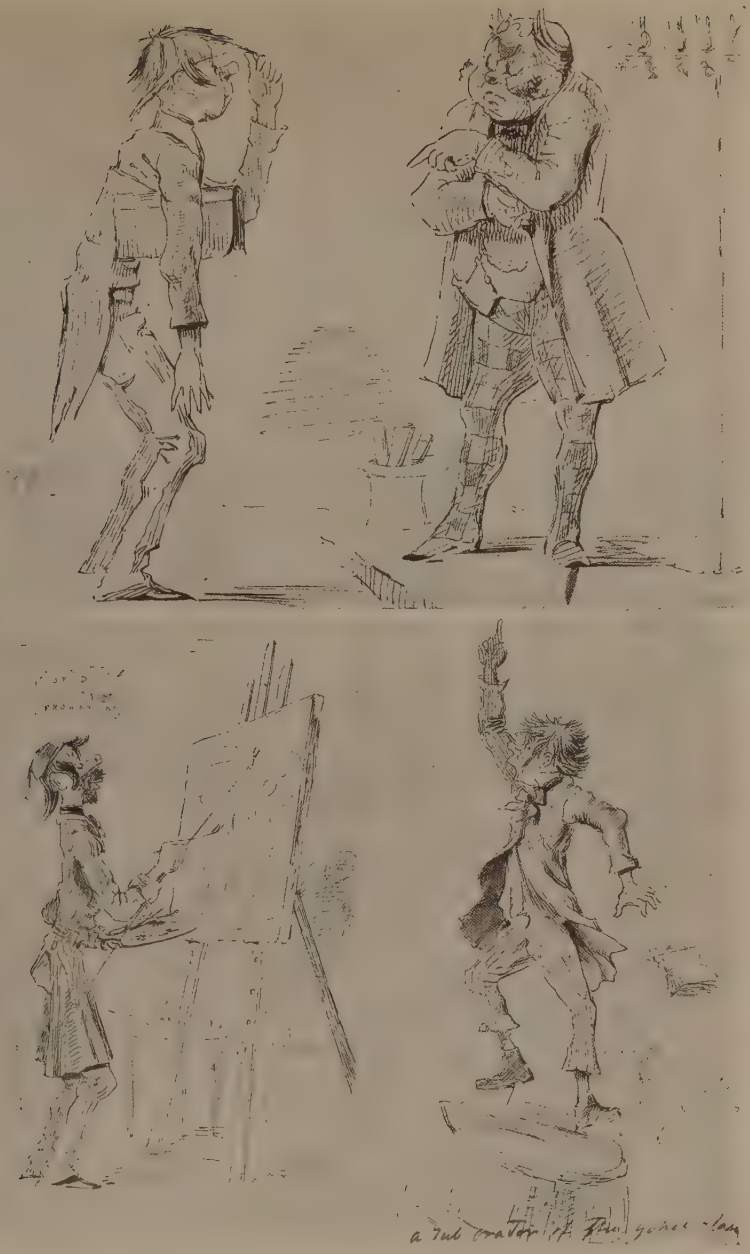
Once, however, I remember an amusing incident in which for quite a long time he failed to see any

humour. My mother and sister, with my father and me, were returning from some theatre, and we hailed a cab. Getting in, my father said "Home" to the cabby, whereupon the man replied, "Where, sir?" "Home," replied my father, a trifle louder. "Where, sir?" answered the cabby, his voice mounting one note higher in the scale. "Go home," cried my father, irascibly. Still the cab didn't move, and the expression on the face of the driver was a study. "Do you hear?" thundered my father. "No," replied the man. Then we came to the rescue.

But to return to the subject. Dr. Doran (whom I had caricatured shortly before in *Vanity Fair*) possessed the same delightful magnanimity as regards a joke against himself, and I really found that men of this type appreciated caricature. This drawing of my father's friend caused me extreme disappointment when it appeared, for during its manipulation by the lithographers it had suffered considerably. The original now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, to which it was presented, I believe, by one of the trustees of that institution.

In January, 1873, the death of Lord Lytton (whose funeral I attended with my parents, as I had also been present at Thackeray's) led to my receiving a commission from Mr. Thomas, the editor of the *Graphic*. Mr. Thomas, knowing that I was acquainted with the great author, sent me a water-colour sketch of the Hall at Knebworth by old Mr. Macquoid (the father of Percy Macquoid), in which I was to place a figure of Lord Lytton. My introduction to the paper came through Luke Fildes, who, besides making the drawing of Charles Dickens's "Empty Chair" after his death, was then making the very interesting

drawing of Napoleon III. on his deathbed. Small, Gregory and Herkomer also helped to make the *Graphic*, and I produced portrait drawings of celebrated people, including Miss Elizabeth Tompson, Disraeli, Sir John Cockburn, Millais, Gladstone and Leighton.



"MILES BUGGLEBURY."

With praiseworthy ambitions but a failure in life.

1867.

CHAPTER VI

CARICATURE

Cannot be taught.—Where I stalk.—The ugly man.—The handsome man.—Physical defects.—Warts.—Joachim Liszt and Oliver Cromwell.—Pellegrini, Millais and Whistler.—The characteristic portrait.—Taking notes.—Methods.—Photography.—Tattersall's.—Lord Lonsdale.—Lord Rocksavage.—William Gillette.—Mr. Bayard.—The bald man.—The humorous sitter.—Tyler.—Profiles.—Cavalry Officers.—The Queen's uniform.—My subjects' wives.—What they think.—Bribery.—Bradlaugh.—The Prince of Wales.—The tailor story.—Sir Watkin Williams Wynn.—Lord Henry Lennox.—Cardinal Newman.—The Rev. Arthur Tooth.—Dr. Spooner.—Comyns Carr.—Pigott.—"Piggy" Palk and "Mr. Spy."

DURING my long and varied career as a caricaturist, I have watched some of the great men of the century build their careers, and as men are often known, remembered and immortalized—especially abroad—by some idiosyncrasy selected by the capriciousness of time, so I shall always retain of certain characters odd, and even baffling, recollections.

The caricaturist, I am convinced, is born, not made. The facility which comes to some artists after long practice does not necessarily avail in this branch of art; for the power to see a caricature is in the eye of a beholder, and no amount of forcing the perceptions will produce the point of view of a genuine caricaturist. A good memory, an eye for detail, and a mind to appreciate and grasp the whole atmosphere and peculiarity of the "subject," are of course essentials . . . together, very decidedly, with a sense of humour.

I have met a considerable number of people, some interesting, amusing, extraordinary, and delightful, and some, but not many (I am glad to say), who, as subjects, were neither desirable nor delightful.

On the turf, in the Houses of Lords and Commons, in the Church, in Society, in the Law Courts—in fact, everywhere, I have hunted for my victim; and, in obedience to that inevitable eye with which I was presented at birth by my good (or bad, according to some people) fairy, I have found him in each and all of these places. At times I have followed the dictation of my own fancy, but more often I have been given a certain person or personage to stalk. Of course, not every one lends himself readily to the caricaturist, for the ideal subject is clearly one whose marked peculiarity of feature or carriage strikes at once the "note" which can be effectively seized and turned to account. The handsome man with perfect features and ideal limbs, but nothing exceptionally positive about him but his good looks, is sometimes, for example, a decidedly difficult subject. On the other hand, every one *is* caricaturable—in time, and when one knows him—whether on account of a swagger, a movement of the wrist, curious clothes, or of an oddly shaped and individual hat. So a longer acquaintance and a more extended opportunity for prolonged study renders even the beautiful man (or woman) at length a possible or even a very good subject. Here, however, the test of the caricaturist is revealed, for while there are many who can perceive and hit off the obvious superficial traits of those who present themselves as ready-made subjects, the genuine caricaturist combines a profound sense of character with such a

gift of humour as will enable him to rise above the mere perception of idiosyncrasy or foible, and actually to translate into terms of comedy a psychological knowledge unsuspected by those who uncritically perceive and delight in the finished caricature.

The painfully ugly man who has some physical defect is almost as bad as the man with no specially named feature; for one does not wish to be malicious, and the portraying of physical defects is not a delight to the caricaturist. His object is rather to seize upon some absurd but amusing idiosyncrasy all unguessed by the subject himself, and very often by his friends, for we grow unobservant of every-day occurrence and familiar faces. But in spite of this, we must touch upon defects, because, for instance, sometimes an accident resulting in a twisted leg, a curious nose, an odd thumb, will not alter a man, but are so characteristic that to omit them would only draw attention to their presence. I could not have left out the cyst upon the forehead of John Stuart Mill, or the warts upon the faces of Liszt or Joachim. In the case of the latter I was profoundly disappointed when he grew a beard, for the warts upon his face were as marked as Cromwell's, and one was so accustomed to them that they seemed a part of the man.

In connection with this question of portraying a man "warts and all," I might cite the beautiful bust of Liszt by Boehm. Here the sculptor left out the warts, with, it seems to me, a failure of judgment which affects the importance of the bust as art as well as its importance as a true image of the subject. I do not mean that I should prefer such physical defects over-emphasized in a portrait, for that would be absurd. It is, however, essential that an artist

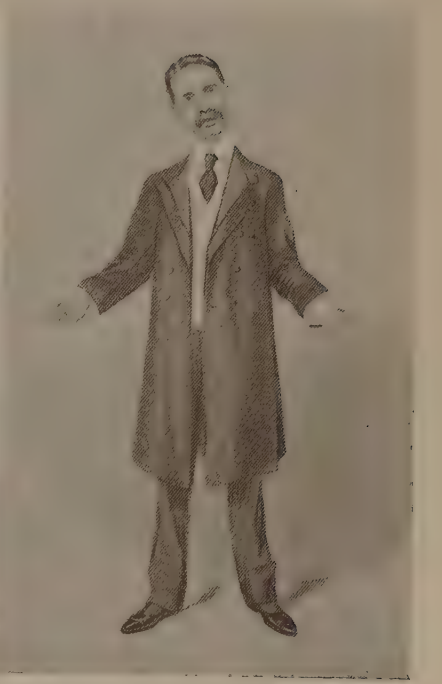
should not be unduly sensitive about such blemishes. Imagine, for instance, how little we should recognize —and how little we should appreciate—such a bowdlerized or expurgated rendering of the oddly-marked face of Oliver Cromwell.

This reminds me of an early caricature of my own. It was drawn on paper with a flaw which the lithographer took for a wart; and in an excess of zeal the lithographer copied it minutely as such. The subject, whom I had drawn from memory, came to ask me for an explanation, saying, "My dear fellow, I may have other blemishes; but *really* I have not a wart!" I was obliged to explain that the flaw in the paper upon which I drew the original had only shown it in one light.

In the earlier days of *Vanity Fair* I was very often given subjects refused by Pellegrini. Bowles would say to him, "Now I want you to catch So-and-so," and Pellegrini would reply, "I don't like 'im. Send Ward—'e can run after 'im better." Thus it came about that I was sent off to stalk the undesirable subject because I was younger, and I was obliged of course to comply with the demands of the paper and pursue Pellegrini's uncaricaturable subjects. As an artist, Pellegrini's likes and dislikes were curious. He could find no beauty in a landscape, so he informed me, no matter how well depicted. Whistler's work he adored and Millais' he detested. He was a great personal friend of Whistler's, and, curiously enough, because Pellegrini's work was formerly greatly opposed to Whistler's, he spent a considerable time studying Whistler's method of painting and admiring his work. Pellegrini became so imbued with the great painter and his ideas that he determined to abandon

J. REDMOND, M.P.
1904.

THE SPEAKER
(J. W. LOWTHER, M.P.).
1906.



BONAR LAW, M.P.
1905.

caricature and give his attention to portrait painting. His intention was to outshine Millais, whom he found uncongenial as an artist, and whose work he prophesied would not survive a lifetime's popularity. One of his favourite recreations was to discuss Millais and his success in relation to himself when he had gained fame as a painter. One day, on this subject, after working himself up into his customary excitement, he twisted a piece of paper into a funnel-shaped roll, and said to me:—

"Now Millais' ambitions go in like this"—pointing to the big end, "and become this"—turning up the smaller end. "And mine begin small and go on. . . ." Here he opened his arms as if to embrace the infinite.

When Pellegrini partially abandoned caricature and took up portraiture he attempted to become a master of painting too soon, and, inspired by Whistler's facility, imagined that it would be easy to overcome very quickly the difficulties of a lifetime. Occasionally, of course, he succeeded legitimately, as in the case of "Gillie" * Farquhar; but, generally speaking, if Pellegrini had a sitter who was an admirable subject for caricature, he was unconsciously liable to put what he saw into his portrait. His successes were great; he was undoubtedly—when he had a "sympathetic" subject, a genius in caricature. That pleasure, or sympathy, is one of the main elements in the success of a caricaturist. Just as a subject may offer great temperamental difficulties,

* "Gillie" Farquhar is a brother of Lord Farquhar, once a smart society man who knew everybody and whom everybody knew. He travelled and then went on the stage. His conversation was amusing, and his individuality was marked by a keen sense of humour. Arthur Cecil and he were great friends, and as they both became stout were called by their friends "the brothers bulge."

so it frequently happens that—for some inexplicable reason—he will at once afford an opening which a practised caricaturist will know immediately how to turn to account. It is this element of chance which lends a charming uncertainty to the caricaturist's art; and it is this element also which explains in many cases the strange success or failure of an impression, the apparent fluctuations of an artist's talent in preserving a likeness or translating a personality into terms of comedy. Thus it often happened that I was fortunate in my own choice of a man, and thus, on the other hand, that when I was sent off in a hurry to seize the peculiarities of a man, I found he required a great deal of study, and so was obliged to leave out the caricature and put as many characteristics in as I could.

The "characteristic portrait," although without the same qualities as the caricature, is sometimes more successful with one type of man. Nature is followed more accurately, the humour is there, if there is humour in the subject, and the work is naturally more artistic in touch and finish, and probably a better drawing in consequence. The caricature done from memory is wider in scope; one is not distracted from the general impression by the various little fascinations of form one finds in closer study. In fact, I consider that in order that the cartoon should have a perfect result, it must be drawn firstly from memory. Of course, little details and characteristics can be memorised by a thumb-nail sketch, or notes upon one's shirt cuff, and for this reason I usually watch my subject all the time. I make notes, keeping him under observation and making the note at the same time. The sketch made in these circumstances is

frequently useless in consequence; but it seems to impress upon my brain the special trait I have noticed.

My caricatures were often the result of hours of continual attempts, watching my subject as he walked or drove past me, or if he were a clergyman, as he preached, again and again. Before I pleased myself I would make elusive sketches, feeling, as it were, my way to the impression I had formed of him. At other times I was lucky, and the aid of inspiration led to almost instantaneous results.

A difficulty which caused me considerable trouble was the reproduction of my work. In early caricatures I frequently aimed at a result which, recognized, would not survive the process of reproduction, and so I was compelled to destroy the sketch; later in life my work became firmer and thus enabled the copyist to produce a better result. Pellegrini seldom failed in his precision of touch, and was equally careful to preserve a clean line, for he traced his first work carefully on to the final pages to ensure a good outline.

It is extraordinary how deeply-rooted the idea is that a big head and miniature body makes a caricature, whereas, of course, it does not in the least. I suppose the delusion is the result of suggestion from without, from sporting papers and such-like publications. I have had drawings sent to me, and photographs and drawings copied from photographs, requesting that I should convey my opinions of them to a tiny imaginary body, in the case of an author the head to be supported by one hand, with a book of poems or a novel in the other. In all cases I was obliged to refuse because—except in the case

of a posthumous portrait—I never draw anybody from a photograph or without having seen and carefully studied them. (There is only one exception to this rule, drawn at the request of *Vanity Fair*.) For the great point I always try to seize is the indefinable and elusive characteristic (not always physical but influencing the outward appearance), which produces the whole personal impression of a man. Now a photograph may give you his clothes, but it cannot extend to you this personal influence. It is accurate, hard, and set. When I have not been required to make a caricature I may have a sitting, and make a drawing, which is perhaps interesting to the uninitiated, but to me impossible, because I have not illuminated that impression by the inspiration I have received. So I tear it up and try again—sometimes over and over again. Frequently one requires several sittings before one becomes familiar with one's subject, for different days and varying moods lend entirely different aspects to the same face. As a result one becomes, as it were, *en rapport* with the subject before one. A first sitting, as far as actual execution goes, counts for nothing; occasionally my editor has said to me—"Keep to the caricature;" but when in the attempt to obey I have made the drawing, I have frequently lost not only portrait and caricature but also the spontaneity as well. Often when I have finished my work, I feel I should like to do it all again, for, although a general impression is in many cases the best, as a result of more frequent sittings we see characteristic within characteristic.

The face of the man who lives or studies indoors is usually more difficult to portray than the features of the one who is very much in the open air, because

the hardening effect of constant or very frequent out of door exposure produces more decided lines. Just as a soldier who has seen a campaign or two on active service begins to show signs of wear, so his face grows in interest, and the furrows more distinct; and in the same way an old admiral is more interesting than a young sailor whose face as yet wears no history. So it is with the weather-beaten hunting-man and the traveller with weather-beaten countenance.

Tattersall's was a great field for me, for there is something quite distinctive in the dress and gait of the truly horsey man, which lends itself to caricature.

Lord Lonsdale, for instance, is quite a type, and I studied him entirely there. He was, and is, a delightful subject, and the drawing eventually fetched a considerable sum in the sale of *Vanity Fair* drawings at Christie's. Again one of my most successful caricatures was that of Lord Rocksavage (Lord Cholmondeley) as the result of Sunday afternoon studies at Tattersall's. Americans show a good deal of the open-air quality to which I have alluded. I suppose the effect of climate and the method of heating rooms "across the pond" produces that parchment-like complexion, and the strongly-marked features of many typical American faces. I found William Gillette (as Sherlock Holmes) very interesting to draw in consequence; but then, of course, I must say he is an exceptional American —or are they all exceptional? So it was in the case of the American Ambassador, Mr. Bayard, who had accentuated features, overhanging eyebrows, and deeply set eyes. He had a peculiar charm of manner, but was terribly deaf. Shortly after arriving

in London, he was a guest at the Mansion House at a dinner given to representatives of Art and Literature, and was invited to speak. He did, but one thought he would never sit down. Having been greatly applauded at one period of his speech, this gave him an impetus to go on, but the guests grew wearied and restless, and in consequence, rattled their glasses and clattered their knives and forks. Mr. Bayard, who was really saying delightful things, took this for applause and continued his speech indefinitely. Afterwards, the Lady Mayoress, remarking upon the unfortunate incident, said to me, "I am ashamed of those of my guests who behaved so badly during the Ambassador's speech. I do hope you were not one of them." I was glad to be able to assure her of my innocence, and that I was too engrossed in Mr. Bayard's appearance to follow very closely his speech.

My best subjects are those who possess the greatest possibilities of humour. I divide human nature into two classes (as a caricaturist, I mean), those who are funny and those who are not. People say to me sometimes, "So-and-so has a big nose—suppose you make it bigger," or words to that effect. My reply is that a big nose made even bigger, need not in itself be funny. The bald man usually insists upon keeping on his hat, forgetting that his bald head contains a good deal in it, is frequently much more interesting than a well-covered cranium, and is nothing to be ashamed of.

The knowledge of human nature, of the foibles, and vanities of man that come with one's study of caricature is extraordinary, one does not come to know a man until he becomes a model for the time being and disports himself in a variety of ways

HENRY KEMBLE.
1907.

H. BEERBOHM TREE.
1890.

GERALD DU MAURIER.
1907.

WILLIAM GILLETT
(*Sherlock Holmes*).
1907.

according to his character, temperament, or personality.

There is the man one does not dare caricature in his presence, but contents oneself with studying and noting carefully; and the man one thinks one dare caricature and finds to one's surprise that he takes offence; and the man who comes and says, "So-and-so is splendid, you must do him. D'you know old Tommy What's-his-name? he's capital now, ain't he?" and seeing one observing him, "Now I myself, for instance, I've nothing peculiar about me. If you were to caricature me, my friends wouldn't recognize me." Then there is another type who comes to the studio and dictates as to the style of work one must adopt in a particular caricature; and yet another to whom nature has been unkind, and whom one lets down easily because one has a feeling of compassion, as I have said, for people so burdened through no fault of their own. One no longer feels surprise when they say, roaring with laughter, "Very funny, and haven't you been hard on me! . . . but still it's not bad as a joke!"

Others are very amusing; they come to my studio and settle themselves down as though they were at the photographer's, then suddenly exclaim, "Oh! I forgot. The photographer tells me this is my worst side, I must turn the other towards you if you don't mind." I then thanked him for the tip, as it was the worst I preferred; on one occasion a well-known fighting Colonel who went by the nickname of "Pug" (being so like one) called at my studio to see his caricature which he had been told was very like him. He asked where it was. I said, "On the mantelpiece," which he had already scanned. "No! No!" he uttered; "that is not me. No one

could possibly take that for me. I was called 'Bull Dog' in my regiment" (but he was better known as "Pug") "and that thing couldn't possibly fight. You know it yourself. For heaven's sake do me full face." As there was no getting rid of him I was compelled, with a soft heart, to obey; and as I thought I saw a tear in his eye I drew him again. He was much relieved, but I wasn't. In the first caricature I had put the "Pug's" tail on to the crook of his stick which he held behind him, as it so much resembled one. After this I had to keep the profile drawing from publication. But the sensations one experiences on realizing one's profile for the first time, are certainly appalling. When I was a boy I never examined my features at all, I just accepted myself, and got used to seeing my face in the glass as I brushed my hair, and it did not strike me as being specially offensive; I wished, I must say, that nature had been more generous, but my wishes did not worry me or verge into vague longings after extreme beauty, nor did the sight of myself alarm me until one day I went to my tailor's, where the mirrors were many and large, with a clever arrangement enabling the customer to view himself *en profile*. In the course of the interview a personal view of my coat from the side was required, and gazing into the mirror I glimpsed a sudden impression of my face from the side.

I left the shop, extremely depressed, for I came to the rapid conclusion *I looked the sort of person sideways that I should have disliked if I had known him.*

It is sad to think few men know their own profile. I once had some very unpleasant moments with a cavalry officer owing to our difference of

opinion as to the contour of his legs, and the set of his trousers. He came to my studio looking rather like a musical comedy colonel (although he was a soldier to the back-bone), very smart with his perfectly tailored clothes, very tight trousers, immaculate shoes and very well groomed throughout, very typical of the sort of man an actor would delight in as a model. His entrance to my studio was just as full of dash, with great éclat he gave himself into my hands, saying, "Do what you like with me, I don't mind anything. Have a good old shot at me just for a joke—I'm a bit of a caricaturist myself."

After standing a little while he grew tired, and as is frequently the case, self-conscious, and began to wonder why he came, and in consequence became rather depressed. A spell of fidgeting seized him, and he expressed a desire to see the drawing, which I informed him was against the rules.

"Oh, damn it all, let's have a look," he expostulated, and to keep him quiet I was obliged to show him my work.

"Hang it, I didn't come here to be made a pigmy of!" he shouted. "You'd better put a bit on the legs—they're not like that!"

It was getting near lunch time, so I went on working for another five minutes or so, when presently he wanted to look again. Remonstrating, I said, "You'll spoil the drawing if you keep on interrupting."

But he insisted upon another glance to reassure himself; this time he was angry.

"I'm not coming here to have the Queen's uniform insulted!" and looking deeper into the drawing: "and my nose doesn't turn round the corner like that."

I expostulated, and presently he stood once more. After the same brief interval he bounced over again.

"I won't have the Queen's uniform ridiculed. My ears are not so large as that—you must cut a bit off them. . . ."

At this I retired to the sofa, tired out, and determined to settle my recalcitrant soldier.

"Look here," I began, "I didn't ask you here to teach me my business. I really can't continue under your instructions."

"Oh, very well," he said, changing his tone, "I'm sure we're both hungry, and I think you'd better come with me and have a bit of lunch at my club, and we'll settle this after."

I agreed, thinking perhaps he had been out of humour. We had an excellent lunch and parted good friends. Before leaving he said, "I have no doubt you'll see there was something in my suggestion, and I'll come again to-morrow."

I finished the drawing, without further discussion, but he did not leave my studio looking quite happy, and he carefully ascertained before going the address of the lithographers who were going to reproduce the drawing. I heard afterwards that he lost very little time in paying them a visit and begging them to cut a considerable piece off the ears, which they informed him was impossible as they had no right of alterations, and it would be quite against their principles.

An officer in my unhappy subject's regiment said to me afterwards, that the result was greatly appreciated at Aldershot, but that they were all greatly disappointed to find that I had flattered him!

My caricatures are frequently described as "gross" by the wife who is hurt by the pencil that

FIFTH EARL OF PORTSMOUTH.
1876.

MAJOR OSWALD AMES (OZZIE).
1896.

EARL OF LONSDALE.
1879.

points a joke at her husband's peculiarities; or she says, "Why don't you do my husband as you did So-and-so!" (referring to a decided and unsparing caricature). I have been described as unkind; or sometimes when, carried away by a fascinating subject, I have perhaps not sufficiently controlled my pencil, I have been accused of "brutality." The truth is that in working one may not intend anything personal, or for one moment imagine any one could take the result seriously; but the finished work, made with a detailed, and possibly inhuman devotion to one's own conception, strikes the beholder in a mood entirely different. Very few of those who admire a caricature realize that its satire lies, not in any personal venom, but in the artist's detached observation of life and character. In the early days of *Vanity Fair* people viewed caricature as something entirely new, and in the light of this novelty viewed it in the right spirit; later they grew particular, and, as they frequently paid (from which I did not benefit), an entirely new type of subject came to me; it was as though a spirit of commercialism crept between me and my sitters.

A subject whom I strongly caricatured, pleased me by saying when introduced to him, "No man is worth *that* (snapping his fingers) if he can't join in a laugh against himself."

I remember going to lunch with a very rich man (for the purpose of studying him), who would insist on looking at my rough notes in spite of my protestations to the effect that they were only notes, not drawings. He became highly incensed.

"I may be stoutish," he exclaimed, "but I'm not a fat, dumpish figure like that. Now wouldn't it be a good and a new idea if you were to make me

different. You see my friends know me as a short, round man, it would be so funny and quite a novelty if you were to make me tall and thin. Now you think it well over—it would be quite a departure in caricature."

I intimated that I thought the idea was rather far-fetched and that it was possible that his friends would prefer him as nature had made him.

"If you want to please me, you must make me tall," he said. "I'll come to your studio and pay you a visit and perhaps buy some of your work—if you satisfy me in this respect."

I told him I was not accustomed to be bribed in that manner and wished I had not accepted his hospitality. There are people who think they can do anything by bribery. They call at one's studio, and hint that one shall paint a portrait of them and go as far as to point out how it shall be done, and what the price shall be. Others, when one has done a mere drawing of them, imagine that they have been tremendously caricatured and complain bitterly.

If it had not been a question of time and money, I would not have encouraged sitters in my studio at all. When I became pressed for time, however, it was impossible to seek my subjects, especially when, with the exception of men of definite public position, I was not always sure of finding them. One interesting point in connection with the men whom one finds only in such places as the House of Commons, is the fact that one is then at the mercy of the lighting of the building. This frequently accounts for bad portraits and unrecognizable caricatures, for lighting falsifies extraordinarily.

Of course I had innumerable sitters who were

delightful in every way, and many who, if they were peculiar, were otherwise good sorts; but I am chiefly concerned at this moment with the strange stories of the exceptional cases that have astonished me from time to time. A peculiarity of some of my sitters in which I have rarely found an exception, is as to their professed ability to stand. I do not like to tire my sitters, and I usually tell them I am afraid they will find a position wearisome, which they deny, telling me at the same time that standing for hours is not in the least tedious to them. Half an hour goes by—and they start to sigh and fidget, and presently give in, and finally confess they had not expected it to be such an ordeal—and always with the air of having remarked something entirely original. I have noticed, too, the brightness of step with which my sitters enter my studio, and, after a long sitting, the revived brightness brought about by the mention of lunch.

Bradlaugh, who was a willing subject, asked me upon entering my studio rather breezily whether I wished him to stand upon "'is 'ead or 'is 'eels," so he quite appreciated the situation.

There are people who become nervous about their clothes. I have known a peer object to spats because they did not look nice in a picture. One man who was a noted dandy grew very concerned about his trousers. After making innumerable efforts to persuade him to stand still, I was obliged to wait while he explained about his clothes.

"My trousers are usually perfect, and without a crease," he said, bending to look at them, while he bagged out the knees and found creases in every direction. The more creases he saw the more concerned he became and looked at them in

grieved surprise as though he had never seen them before.

A sitter who worried over his clothes came to me in the form of a gentleman from Islington, who wore the most extraordinary trousers, for which he continually apologized, and seemed quite oblivious of the fact that I was drawing him in profile. Every other moment he would turn full face to me with some remark ending with another apology for his trousers (which reminded me of the first Lord Lytton's, they were so wide at the foot).

"Please remember I am drawing you in profile," I would interject occasionally, as he turned his face to me, and each time he would try to remember, apologize for his nether garments, and his forgetfulness, raising his hat and bowing to me at every apology. Why he was so conscious of his clothes I do not know, unless he found their cut necessary to Islington.

À propos of clothes. After being at Tattersall's one day, I went with Mr. Sterling Stuart to lunch, and afterwards we proceeded to his dressing-room to choose a suit which he was to wear when I drew his caricature. As he gave me a free hand I found one which attracted my eye immediately; it was an old tweed with a good broad, brown stripe, and I felt there was no question to which was the best for my purpose.

He appeared the next day in my studio looking the pink of perfection, and as I surveyed him I suddenly realized with dismay that his trousers did not match the incomparable coat. I drew his attention to what I imagined was an oversight.

"Well, my boy! do you think," he said, "that

THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

1904.

STERLING STUART
(The Hatter)
1904.

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN.

1907.

the man who built that coat could have lived to build the trousers too ? "

Not long after my cartoon of the Prince of Wales appeared, I was passing by a tailor's shop and I saw a reproduction in the window. Feeling slightly curious as to its exact object there, I went to look, and on closer examination found that the ingenious tailor was using it as a form of advertisement, and underneath was written :—

> " The very best coat that I've seen the Prince wear
> Was drawn by the artist of *Vanity Fair*."

The sensitiveness of people with a tendency towards corpulency is also at times provocative of trouble. Sir Watkins William Wynn, who sat for me on one occasion, was quite a portly old gentleman, and, presumably in order to conceal his stoutness from my notice, he buttoned his coat before taking up his position. As an inevitable result, a number of well marked creases made their appearance in the region of his watch-chain, and these I naturally included in my drawing. When he subsequently saw the latter he refused at first to believe that so many creases existed, but after I had finally convinced him of their presence he went straight off to his tailor's and bestowed the blame on him. No doubt the tailor profited in the long run ; however, I fancy, as a matter of fact, that I have been of service to a good many tailors in my time. For many of the notabilities I have cartooned seemed altogether unaware of their habilatory shortcomings till they were confronted with them in my drawings.

Self-conceit is the keynote of the story of a noble lord who called upon me at my studio with a view to my " putting him in *Vanity Fair*." I was very

busy at the time, and had consequently to suggest the postponing his appointment till a later hour, whereupon he took great offence and refused to return at all. But I was determined he should not escape me, and I took the opportunity at an evening party to study him thoroughly. When his caricature appeared he was so chagrined that he dyed his hair, which was white, to a muddy brown, in order that he should not be recognized.

An old gentleman of great position in the world who came to my studio, had a very red nose. After the sitting, as he was leaving, he said rather shyly :—

"I hope you will not be too generous with your carmine, as it might give the public a wrong impression, and it is an unfortunate fact that both my grandfathers, my father, and myself all have had red noses, and all are total abstainers."

Another subject was restless to a degree, and walked about the room instead of permitting me to draw him.

"Hope you won't keep me very long," he said, "I'm never still for a moment, I'm always walking about my room. You'd better do me with a book in my hand as though I were dictating to my clerk."

I was rather disconcerted, for this was not to be a caricature, but a characteristic portrait.

"But," I said, "your friends won't know you so. Anyway, go on walking."

I made little notes as I watched him, and after he had been walking some time I began to hope that he would be getting tired, when he stopped short and said :—

"No! You'd better do me with my hand on my waistcoat."

"Very well," I replied, "we'll begin again."

In this position I began a drawing of him, when he decided it would not do.

"Oh, well," I said, "sometimes you sit down, don't you? And it seems to me a very natural thing to do. Suppose I draw you that way?"

Mark Twain was another subject who came under the category of the "walkers." I had a good deal of difficulty in getting hold of him, but when I eventually caught him at his hotel, I found him decidedly impatient.

"Now you mustn't think I'm going to sit or stand for you," he told me, "for once I am up I go on."

The whole time I watched him he paced the room like a caged animal, smoking a very large calabash pipe and telling amusing stories. The great humorist wore a white flannel suit and told me in the course of conversation that he had a dress suit made all in white which he wore at dinner-parties. He had just taken his Honorary Degree at Oxford, and he rather wanted to put his gown on, but I preferred to "do" him in the more characteristic and widely-known garb. He struck me as being a very sensitive man, whose nervous pacings during my interview were the result of a highly strung temperament. The only pacifying influence seemed to be his enormous pipe which he never ceased to smoke.

When I think of all the good stories I have missed when I have been studying these really humorous people, I regret that my attention must be centred on my work regardless of the delightful personalities which sometimes it has been my good fortune to meet.

I should like to be able to wind up my sitters

like mechanical toys, to be amusing to order. What a lot of trouble it would save!

A clever amateur caricaturist once wanted me to paint his portrait, and during his sittings gave me his views upon caricature. He informed me that he had no compunction whatever in doing a caricature upon the physical defects of his subjects, and that if, for instance, a man had . . . well . . . a decidedly large stomach, he would not hesitate to increase it.

After several sittings I made one of the best drawings and characteristic portraits I have ever done, as he appealed to me as a subject, for he was individual in his dress, and his hat had a character which is rare nowadays.

But during the progress of the work, he was self-conscious and awkward, which is a result curious in a man who had a clever gift of caricature, himself. However, I did not exaggerate my work to the extent of producing a caricature, and gave him more credit than to expect me to flatter him. But it seemed that I expressed his bulk more truthfully than was tactful, for it appeared he had undergone a dieting process and considered himself quite sylph-like in consequence. When the drawing was in the hands of the lithographers I went down to see the proof, and to my surprise this man turned up. He appeared to be very friendly, shook hands, and expressed the usual polite banalities. I was a trifle puzzled, but I heard afterwards that he went to the office the next day with his lawyer to look at the drawing, and said to him:—

"Don't you consider this to be a most offensive caricature of me?" (He imagined I was intending to insult him.)

This resulted in publication being forbidden, whereupon the lithographers informed him that the drawing was already finished, and all the expense of reproduction incurred. He accordingly paid what was necessary, and it was never published, so I heard no more of the matter.

Some time after I met his medical adviser, whom I told of this extraordinary hallucination as to my intentions. He appeared amused.

"Oh!" he said, "he is really a very good fellow; but it's been a mania with him to reduce his stomach, and he was under the impression that he'd succeeded."

My methods of studying my subjects vary considerably, and the most successful of my caricatures have been without exception those which were made without the knowledge of the persons portrayed. After all, this is nothing more than natural, for by watching a man unawares one more successfully catches his little tricks of manner, and to some extent his movements, all of which are carefully concealed when he comes in the guise of a complacent sitter to the studio. And so, for the purpose of frank caricature, one prefers to rely upon memory.

I have spent such a considerable time in public places of interest that I fear I am quite well known to the police. Not infrequently I have been detected in the act of obtaining my victims (by the pen), for I discovered the following account in a newspaper: "An amusing incident occurred one evening in the House of Commons Lobby in connection with the caricaturist and a victim. I had seen 'Spy' silently and patiently stalking a new member (Mr. Keir Hardie) with a striking and tempting

personality. The new member, however, was nervous, having apparently an instinctive idea that he was being pursued, for he moved restlessly about, casting suspicious glances all round him. An evening or two after I was surprised to see 'Spy' and his victim engaged in a friendly conversation, the artist taking advantage of the opportunity to examine every detail of face and figure. It seems that the new member thought he recognized a friend in his pursuer, and not knowing what he was after, he went up to him feeling that he had found refuge, and that here at least was one man who did not want to sketch him. I need hardly say that 'Spy' took full advantage of the chase, and not long after this the victim appeared in *Vanity Fair*."

That reminds me of the time when Lord Henry Lennox came up to me in the Lobby.

"My dear," he said in his usual characteristic manner, "you see that little man over there—I detest him—he caricatured me and made me appalling."

He took a violent dislike to Pellegrini, who had seized upon his obvious stoop with a wonderful touch, and converted it into one of his finest caricatures.

Cardinal Newman quite unconsciously placed me in rather an awkward dilemma. At the time when I was anxious to stalk him I heard he was in Birmingham; so I went to Euston Station, and had actually bought my railway ticket when suddenly I caught sight of his Eminence upon the platform. Here was an opportunity not to be missed! I saw him go into the buffet and followed him. He sat down at a small table and ordered soup. I took a seat opposite and ordered food also, studying

CANON LIDDON.
1876.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.
1877.

THE DEAN OF WINDSOR (WELLESLEY).
1876.

him closely while he partook of it. But I was not altogether satisfied, and I felt anxious to see him again. So I travelled down to Birmingham, and on the following day I called at the Oratory and asked one of the priests there at what time the Cardinal was likely to go out. Evidently, in spite of my protests, the priest concluded that I wanted an audience with Cardinal Newman, for saying that he would apprize him of my visit, he disappeared. My object had been to perfect my former study by a further glimpse; and a personal interview was really the last thing I desired. There was accordingly nothing left for me but to bolt!

My most comical search was probably one in which I was assisted by Mr. Gibson Bowles. It took place in Holloway Gaol. The Rev. Arthur Tooth, "the Man of the Mount," and that most celebrated ritualist, was in durance vile.

"Awkward," said Mr. Bowles, "but we must certainly have him. Let me see. . . . I'm the Secretary to the Persian Relief Fund. . . . Come along, Ward."

What possible connection could exist between the Persian Relief Fund and the Rev. Arthur Tooth I failed utterly to see, but apparently Mr. Bowles made the authorities at Holloway see it, for we got safely through, and I had the unique experience of observing the Reverend gentleman as he posed behind the bars.

I found Mr. Bowles an invaluable second when studying my subjects, he was so thoroughly a man of the world and withal so tactful and resourceful that I was glad when we worked in company. It was a great help for me, and I was able to employ my attention in observing while he took the

responsibility of conversations and entertainment of the subject entirely off my hands. Sometimes I disconcerted my friends, who were all unaware of the promptings of the caricaturist's conscience. I was walking down St. James' Street one day with a friend discussing the subjects of the day with easy equanimity when I saw Brodrick the Warden of Merton (whom I had been hoping to catch for weeks). I suddenly grew quite excited, and, seeing him turn a corner, I rushed on in pursuit. My friend begged me to desist, and, finding me deaf to his entreaties, left me. I followed Mr. Brodrick into a shop, had one long look at him, and went home to complete a caricature that came with immediate success.

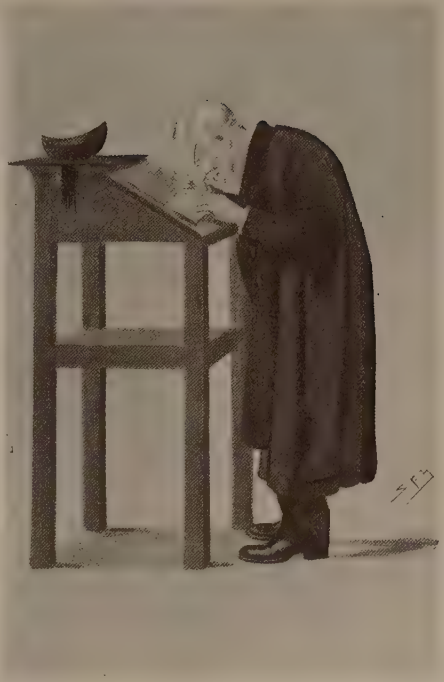
On occasions, disguise has been necessary for a "complete stalk"—when I was endeavouring to obtain a glimpse of Doctor Spooner (known to fame as the creator of Spoonerisms), I started by means of masquerading as a student in cap and gown, and as the renowned gentleman's sight was very bad indeed, he was a pretty safe man to tackle. My methods were, of course, well known to the real undergraduates who aided me to the best of their ability; but on this occasion one student in the front row nearly gave me away. Suddenly turning round in the middle of the lecture, he inquired in a loud stage whisper, "How are you getting on?"

"Hush! He'll see," I remonstrated.

"Oh!" exclaimed the undergraduate, "that's all right if he does. I'll tell him you're my guv'nor!"

Mr. Comyns Carr, an old and valued friend of mine, always divided my work into two classes, one of which he was pleased to term the "*beefs*" and the other the "*porks*." He begged me, when I was painting his own cartoon, to put him among the

DR JOWITT
(*Master of Balliol*).
1876.



DR SPOONER
(*Dean, New College*).
1898.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON ELLIS
(*Professor of Latin*).
1894.

"porks." I promised I would and did my best to prevent his face from becoming too florid. But apparently my labours were in vain, or else the lithographers failed me, for after the drawing was published, Comyns Carr greeted me at the club with the words, "Oh, Leslie! I'm among the 'beefs' after all!"

I regretted the fact, but unfortunately the fault was not mine. The reproduction was limited to the number of colours, so that there was no happy medium for the lithographers; if the reproducers wanted a florid effect, the face appeared red all over, if the drawing was a "pork" with a red rose in his coat and a faint colour in his cheeks, they made the face all red and used the same colour for the rose.

One of the difficulties of my position as a caricaturist for a newspaper came home to me on the occasion of the visit to my studio of a Queen's Messenger.

I was extremely busy at the time, and was, luckily for me, quite unable to accede to his request that I should immediately make a drawing of him, as he was shortly to appear in *Vanity Fair*. Making an appointment for the next day he took his departure. I *called* upon my editor on the following day, and while in conversation I remembered my engagement, and breaking it off suddenly, prepared to go.

"Who is your sitter?" said he.

I referred to the gentleman in question, who I imagined had been sent to me from my editor.

"I won't have that man. I have made no arrangement. He's been bothering me to put him in for years."

"What shall I do then?" I said. "This is very awkward for me."

"Tell him we've got too many Queen's Messengers already."

I hurried off and found my poor rejected sitter waiting with a thick stick, the presence of which he began to explain before I could make my apologies to him. He told me that he had bought the weapon, not in self-defence, or with an idea of attack, but because he thought it was most characteristic of him.

I then had to interrupt him with my excuses which was a most disagreeable task.

"Oh," he said, "that's only an excuse for not putting me in. I see it."

He flushed very red and showed a little temper, for he had been endeavouring for some time to be placed upon the list of subjects in *Vanity Fair* and without success.

After some discussion, during which, in some sympathy with his annoyance, I anxiously watched the stick, he slunk out of the studio with an air greatly different from the spruce and upright demeanour of his arrival.*

An awkward predicament in which I was the innocent arbitrator came about through a very gross caricature by another artist (I do not remember whom) of Mr. Pigott the censor of plays and a very old friend; I believe it was unpleasant, for he wrote to me and said he wished he had been put in my hands. I do not know whether I am wrong in saying so, but it was rather odd his writing to ask my advice, for he was strongly in favour of

* The Queen's Messenger to whom I refer possessed the nickname of "Beauty," for as a young man he was strikingly handsome, but later in life he was no longer sought after for his good looks.

suing *Vanity Fair* for libel. At all events I called upon him and advised him to ignore the matter. He reassured me by saying, "Well, I've already come to that conclusion myself since writing my letter. I've seen my solicitors who gave me the same advice, but I still wish I'd been done by you."

A friend of mine came to me once and said, "You simply must make a drawing of 'Piggy' Palk, he's such a splendid subject—have you ever seen him? I'm sure if you had you couldn't resist making a caricature of him."

"Very well," I said. "Give me an opportunity of meeting him—what's he like?"

"I must introduce you to him first, we'll get up a little dinner—he shall be there—at the Raleigh Club. We'll introduce you as 'Mr. Spy'—don't forget that he wears an eyeglass, because he's nothing without it."

When the evening came I was placed on the opposite side of the table to the young man, where I had a good opportunity of studying his features, which were diminutive, with the exception of his ears which were enormous. I waited and waited for the eyeglass to appear (for as my friend had truly said, his face was nothing without it), and finally got up from dinner full of disappointment. There were several other guests who were quite aware of my identity, and all attempted to help me in my object, but without success, a fact which created no little amusement among us.

My host pressed his friend to join our party in his rooms, and "Piggy," as his friends called him, to my horror, said that he had another engagement; when, however, he was informed that there would be attractive young ladies among the party, he altered

his mind. On arriving we were received by these charming ladies, who contributed to the evening's fun by entering very completely into the open secret of my visit. We had a piano and plenty of fun and chaff, and under cover of the evening's amusement I took in "Piggy" Palk. I was introduced to the most attractive of the ladies and enlisted her services on my behalf over the eyeglass. My friend at once introduced "Piggy" to her, and she induced him to produce the eyeglass. After some preliminary conversation she began:

"Oh, Lord Haldon, I see you have an eyeglass, do you ever wear it? Sometimes an eyeglass improves a man's appearance immensely, I should like to see how you look in one."

"Oh, yes," he said, "I sometimes wear it!" And so he put it into his right eye.

"Yes, it suits you very well. You don't make such faces as some people do in wearing it."

He was flattered.

"Now I'd just love to see if you look as nice with it in the left eye."

The obedient young man, mollified by her flattery, did all he was told, while I made good use of my eyes, and the company were becoming so hilarious that they could hardly conceal their merriment while the girl went on.

"It's really wonderful how effective it is, and how it suits you equally in either eye."

Thinking he had made an impression, "Piggy" took her into a corner and made himself most fascinating, assiduously retaining the eyeglass all the time.

"He seems to be getting on very well," said one of the guests to me, in an undertone.

LORD HALDON, 1884

I was about to reply when Lord Haldon turned to me and said :—

"Do you know, 'Mr. Spy,' that it's very bad manners to whisper ?"

So addressing myself to the lady, I offered my humble apologies and regrets for my forgetfulness (much to her amusement).

When the caricature appeared he wondered "who the fellow was who had seen him," and tried to remember when it was he had worn lilies of the valley in his dress coat. I wonder he did not suspect "Mr. Spy."

CHAPTER VII

PORTRAITURE

Some of my sitters.—Mrs. Tom Caley.—Lady Lucia Warner.—Lady Loudoun.—Colonel Corbett.—Miss Reiss.—The late Mrs. Harry McCalmont.—The Duke of Hamilton.—Sir W. Jaffray.—The Queen of Spain.—Soldier sitters.—Millais.—Sir William Cunliffe Brooks.—Holman Hunt.—George Richmond.—Sir William Richmond.—Sir Luke Fildes.—Lord Leighton.—Sir Laurence Alma Tadema.—Sir George Reid.—Orchardson.—Pettie.—Frank Dicksee.—Augustus Lumley.—"Archie" Stuart Wortley.—John Varley.—John Collier.—Sir Keith Fraser.—Sir Charles Fraser.—Mrs. Langtry.—Mrs. Cornwallis West.—Miss Rousby.—The Prince of Wales.—King George as a boy.—Children's portraits.—Mrs. Weldon.—Christabel Pankhurst.

"In portraits, the grace and one may add the likeness consists more in the general air than in the exact similitude of every feature."

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Of the study of portraiture I was always fond, and the prospect of becoming a portrait painter appealed greatly to me.

Although Fate interrupted this good intention through the unforeseen offer to work for *Vanity Fair* (which, with my love for caricature, I could not resist the temptation of accepting), I did not refuse commissions to execute portraits, but as the number of cartoons that I had undertaken to do for publication was considerable, naturally private work had to make way for it. Finding it difficult to direct my mind to both the serious and the comic at the same time, I was obliged to select different days for each; in case I might put too humorous an expression into the picture of a baby, or distort the features of a mayor in his robes.

The portrait of a well-known character who claimed direct descent from the Stuarts. He wore gold buttons and spurs with a red stripe down the side of his trousers, and was to be frequently seen in Piccadilly in the seventies.

At a country dance near Manchester. 1872.

BUCKSTONE.
"New Men and Old Acres."

See page 202.

A Crusader at "Drury Lane."

My father had an admiration for Ouless' method of painting a portrait, and with a slight acquaintance already that artist gave me good advice.

I was lucky in my first commissions for ladies' portraits, for they were of exceptionally pretty women, viz. Mrs. Miller Munday and Miss Chappell (Mrs. T. Caley), both hung in the Royal Academy. These were followed by equally attractive sitters in Lady Lucia Warner, the Countess of Loudoun, and (the first) Mrs. Harry McCalmont. A presentation picture shortly afterwards came my way, of Colonel Corbett of Longnor Hall (Shrewsbury), an extremely tall old gentleman of ripe years. I painted the picture on a full-length canvas, and after the first sitting or two he begged to be allowed to sit in a chair for the head; the experiment failed, for in less than half an hour the Colonel of the Shropshire Yeomanry, Master of Hounds, and formerly Officer in "the Guards" was fast asleep.

"No more of this," he said, when I roused him, "I'll stand to the bitter end," and he did, until the picture was completed.

It is a strange fact, though, that military men stand less well than would be expected of them, and tire sooner. For instance, an officer whom I was painting, sent his "soldier servant" to stand in the uniform he was to wear in my portrait of him, for one employs a soldier in preference to an ordinary model, because they are invariably correct in their knowledge of a uniform and how to put it on. The man showed signs of nervousness, which did not surprise me, but when, after standing a very short while, he turned from a healthy pink to a deathly white, I recommended a rest and a walk in the fresh air. When he returned to the position again, he

became faint, so I offered him brandy. This he refused on the grounds that he was a teetotaller, but as his paleness showed no signs of abating, I with difficulty persuaded him to take a little stimulant. It seemed to have the desired effect, for the blood circulated again, and I reassured him, and continued painting without further complications. This was not by any means my first experience, for on another occasion a very tall and powerfully built man, an ex-soldier and "chucker-out" at a music-hall, came for the same purpose, and after standing for a time, from sheer exhaustion had to give it up.

But to return to my subject. When I was working for the *Graphic*, a portrait in which I took much pleasure was that of Millais. The sittings were most interesting, for in the course of conversation, I gained a considerable insight into his character, and gleaned much information as to his opinions, method of working, and views upon art.

Watts had been the idol of the Royal Academy students up till now, but Millais was taking his place in their estimation, and although he was well to the front as a portrait painter, the enormous competition in this branch of art was scarcely evident yet. The time was approaching, however, when the art student had to consider how he could best live by painting. He was at first full of the noblest intentions, and would frequently exclaim, "Art for Art's sake; that's my motto . . . none of your pot-boilers for me." Unfortunately, the day for these very laudable sentiments was passing, and, when men were dependent on their profession, something else had to be thought of. Hence the necessary study of portrait painting.

I remember Millais mentioned his belief in the

pre-Raphaelites and their influence upon the young artist; but he considered it important that the student should gradually abandon the influence for a more masterly method of painting and a freer brush. This versatile genius must have puzzled his adorers not a little by his erratic experiments in style; his emulations of Reynolds in a modern portrait (of three ladies playing cards) were in direct contradiction to his previous work—the paint, I remember, was extremely thick, especially on the necks of the ladies. A portrait of Irving followed the next year, painted quite thinly. The students were puzzled and distracted, for in the meantime they had all followed the previous lead, and were still painting necks in foundation white laid on without discretion. Then Millais astonished his coterie by painting "Chill October" in his best manner.

I called upon him once on a matter of advice and discovered him puzzling over his picture called "Cherry Ripe." Something was wrong, and he could not place the fault, and he appealed to my "fresh eye" to find it. It occurred to me that something in the drawing of the head, which was covered with a mob-cap, was slightly out of drawing, and I called his attention to it.

"You've hit it, my boy," he said. "That's just what I thought myself, but I was not quite certain."

He paid me the great compliment of saying he had seen enough of my work to know he could safely ask my opinion, and I felt extremely flattered.

When Sir William Cunliffe Brooks commissioned him to paint the portrait of his daughter (the Marchioness of Huntly), a considerable stir was created in the art world when it became known that Millais

had received £1000 for the painting, for up till that time such a figure was unheard of for a modern portrait. Sir William was delighted with the picture, but when he saw the completed portrait he was disappointed to find that his daughter's hands (which were most beautiful) were covered with gloves. He accordingly returned the picture, and expressed his desire that an alteration might be made and the hands shown in all their beauty. Millais made a compromise by repainting one of the hands ungloved.

Holl had discarded his pathetic subjects for portraits, and surprised the art world with a vigorous canvas of the celebrated mezzo-tint engraver, Samuel Cousins, which was followed by an equally strong portrait of Piatti the violoncello player. Consequently, he became quite the vogue and was until his death completely occupied with commissions. I think that of his many successes the painting of Lord Spencer was perhaps his finest portrait.

Holman Hunt (Ruskin's ideal painter) had no following as a portrait painter; his portraits were hard, "tinny," and laboured, and became singularly unpleasant on a large canvas, although his subject pictures were conceived from a high standpoint, and for that reason will last.

Old George Richmond was a highly accomplished draughtsman; many of his portraits in crayon were exquisite masterpieces,* and most of the great men of the day (especially the clergy) were depicted at one time or another by his refined pencil. William Richmond (now Sir William), his son, inherited his father's talent but in a different manner; foremost in my memory stands out a portrait of Lady Hood.

* A crayon portrait of my father by George Richmond is one of his finest accomplishments.

MRS GEORGE REYMOND MURRAY.

A STUDY.

THE HON. MRS ADRIAN POLLOCK.

Ouless, the eminent portrait painter, like Millais, was a Jersey man, and both were highly successful students in their respective days at the R.A. Schools.

The painter of "The Doctor," now Sir Luke Fildes, exhibited a very beautiful portrait of his wife, which established him as a portrait painter at once, and it is unnecessary to say how many fine portraits he has painted since.

Lord Leighton showed what refinement meant in his delineation of a beautiful woman's head, and although his method of painting was scarcely adapted to portraits, he showed great force in a head of Richard Burton, the traveller.

When I was drawing Leighton for the *Graphic* years ago, he amused me by saying:—

"Every one has his prototype, and some people resemble animals. What do I remind you of?"

When Lord Leighton compared his own head with that of a ram, I saw the resemblance at once: his hair curled like horns upon his forehead, and the general contour of his features was certainly reminiscent of that animal.

I must not forget the late Sir L. Alma Tadema, another subject painter, but one who did not often encroach upon the sphere of portraiture. When he did, I often traced a certain resemblance in his painting of the flesh to the marble he so perfectly expressed in his subject pictures.

Seymour Lucas is, I consider, one of our few and consistent historical painters who can mingle portraiture successfully with his own art.

Of course, Orchardson, Pettie, and Frank Dicksee are big examples of aptitude in portrait painting by

subject painters. Nowadays, however, there is a new generation, and the average standard is in a marked way higher, although *great men* naturally only crop up once in a way. To mention all the names of the good portrait painters would be a hopeless task, for there are too many. Criticism would lead one into so many long lanes without any turnings, and would also involve the condemnation of some of the flights of the so-called art of the present day.

Of artists who are no longer with us, I should like to mention the late Sir George Reid, whose works are not sufficiently well known in London, but who was undoubtedly a great portrait painter.

The late Charles Furse, who showed such power and who was gaining ground every day, stood out as one of our strongest portrait painters; unfortunately, death cut short his efforts.

The late Robert Brough was fast becoming (if he had not already attained that position) another painter who deserves a place amongst our ablest men.

But I must not forget to mention the President of the Royal Academy, Sir E. Poynter, who exhibits many portraits.

When I was first beginning to paint, Mr. Peter Graham very kindly lent me his studio, where I made my earliest studies in oil. One of my first sitters was the uncle of my old friend, Edward Nash, of Rugby and 'Varsity fame, who made the stipulation that I should arrange a looking-glass in a position to allow of his watching me paint and to prevent him falling asleep. I found the demand rather embarrassing, for I was not accustomed to attentions of this kind, being new to portraiture, and

consequently feeling considerable restraint at being watched at my work.

Another early victim of my brush, thinking he had given me a sufficient number of sittings, suggested that I should promptly finish it, as his doctor had warned him that he was in danger of lead poisoning from the constant contact with oil colours; but when he was reassured on this point he allowed me to continue.

During a visit to Crewe, I painted more portraits. I remember my host, when a visitor called one day, said quite seriously:—

"Mr. Ward is getting on nicely with my picture. He is putting on the second coat of paint."

Another time I was staying at a country house in Staffordshire, painting my host in hunting-dress. I came down early one morning to look at it, perparatory to a last sitting, when I discovered to my astonishment my host's dog sitting up begging before his master's picture. I think this one of the sincerest compliments I was ever paid.

This was at the time when the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race was about to be rowed. I am always interested in the chances of the rival crews; still, my interest was nothing out of the common, and there was no particular reason why one night I should have had a most vivid dream, in which I saw the two crews racing . . . until the Cambridge boat filled with water and swamped. The dream was most distinct, and I remembered it when I awoke, and related it at breakfast. My host's house was in a rather remote part of the country; and the London papers did not arrive until late. When they came, the first thing that struck my eye on

opening the *Daily Telegraph* was, "*Swamping of the Cambridge Crew at practice.*"

When I became the owner of a studio myself, I was fortunate in my choice of a landlord. Mr. Augustus Savile Lumley had built the very fine studios in William Street, Lowndes Square, on his return from a military and diplomatic career in Europe. He was an artist, and was gifted in many ways, especially with great social abilities. For some time he was equerry to the Duchess of Teck, and he had been connected with the Royal Household for an indefinite period. During my acquaintance with him he became Marshal of the Ceremonies. He was considered a great authority on costume, and as such was continually in request when the Prince of Wales (and other notable hosts) contemplated entertaining on a large scale. In person he was fashionable and correct, a *beau* of the old school, who affected a waist! After he was appointed Marshal of the Ceremonies, I recollect his tailor sent in an exorbitant bill for his uniform, which he very rightly refused to pay; and when his tailor sued him for the money, he brought an action and won his case.

After Mr. Henry Savile and Lord Savile had died, he inherited Rufford Abbey, and at his death Mr. Herman Herkomer, the portrait painter, took his handsome studio in William Street, where he had painted several portraits of the Prince of Wales, whose friendship he had enjoyed.

During his travels and vicissitudes abroad, Mr. Augustus Savile Lumley had met many foreign artists of note, and when his studios were unoccupied, quite a coterie of foreigners gathered there. Consequently, I had some interesting neighbours.

John Varley, McClure Hamilton, Archibald

Stuart Wortley, and John Collier were amongst the artists who then occupied studios in the same building.

Archibald Stuart Wortley was accomplished in many ways. I made his acquaintance at the Slade Schools when we were both studying drawing, and when we met again at William Street we soon became friends. I found him excellent company. It was just after his picture of "Wharncliffe Chase" had come back from exhibition at the Royal Academy, and he had completed a portrait of his sister (afterwards Lady Talbot) and one of Lady Wharncliffe, his aunt, that he started on his shooting pictures, which for some time he made a speciality of, and with which he succeeded so well. "The Big Pack," and "Partridge Shooting" were enormously popular, especially with sportsmen, who were delighted to find that one of the best shots in England could show equal dexterity with the brush in suggesting birds actually in flight. But eventually, anxiety to succeed as a portrait painter led him to give most of his time to this branch of art. Amongst his best-known portraits were perhaps those of King Edward VII., Purdy, the gun-maker, and his own mother. He founded the Society of Portrait Painters, consisting of fifty members, among whom were and now are some of the most eminent artists of the day. He was the first President of that institution, which two years ago became a Royal one. Under the Presidency of J. J. Shannon, R.A., I am glad to say it now thrives, and I had recently the honour to be on the Hanging Committee at the Grafton Galleries when the last annual exhibition was held.

Archie Wortley was very versatile in his tastes, and probably too much so for the pursuance of a

profession. Outside that he was a social success, for he played the piano and sang, danced on the stage as a rival to Vokes, was a clever mimic and *raconteur*, made an excellent after-dinner speech, and shot pigeons so well that in his match with Carver (the champion) he tied. He was a keen fisherman and a good all-round sportsman. There were two things he could not and would not do, and they were, to get astride a horse or to walk for the sake of walking. Two of my happiest holidays were spent with him and with his charming wife (formerly the beautiful Miss Nelly Bromley) in an old Manor House on the north coast of Jersey, where he occupied his time painting or shooting geese at night on the Ecrehon Rocks, improving his garden, and felling trees. On the occasion of my first visit, he welcomed me with the remark:—

"You will get no frost or snow here, old chap—none of that weather that I know you left in London!"

A morning or two after I was certainly amused to find his small son busily engaged in building up a snow man in the garden after breakfast, and when I jokingly reproached my friend for his former reassuring remarks upon the weather, he said:—

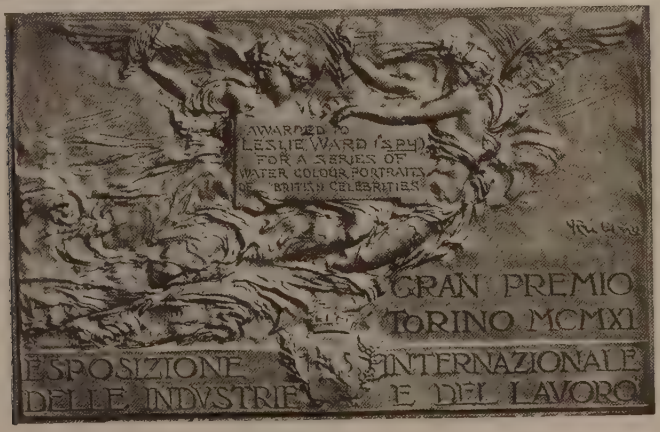
"Well, I'm astounded. Snow hasn't been seen on the island since Heaven knows when!"

His son, Jack, who strongly resembles his father in features, and who was then a jolly little chap, distinguished himself in later life as a soldier, and comparatively recently married the daughter of Mr. Lionel Phillips.

"Archie" came of a remarkable family; his younger brother is the Right Honourable Charles Stuart Wortley, and General Sir Edward Montagu Stuart Wortley was his cousin. The same relationship

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

Drawn in 1886.



GRAND PRIX.

Presented to me by the Commissioners of the Turin Exhibition, 1910.

existed between him and the present Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. In later years he was suddenly bitten with the idea that he had business abilities, and might make money. Accordingly, he gave up his painting and spent all his time in the pursuit of business in the city, thinking he saw a way to make his fortune at the period of the "boom" following the South African war. Unfortunately, the tide turned, and many speculators found themselves in a tight place—poor Archie among them. He had by this time lost his connection as a portrait painter; everything seemed to go wrong; and over anxiety affected his nerves and health to such an extent that it gave way, and he never recovered from the shock. In a very short time, he succumbed to a fatal illness, deeply regretted by a large number of friends and acquaintances, for he was, to those who knew him, the best and the most loyal of friends.

When I vacated my studio to move into another, John Collier took the lease of it. This was at the time I first became acquainted with him, when he had just returned from studying in Munich.

Tadema was a great friend of his father, Sir Robert Collier, the eminent lawyer who begged him —as a further lesson of instruction—to paint a picture from start to finish in the presence of his son. This the R.A. was induced to do. The painting was on a large canvas, from a female figure, and the title, if I remember rightly, was "The Model." Sir Robert afterwards became the possessor of the picture.

When the latter was created a peer, under the title of Lord Monkswell, he found more time for his pet occupation, viz., painting Alpine scenery, of which he had such consummate knowledge.

There is one amusing story that his wife used to

tell of him, and that was her great difficulty in preventing him from using his best cambric handkerchiefs as painting rags; when she thought to prevent this extravagant habit by buying him common ones for that purpose, he invariably produced the latter (when at a dinner-party)—of course by mistake.

John Varley, a remarkably clever water-colour draughtsman and son of the eminent member of the "Old Water Colour Society" of that name, occupied a studio opposite mine, but, sadly enough, he contracted an illness at the time, from which he died. Many of his pictures were painted in Egypt, and were mostly of Eastern scenery.

The next occupant of this room was Mr. McClure Hamilton, whose well-known portrait of Mr. Gladstone in his study was not only a fine piece of work, but a wonderful likeness.

In addition to my fellow artists I had some very agreeable and interesting neighbours in the vicinity of William Street, for General Sir Keith and Lady Fraser lived close by, while just opposite was the house of General Sir Charles Fraser. All three were charming people and most hospitable.

Sir Charles, the elder brother of Sir Keith, was not only a distinguished soldier and a V.C., but was very popular with the ladies; and, being a bachelor, he delighted in giving luncheon parties for them. On several occasions I was privileged to be invited. I never refused such invitations if I could help it, for it was delightful to meet the beautiful women who were always sure to be present.

It was so characteristic of him to be constantly raising his hat in the Park that I drew him (as I knew him) in this very act, for *Vanity Fair*.

At a party given by Mrs. Millais, I saw a lady whom I thought one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. I had the temerity to follow her from room to room to catch another glimpse of her exquisite features. I had heard of Mrs. Cornwallis West, but her beauty was even greater than I had imagined. I promptly gained an introduction, and found her, in addition, to be most fascinating and amusing. She sat to me for her portrait, during which time she kept me in fits of laughter.

"Professional beauty" was at this period a term commonly used, although frequently inappropriate to the ladies to whom it was applied, and photographers must have made a fortune by the exhibition of the photographs of these society ladies then in their windows. Frank Miles, a popular young artist of the day, whose drawings were published in the form of photographs of pretty heads of girls, which were to be seen then on the walls of every undergraduate's rooms, once said to me, "Leslie, I know you like to see lovely faces. I have one of the most wonderful creatures I have ever seen coming to my studio. Come, and I'll introduce you."

At Miles's studio in Adelphi Terrace the next day, I met Mrs. Langtry, who was then at the height of her beauty. To me her principal charm was that of expression, and the wonderful blue eyes which contrasted so strangely with her rich dark hair. Her neck and shoulders were perfect, and I remember her extreme fascination of manner.

Another beauty who hailed from the island of Jersey was Mrs. Rousby, whom I met first at Sir James Ferguson's (the surgeon). She came over to England with her husband, who was manager of the theatre at Jersey. She acted in Tom Taylor's play

'*Twixt Axe and Crown* in which she made a great success, chiefly through her attractive appearance. Mr. Frith (who was a relation of her husband, I believe) painted her portrait as she appeared in the play. Her popularity was unbounded; one could hardly pass a tobacconist's shop without noticing the familiar features carved upon a meerschaum pipe; and her photographs were everywhere.

I was constantly drawing her from memory and trying to represent her as truthfully as I could.

During the completion of my oil painting of Miss Chappell (Mrs. Tom Caley), the Prince of Wales visited Mr. Augustus Lumley, to whom his Royal Highness was sitting, and Mr. Lumley, in the course of conversation, mentioned my name. The Prince, with the tactful remembrance that distinguished him, recollected my name at once and expressed a wish to see my work. Unfortunately, I was not in, and Mr. Lumley showed the Prince round my studio. On the easel stood my portrait of Miss Chappell (who was then a very beautiful girl of about sixteen, and was afterwards just as handsome in her womanhood), and on the wall was pinned a decided caricature of H.R.H. The portrait, I was pleased to hear, was admired, the Prince exclaiming, "What a pretty girl!" Then he caught sight of the caricature of himself, and said, "What a beast of a thing!"

Accompanying their father were the young Princes, who were amused by the various properties of the studio, which included an old-fashioned sword, whereupon one of the Princes (so I was told afterwards), I think the present King George, drew it from its scabbard and attacked the lay figure.

I was equally fortunate with my second portrait, having a very fine subject in Lady Shrewsbury, who

in those days was always a charming hostess at Shipley, where I spent many pleasant days. Both these portraits were hung in the Royal Academy.

Some of my young subjects have revealed the most astonishing proclivities in the course of their sittings. I remember young Mark Sykes, who is now the popular member of Parliament, came with his mother to sit to me, and to keep her son amused, Lady Sykes told him impromptu stories, which were delightfully imaginative and at the same time so clever. During one unguarded moment when I was drawing, I forgot to keep my young pickle under observation, and grew engrossed in Lady Sykes' narrative; pausing with the mahl stick in my hand (with which I had been keeping him in order) I listened to the story. In a trice my young friend snatched the mahl stick and whacked me on the head, effectively rousing me from my temporary interest in the story. I never heard a boy laugh with more satisfaction.

Many child sitters came to me then. There were three little children I was painting, and they, being motherless, were rather at the mercy of various maids and governesses. On the occasion of one visit to me, they had no one to escort them. Consequently, the eldest, a girl of about eleven, arrived in a cab in charge of her two smaller sisters instead of the governess who usually kept them all three in order while I painted them. In the absence of this good lady, the two children behaved themselves uncommonly well, and I was able to paint them without interruption; but the child looking after them, having been in the studio about an hour, suddenly said tersely, "I'm going now . . . I'm tired."

Then and there she carried off her charges with

an air of great authority, ordered a cab, and was gone.

Being a child lover, and believing I was well able to control recalcitrant children, I was nevertheless unprepared for the behaviour of one little lady who came with her nurse to be painted. After two or three sittings, finding her somewhat weary, I thought to encourage her by showing her the portrait.

"Now," I began, with the best intentions, "if you'll be very good and sit *very* still, I'll show you after this sitting what I've done."

I kept my promise and lowered the oil painting which was quite wet, so that she might view it with greater ease.

"I told Mummie," she began, "I never wanted to come and sit for my picture," and, making a quick movement, carefully obliterated the whole of my work. My astonishment and chagrin were considerable, but, after severe corrections at home, the little girl returned to apologize and finish her sittings, and I completed the picture.

One time, when I was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Coope at Brentwood, they commissioned me to paint two of their daughters; the late Mrs. Edward Ponsonby and Miss Coope also partly completed a portrait of old Mr. Coope, but gave him up in despair, and he, upon seeing my bewilderment, sympathetically remarked, "The only artist who, had he lived now, could have painted me would have been Franz Hals." But that was before Sargent's day.

My hostess, Mrs. Coope, a very handsome and charming old lady, wrote to me some time after my return to ask me to come down and make a drawing of her little grandchildren, who were staying with her then. When I arrived, I was shown into the nursery

and introduced to a little baby, who was entirely occupied with crawling on the floor. After pursuing my erratic model all over the room in hopes of catching her at a happy moment, and failing hopelessly in my quest, I gave up, and was informed by the fond grandparent—

"She'll never sit still . . . your only chance is to crawl on the floor after her with your pencil and paper, and if you want to arrest her attention, the only thing is to buzz like a bee."

So I buzzed, found the ruse successful, and made the sketch, which was very well received.

I read of the death of Mrs. Georgina Weldon the other day, at the age of seventy-seven. I recalled the days when she sat to me for the drawing I made of her in *Vanity Fair*. Mrs. Weldon was a very handsome and extraordinary woman, her life being chiefly spent in fighting law cases in the Courts.

She was reputed to know more law (especially the law of libel) than many barristers who had long been engaged in practice, and she conducted her cases with great skill and eloquence, though not often with success, especially in later years, when she seemed to become almost a monomaniac upon legal matters.

Some eight years after marriage, Mrs. Weldon formed a design for teaching and training, especially in music, a number of friendless orphans. She started her scheme in 1870 at Tavistock House (once the residence of Charles Dickens), and with her husband's consent, began her philanthropic project with a number of the poorest and youngest children. Many leading musicians of the day became associated with her—Mr. Henry Leslie, M. Rivière, and M. Gounod among them.

Some of her friends and relatives could not understand why Mrs. Weldon gave up her time and money to a work which they viewed with disfavour, and their disapproval deepened when she developed an interest in spiritualism. "One night," says the *Times*, "she was waited upon by two strangers of professed benevolent disposition, who were afterwards proved to be medical men on a visit of inspection (the keepers of a private asylum); they tried to force a way into her house and carry her off as a lunatic under an order of detention. She baffled them and escaped."

Mrs. Weldon's first attempt to justify herself was by proceedings against Dr. Forbes Winslow, in whose private asylum it had been intended to place her. Baron Huddleston, however, who heard the case, non-suited her, ruling that the statute of 1845 was a defence, and declined to allow the case to go to the jury. From this finding the Divisional Court subsequently dissented. Mrs. Weldon gained the first-fruits of her long battle in July, 1884, when, after a ten days' trial, she gained a verdict for £1000 damages against Dr. Semple, who had signed the certificate of lunacy, and who was one of the two "benevolent strangers." Mrs. Weldon afterwards got a verdict against Dr. Forbes Winslow for £500 damages. A verdict for a like amount had been given in her favour in May in an action against the *London Figaro*.

In March, 1885, she was sentenced to six months' imprisonment without hard labour, for a libel upon M. Rivière in certain reflections—made in her publication "Social Salvation"—upon his career before he came to England. In May of the same year coming from prison to the Court under a writ of *habeas corpus*, she was awarded, by a jury sitting at

the Middlesex Sessions Court to assess damages, a verdict of £10,000 against the composer of *Faust*, for a series of libels upon her published in various French papers.

In all her actions Mrs. Weldon conducted her own case with a brilliance that was remarkable, as was her English, which was perfectly beautiful; but her reputation of fearlessness where the law was concerned made one very careful of repeating in her presence any casual remark that might lead to trouble. During the time she sat to me I remember one particular day especially, when she arrived in high dudgeon, complaining bitterly of a housekeeper in another studio into which she had by mistake been shown. This lady had been impolite, and had not treated her with the respect due to her position; and for this slight she was prepared to sign a "round robin" to get rid of the woman and persuade the other tenants to help her.

Not paying much attention to the story, although I regretted any trouble that had occurred, I did not realize the identity of the offending "woman," until, going into my mother's studio, she informed me that on no account did she want to see Mrs. Weldon, whose voice she had now identified. But, as Mrs. Weldon was leaving, my mother inadvertently ran into her and was recognized. Having determined to have a day *en negligée*, and to spend her time tearing up an accumulation of old letters, my mother had made arrangements not to be in to any models or visitors; her annoyance was considerable when Mrs. Weldon knocked at her door in mistake for mine, and without looking twice to distinguish her visitor, she had informed her that she did not require any models that day. After explanations

and apologies had been exchanged on either side, peace was restored, as, incidentally, was my visitor's equanimity.

Mrs. Weldon was engaged at this period to sing at the London Pavilion at a very handsome salary. On one of these occasions, when I went to hear her, I amused myself during an interval with making a caricature of the conductor of the orchestra; when I had completed the drawing, I noticed that my temporary model had observed my procedure, and a moment later the attendant handed me a little piece of paper on which was drawn a caricature of myself! and a note requesting me to send *my* drawing for his inspection—which I did.

When Mrs. Weldon went to Brighton, she sent me a charming letter asking me to go down there, but at the moment I was a little disconcerted by the extreme publicity surrounding her movements, and did not take advantage of her kind invitation. I remember her saying to me, "They call me mad, and I suppose everybody *is* mad on some point. My mania is vanity—I love compliments—as long as you flatter me I shall be your best friend."

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, whom (as another lady looming largely in the eye of the public) I drew for *Vanity Fair*, made quite an attractive cartoon for that paper. She was a very good model, with most agreeable manners. I studied her first at the Queen's Hall, where her windmill-like gestures attracted my notice first. Her brilliant colouring and clear voice were also characteristic.

I did not discuss the subject in which she was so absorbed, but limited my conversations to generalities, lest by adverse criticism I might disturb the charm of expression I found in her face.

ADMIRAL SIR COMPTON DOMVILLE, 1906.

MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST, 1908.

CHAPTER VIII

MY CLUBS

The Arts Club.—Mrs. Frith's funeral.—The sympathetic Waiter.—Swinburne.—Whistler.—Edmund Yates.—The Orleans Club.—Sir George Wombwell.—"Hughie" Drummond.—"Fatty" Coleman.—Lady Meux.—The Prize Fighter and her nephew.—The Curate.—The Theobald's Tiger.—Whistler and his Pictures.—Charles Brookfield.—Mrs. Brookfield.—The Lotus Club.—Kate Vaughan.—Nellie Farren.——The Lyric Club.—The Gallery Club.—Some Members.—The Jockey Club Stand.—My plunge on the turf.—The Beefsteak Club.—Toole and Irving.—The Fielding Club.—Archie Wortley.—Charles Keen.—The Amateur Pantomime.—Some of the Caste.—Corney Grain.—A Night on Ebury Bridge.—The Punch Bowl Club.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.—Lord Houghton and the Herring.

"The pleasantest society is that where the members feel a warm respect for one another."—*Goethe.*

It was in 1874 that my parents left London and returned to Windsor, and I being obliged to remain in town, took rooms in Connaught Street, and a studio in William Street, Lowndes Square. I also joined the Arts Club, Hanover Square, and finding that dining alone had its drawbacks, especially after the delightful family life at home, I frequently used my club as a more sociable place to have my meals in. There was also a pearl among waiters whose sympathetic and also clairvoyant sense enabled him to tell by one's expression exactly what one wanted. If one came in looking fit he would say perhaps, "Ah, yes! I think so-and-so to-day," or if one came in jaded and weary, he would wheedle one into a chair and say in tactful

tones, just tinged with sadness, "Leave it to me, sir." But if simultaneously another member burst in with hilarious mood and cried, "Now then, Shave, what have you for dinner?" the obliging creature would be waiting for him with a bright reflection of his mood and suggest some quite appropriate and savoury dish.

Shave was my mainstay in many a dark hour. I shall always remember the only time he disappointed me. I had been to my godmother's funeral, and feeling tired—the black coaches and all the inevitable solemnity of death had oppressed me—when arriving at the door of my club, I saw a very funereal looking carriage outside the door, which reminded me very forcibly of the scene I had just left. Throwing off the growing feeling of depression, I bethought me of my lunch, and, consoled with the remembrance of the coming tact of my attendant waiter, I walked quickly into the club. Not seeing him, I said to the hall porter, "Where's Shave?"

"He's in that carriage, sir!" replied the man. "At least, 'is corpse is."

This was the finishing touch! I had imagined men might come and go—but that poor Shave would go on for ever. I discovered on inquiring later that the sudden death was due to suicide after depression resulting from some misunderstanding which I did not inquire into, which must have affected his brain.

I belonged to the club shortly after Swinburne had resigned his membership, and the following story was repeated to me. It seems that he had spent an evening in the club; and he was about to leave when, selecting what he thought was his hat from amongst the many, he felt he had inadvertently mistaken another for his own. Replacing it, he

tried again. Several times he repeated the process of trying on in hopes of finding the right hat, but all in vain. Growing excited, he began to try on indiscriminately, without success; then, finding he had lost his hat, he lost his head, and dashed the offending hats to the ground in turn. At last, after a grand *finale* of destruction, he strode hatless from the club, leaving devastation behind him.

Whistler once came searching for *his* opera hat. I was comfortably ensconced, and did not assist him. Finally, roused by his persistent search, I got up to help, and found to my chagrin that I had been sitting on the hat, and that, in so doing, I had ruined the springs and rendered it useless. He put it on, nevertheless, and although the effect was "amazing" (his favourite expression), Jimmy accepted my apologies most good-humouredly and philosophically.

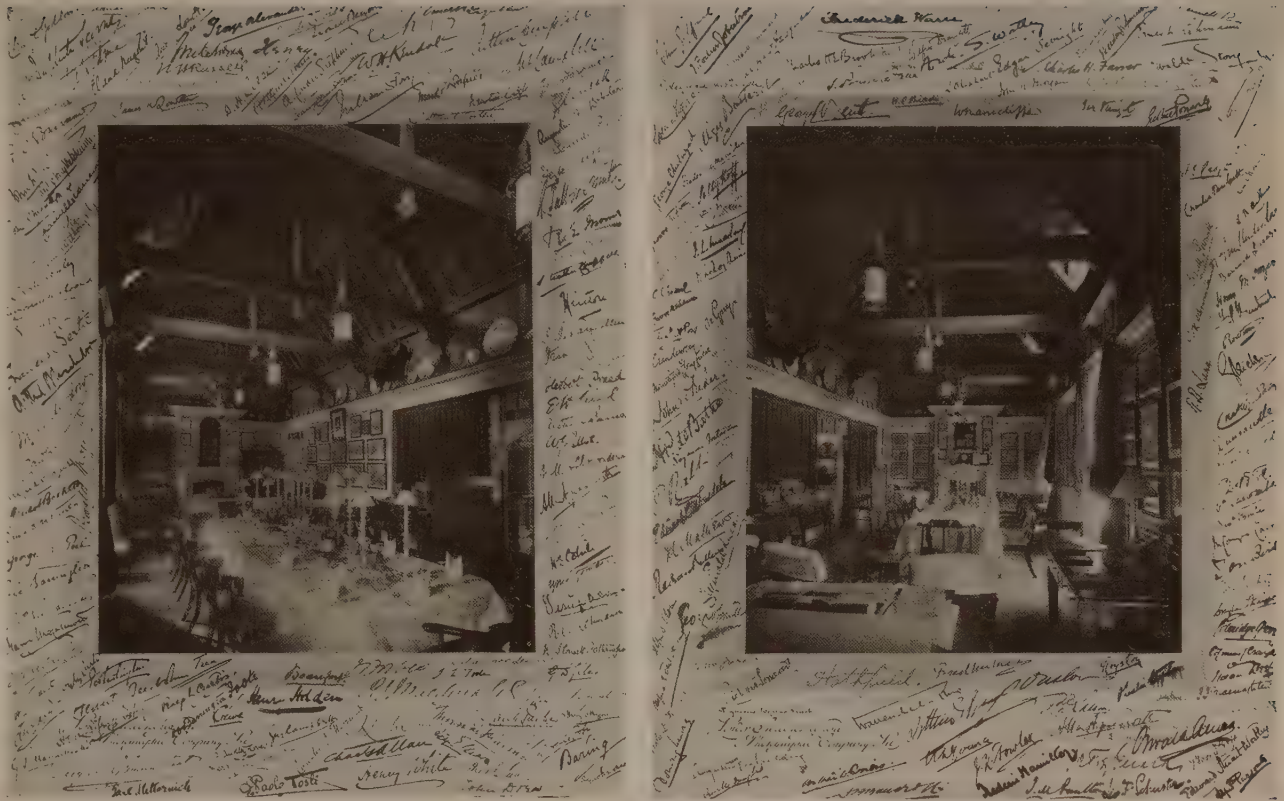
One of the occasions of note at the club was an annual fish dinner held at the "Old Ship," Greenwich, but when that custom ceased the dinner took place at the club itself. It was at one of these festivities that Edmund Yates, who had been very bitter against me previously in his paper, made, I remember, a very kindly allusion to myself. I had caricatured him, as he thought, with intent to hurt his feelings; and he had publicly—and very unjustly—accused me of artistic snobbery. He had said that I was in the habit of caricaturing only those who were socially unimportant, and flattering noble lords; but at this dinner I was sitting almost opposite him, and when he rose to reply to a toast, he endeavoured to propitiate me by referring to himself as "portly, but not quite so portly as the artist of *Vanity Fair* had depicted him." This I understood to be a tentative offering of the olive

branch. Later, when in prison for libel, he wrote his reminiscences, in which he alluded in a more than friendly manner to some drawings I had done for him in earlier days to illustrate lectures that he delivered in America on Dickens and Thackeray.

The Arts Club numbered some very distinguished men among its numbers. When I belonged, Val Prinsep, Marcus Stone, Phené Spiers, Louis Fagan, Pellegrini, Archibald Forbes, Tenniel, Dr. Buzzard, Marks, and Tadema were frequenters of the Club, as also was Charles Keene, who combined an air of the sixteenth century very successfully with his idea of modern dress. Keene used to smoke a clay pipe which was both becoming and in keeping. These clays, of which he had a continual supply, were among a number found in the Thames, where they had probably been buried at some time, unless, perhaps, a pipe factory had existed in old days on the banks of the river.

Another prominent member, John Tenniel, (so Linley Sambourne told me) had never seen either Dizzy or Gladstone in the flesh till years after his earlier cartoons of them appeared in *Punch*. It may be also new to my reader that Sambourne gave the nucleus of the idea for his famous cartoon "Dropping the Pilot" at one of the weekly dinners of the staff, the original drawing of which, I believe, is in the possession of Lord Rosebery.

When I left Connaught Street and went to live on the other side of the Park, I became a member of the Orleans Club, and enjoyed the then unique advantage of belonging to one where ladies were permitted to dine. Here I made many pleasant acquaintances and spent a good time.



THE BEEFSTEAK CLUB.

The Clubroom occupied from 1876 to 1895.

Shortly after I joined the club a branch was opened at the Orleans House, Twickenham; but, although it was a delightful place to go to in the long summer days, and many a good cricket match was played there, the attendance each season grew smaller until the club was forced to close. I believe to-day the little Orleans in King Street, St. James', continues to enjoy a considerable reputation for good food and fellowship.

The late veteran Sir George Wombwell, a constant attendant, who was known to be one of the smartest figures in London, and was always immaculately dressed, unfortunately spilt one evening some coffee down his shirt front, thereby spoiling his appearance for the supper he was giving that same evening. Being much concerned, and as I was in the club at the time, he consulted me as to what was best to be done. It was too late to go home to change, he remarked. I thought a little. What about billiard chalk? No, it wouldn't be sufficiently permanent. Then, as luck would have it, I remembered there was a tube of Chinese white in the pocket of my overcoat, so with this I completely eradicated the stains. Sir George was so pleased with my success as a shirt restorer that he invited me to his supper.

At this period I paid occasional visits to Theobald's Park. On one of these, while Sir Henry Meux was away in Scotland, Lady Meux was entertaining a few guests previous to leaving England. An idea struck her before the party broke up, and she suggested a little farewell dinner and a theatre afterwards in town.

"Where had we better dine?" she questioned. "Do any of you belong to the Orleans Club?"

I was silent on purpose, but a tactless man at

once said, "Leslie Ward's the man; he's a member," so I knew I was "in for it," and as I had received much hospitality at Theobald's, and as I was aware of no rule that would interfere with our arrangement, beyond the one which prohibited the introduction of actresses, I acquiesced.

"Capital," said Lady Meux, "we will dine there and I will stand the dinner."

On the following day, upon arriving in town I hurried to the Orleans Club. There I ordered a table to be ready for dinner in the private room that evening, and to be nicely decorated with flowers.

When my lady guest arrived with her small party, which included a parson, I was requested in the usual way to write their names in the visitors' book. After this was done, we proceeded to the private dining-room; but "My Lady," to my utmost astonishment, with a look of disgust on her face turned to the door, saying—

"This won't do! We will dine in the public room."

Fortunately, as it was August, that was quite empty, so we dined in comfort, having the room to ourselves.

A few days after, I received a letter from the club, saying that the committee had met and considered that I should be asked to take my name off the books immediately. I then wrote explaining that I was quite ignorant of a rule which it seems had been (so innocently) violated when I introduced my guest to the club. I received a reply written in quite a friendly spirit, saying they had taken my letter into consideration, and that I was reinstated.

Lady Meux was a hero-worshipper, and one of her peculiarities, which in later years almost

amounted to a mania, was the desire to leave her property to a hero. Her difficulty in making a selection must have been great. The popular generals or naval men who had distinguished themselves held very high places in her esteem. Her sporting instinct, which was very strong, was sometimes carried to extremes; for instance, she once wished to test the courage of a nephew of her husband's who was staying in her house, and engaged a professor in the gentle art of prize-fighting to come down and try the boy. The man, by way of a preliminary, knocked the boy about a little, which did not satisfy Lady Meux, who urged the prize-fighter on to harder blows. When the boy's blood began to flow, she was delighted, and considered the ordeal was making a man of him; he made a very plucky stand against his professional antagonist, and when his strength was just at its ebb, the thoughtful lady let him off, and immediately gave him a handsome present for the pluck he had shown.

On another occasion, a curate who depended upon her for the living on her estate, was cruelly persuaded to allow himself to be used as a sort of human firework display. He took his torture very philosophically, and was first tied up in tarpaulin from head to foot, and then covered with every imaginable kind of cracker, a large Catherine Wheel forming a centre piece to complete the scheme. When the fun began, he jerked and jumped, while the various fireworks ignited and exploded with terrific effect. Afterwards, refreshment was administered, and the company were so pleased at the courage he had shown that the men asked him at once to come and have a drink with them.

Actually, Lady Meux was a kind-hearted and

intelligent woman in her way; she used to organize "tea-fights" for the village children, and many acts of a generous nature are to be attributed to her; although perhaps her method of bestowing her gifts was sometimes a trifle eccentric.

I was invited to stay at Theobald's Park with a sporting acquaintance. The attractions of the surroundings of this country house were somewhat unusual by reason of its menagerie, which contained a fine collection of animals, including a valuable tiger, and a museum full of old Roman curios, mummies, and innumerable curiosities, collected by Sir Henry Meux, who was himself a connoisseur of antiquities. We arrived, I remember, in advance of the rest of the house party, and that evening, as we drank our coffee, our hostess told us rather an uncanny story of a burglary which had happened shortly before. The man had been arrested and was "doing time." (By the way, Lady Meux visited his wife and befriended her during his imprisonment.) The next evening we were sitting in the billiard room, when we were disturbed by the loud barking of a dog.

"What's the matter, I wonder?" said my friend, as the noise didn't cease.

A moment later, a great roar was heard, followed by most extraordinary sounds, then on the top of this came the firing of a gun, then a trampling and uproar, after which followed a volley of shots, and immediately a sound as if every animal of the Zoo had broken loose, the monkeys screaming and chattering above the trumpeting of the elephant and the growls of the bear.

We jumped to our feet; my friend was horrified, and Lady Meux shrieked: "There are the burglars!" and fled upstairs.

Abandoning our game of billiards, we prepared to seek the scene from which such strange sounds were coming, when a footman appeared and informed us that the tiger had got loose and had mauled the gardener's boy.

"I have orders," he said, "to turn out the lights, lock the doors, and forbid any one to go outside."

"How ridiculous!" said my friend. "I've had considerable experience with tigers in India . . . those orders are absurd . . . turn up the lights at once."

"No, sir; I daren't," answered the man.

A moment later, the gardener appeared with his clothing torn and his arm all over blood.

"I've shot the tiger between the eyes," he said, "and effectually."

We were rather relieved, and after some instructions as to his somewhat severe wound, finding we could be of no service, we prepared to go to bed, when our hostess suddenly turned up in rather a melodramatic looking boudoir gown, her hair dishevelled, and her face white as death. We went up to her (as she paused in the doorway, with her hand on her heart, she appeared to be suffering), and told her, thinking to reassure her, that the tiger had been shot by the gardener while mauling his son. When she realized the significance of our words, she gave way to a frenzy of anger.

"What! You don't mean to say that horrible man has shot the dear tiger that Sir Henry paid so much for! If he knew, he would no longer keep him in his service—I shall dismiss him at once!" And with a final burst of anger, she departed in a fit of hysterics.

When Lady Meux had gone, my friend, who was awfully upset, broke into anger.

"What a heartless woman!" he said. "Why, the poor chap ought to be well rewarded for his pluck, instead of which he will be dismissed. What a damned shame!"

At that moment the footman entered again. "Perhaps you'd like to know, sir," he announced, "the boy is still alive, and not so seriously hurt as we first thought."

We were somewhat relieved by this news, and as the lights were out we could not see to play billiards any longer, so we managed to grope round and find some little refreshment and go to bed.

The next morning, as I was dressing I heard a voice outside calling my name. Looking into the garden, I saw my friend, whose normal ruddy colour had changed to a most deathly white.

"What's the matter?" I cried.

In a hoarse voice he besought me to come down, which I did. Taking me to the managerie, he showed me the general scene of destruction; bushes had been trampled down, some torn up by the roots, and everywhere the signs of a great struggle met the eye. As we walked, he told me how, going to the tiger's cage, he had looked for the body. Seeing nothing but the broken bars, he looked into the sleeping compartment where a live tiger had sprung at his face, which he had withdrawn in the very nick of time. We were very puzzled by the fact that the animal was alive and apparently unharmed, and as we paced up and down by the cage, we tried to account for the tiger's reappearance in the sleeping compartment. A reporter appeared a little later on behalf of the local paper, but was ordered off the premises rather peremptorily. As we walked, a groom accosted us, who informed us that he was not

one of the regular servants, but an odd man from Newmarket.

"I don't 'arf like it," he began.

"What do you mean?" replied my friend.

"T'aint all right, you bet," he said, with a wink.

After some explanations, it transpired that the groom was trying to tell us that we had been hoaxed, and the gardener's boy was as well as we were and everybody concerned. I could not help laughing when I realized how completely we had been taken in. The elephant, the dogs, and all the menagerie, including the parrots, had been produced to make the uproar and trample down the bushes. The gardener had attended to the shooting, and all the servants were in the plot, and each had been carefully rehearsed (under threat of dismissal) by their mistress for the practical joke played upon her guest. The reporter, I may add, was the *chef* in disguise.

When I saw Lady Meux, who was pretending to be too ill and upset (owing to the shock to her nerves) to come down, I congratulated her upon her scheme, for I could not but admire the extraordinarily clever acting she had displayed for the furthering of her plot; the tears, the stage hysterics, and the way she had worked herself up into a frenzy until I could not tell whether it was assumed or real, were all marvellously clever. But when I asked her the reason of her plan, she told me her object was to frighten our friend, who was becoming addicted to the habit of taking more alcohol than was good for him, and by dint of doing so, she hoped to startle him into reconsidering his life, and by the means of a good shock, awaken his power of resistance to what was becoming

a steady habit. I never discovered what our friend thought, and what the result was, but I know he was really frightened.

As well as her leanings in the direction of warrior heroes, Lady Meux had a keen sense of humour; she wished me to caricature one of the guests who arrived in the house-party after the tiger affair. One evening I was inspired, and did a really funny caricature of him, and thinking she would be pleased with it, as a surprise I placed it on the mantelpiece, hoping she would see it when she came down to dinner. As fate would have it, my subject came in first; and when I arrived a little later, it had gone, so I asked him if he had seen a caricature of himself that I had done at my hostess' special request; as it was not ill-natured, I had no hesitation in referring to it before him.

"Oh," he answered grimly. "I've put it where it deserved to go—in the fire!"

My friend, Charles H. F. Brookfield, was lunching with Whistler one day, when the artist complained of the scarcity of money and commissions, and Brookfield, remembering Lady Meux had said she would like her portrait painted, said, "Cheer up, Jimmy; I've an idea."

With his usual cleverness and tact, he persuaded the lady that here was a genius waiting to do her justice, and the affair was arranged.

When Whistler saw Lady Meux in her pink satin, he was certainly enchanted, but her sables inspired him with a desire to paint her again, and her diamonds enhanced another dress so greatly that his enthusiasm grew keener still, and with great skill he persuaded his sitter to allow him to embark upon three pictures or even more.

Brookfield was so amused at the progress of the

pictures which Whistler painted at the same time, that he (Brookfield) made a clever little sketch and caricature of the artist, his hair flying about in his wild enthusiasm, attacking the pictures with an enormously long brush. Two or three years ago, when some of Whistler's sketches were up for auction, this little drawing was sold at Christie's as a genuine Whistler for twenty pounds.

A host of amusing stories come to me with the mention of Brookfield, some of which he told me himself with an incomparable drollery that was entirely typical of the man, and others which are told of him by his friends.

When he contemplated going upon the stage as a young man, many of his friends remonstrated with him and endeavoured to persuade him to abandon his decision. A near relation also wrote begging him not to embark upon such a career, terminating his letter with a final appeal, "I beg of you," he wrote, "not to go upon the stage—in the name of Christ."

"I have no intention of acting under any other name but my own," wrote the irrepressible young man in return.

When he had been upon the stage some time, he met by chance one of the friends who had ranged himself on the side of the opposers.

"Hullo, Charlie," he said, rather condescendingly. "Still—er—on the stage?"

"Oh yes," replied our friend. "And you—still in the Commons?"

I am indebted to a mutual friend, Mr. William Elliot, for the following story of Brookfield in later years.

My friend met him one day with his wife in

Jermyn Street; the next time he saw him Brookfield remarked—

"It was so lucky I met you the other day, for it enabled me to tell my wife something I have always been too shy to tell her before—that I have become a Catholic." (Mrs. Brookfield had always been a Papist.)

"What nonsense," replied my friend. "How could my meeting you and your wife start you on a confession of that nature?"

"Very simple," said "Brooks." "The moment you had gone I said to Ruth, 'What a pleasure it is to meet Willie Elliot—always the same—bright and agreeable. All these years that I have known him I have only one thing against him!'

"'What is that?' said Mrs. Brookfield.

"'He's a heretic!'" replied "Brooks."

A very typical story is told of how he wrote to the editor of *The Lancet* suggesting that they should publish a Christmas number, and offering to write a humorous story entitled "My first Post-Mortem!"

Mrs. C. H. E. Brookfield is the author of several interesting books, and I must not forget to mention Mrs. Brookfield, the mother of my friend, whose personality and exquisite charm of manner were so delightful. I had not the pleasure of her acquaintance in earlier days, but, judging from portraits, she must have been extremely beautiful, although it is strange that she should have been the original of heroines in Thackeray's novels, the meek and mild "Amelia" of "Vanity Fair" among them.

The Lotus Club was now a novelty, and I joined it, as did several of my friends; and many an amusing evening was spent there. The representatives of the Gaiety of that day, Nellie Farren, Kate Vaughan, Kate Munroe, and Amalia were among the attractive

actresses who frequented the club. There were dances twice a week, and I well remember dancing with Nellie Farren, who was the best waltzer of them all. Kate Vaughan was delightful, but not such a good partner, although, of course, her stage dancing was the absolute "poetry of motion." Many were the pleasant hours I spent at that jolly club—and I was young.

In 1876 the Beefsteak Club was founded by Archibald Stuart Wortley. I was elected one of the original members. As a young man, I appreciated the Beefsteak Club for what it was then—a gay and jolly place, more or less Bohemian. In later bachelor days much of my time in the evenings was spent there, and my constant attendance brought me into contact with many of the most interesting and entertaining men of the day.

Being a one-room club and also restricted to three hundred members (the admittance of visitors being prohibited), it was always unique, the conversation varying according to the different groups sitting side by side at the dinner-table, and the members being selected pretty equally from sailors, soldiers, actors, diplomats, legislators, sporting men, artistic and literary men, and so on.

At one period, Friday nights were especially popular, and I think that was because a member named Craigie (a retired army man) made a point of never missing them. He was a great favourite with all, invariably occupied the same seat, and by report missed only one Friday evening during his membership. I remember that upon entering the Beefsteak Club one Saturday evening, I was shown the chair in which Craigie always sat. The seat was in ribbons.

It seems that on the only occasion that he was

absent from his place on a Friday a large stag's head fell plump on to it, piercing it through and through.

What luck for our friend!

It was a *13* pointer, and happened on a *Friday* night too, so the tables were turned against the old superstition.

Craigie's cheery laugh has, I regret to say, long been missed. Now he is no more, so Friday nights have lost their special interest. The Beefsteak is no longer the same late "sitting up" club, although it still remains delightful, and while we regret the absence of the retired editor of *Punch* (Sir Francis Burnand), we hail the frequent appearance of his successor (Sir Owen Seaman).

Just before my marriage, I was very much gratified by the extremely kind way in which my friends "clubbed" together and presented me with a handsome canteen of silver (quite an unprecedented occurrence, by the way, in the Beefsteak Club). The presentation on that occasion was made by Comyns Carr, who made one of his very appropriate and humorous speeches. A friend writes to me, "Do you remember in your reply to Carr's speech you started on a quotation from Shakespeare, 'froze up,' and Biron got the book and read the passage? It was the end of 'Much Ado,' where Benedick says, 'a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? . . . in brief since I do purpose to marry I will think nothing to any purpose the world can say against it,'—a happy quotation. Wit-cracker for Joe Carr was admirably apt." I was also much indebted to my friend Frederick Post for his pains in helping to select the gift.

The premises previous to this were in King William

Street, over Toole's Theatre, which was pulled down when the buildings of Charing Cross Hospital were extended. By an odd series of coincidences, all my addresses seem to be either in a King or a William Street, or the two combined. They were—

My Studio	William Street, Lowndes Square.
Orleans Club	King Street, St. James.
Fielding Club	King Street, Covent Garden.
Beefsteak Club	King William Street, Strand.
My Insurance Office	King Street, City.
Vanity Fair Offices (at one time) .	King William Street.

One evening at the Beefsteak Club, I watched George Grossmith chaffing Corney Grain.

"Oh, Dick," he was saying, pointing a derisive finger at Dick's waistcoat, "you're putting it on!"

"You little whipper-snapper, how dare you!" said Corney Grain, smiling down at his friend.

When they had gone, it amused me to sit down at the writing table and make a quick caricature while they were fresh in my mind. A member, observing my preoccupation, jokingly asked me why I was so busy, and if I usually spent so long over my correspondence. Whereupon I showed him the drawing which represented the two humorists as I had watched them, a tall Corney Grain waving aside with a fat and expansive hand, a minute and impish Grossmith.

He handed it round to the members gathered by the fire, who, having seen the two men in a similar position shortly before, were much amused.

"If I were you I'd draw it larger and have it reproduced—it's bound to be popular," he remarked.

Taking his advice I went home and sat up all night making a more careful drawing from my sketch, which I elaborated with colour afterwards. I offered the drawing to *Vanity Fair* which, under the

rule of a temporary editor (in the absence of Gibson Bowles) was refused. This gave me an opportunity of selling it privately to Rudolph Lehmann, who paid me twice as much as a previous bidder had offered for it. I had several reproductions made by the Autotype Company which I coloured myself, and eventually was £250 in pocket. I have an autograph book full of the signatures and letters of distinguished people who became owners of these prints, including those of King Edward and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Teck. Thus I had to thank the short-sighted editor for my success. I quote the following from George Grossmith's amusing reminiscences, "Piano & I."

"I allude to the permission by Mr. Leslie Ward, son of E. M. Ward, R.A., the famous artist, to publish the portrait which appears in this book. Most people are under the impression that it was one of the cartoons in *Vanity Fair*—it was nothing of the sort. It was a private enterprise of 'Spy.' The first issue was tinted by the artist, signed by him and by Corney Grain and myself. Those copies are now worth twenty or thirty times their original value. The origin of the picture was this. Dick Grain and I were most formidable rivals and most intimate friends. Hostesses during the London season secured one or the other of us. The following words are not absolutely verbatim, but as nearly as possible as I can get to the fact.

"*Mrs. Jones:* 'Are you coming to my party next Wednesday, Mrs. Smith, to hear Corney Grain?'

"*Mrs. Smith:* 'Indeed I am, and I sincerely hope you are coming to my party on Thursday to hear George Grossmith. Oh, Mrs. Robinson, how are you . . . etc.'

GEORGE GROSSMITH.
"Gee Gee."

CORNEY GRAIN.

1888.

"*Mrs. Robinson:* 'Delighted to meet you both. Are you coming to my afternoon on Saturday?'

"*Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, together:* 'Indeed we are, who have you got?'

"*Mrs. Robinson:* 'Oh, I have engaged Corney Grain and George Grossmith!'"

Corney Grain grew so weary of signing my cartoon, which was sent him by persistent admirers, that he charged ten shillings and sixpence for every print upon which he placed his autograph, and the proceeds went, I believe, to the Actors' Benevolent Fund. The coloured copies were frequently mistaken for the original drawing, and at the Edmund Yates sale one of the reproductions fetched £18 owing to that mistaken impression.

Corney Grain, in return for my caricature, had a friendly revenge in some verses which he sent to my mother on the back of a New Year card. I produce them here with apologies for myself—

LINES ON LESLIE.

If ever he manages to catch a train,
It goes where he doesn't want to go.
It starts at three or—thereabouts,
But—really—he doesn't quite know.
If he's due down south, he's up in the north,
Say in Scotland—eating porridge—
If he's bound for Chester—or Bangor—say,
You'll find him safe in Norwich.
At junctions he's always left behind,
For he quite forgets to change,
And he's shunted into sidings dark—
"I thought 'twas rather strange!"

REFRAIN.

'Twill constant change afford
To travel with Leslie Ward,
Wherever he may roam, tho' he's quite at home,
He's always all abroad.

If he leaves the train for a cup of tea,
The train goes on without him;
He's left his ticket and purse in the rack,
And he hasn't a penny about him.
He forgets the name of his hotel,
Tho' he's often stayed there before,
He thinks it's the Lion or the Antelope,
Or the something Horse or Boar.
But he's sure it's the name of an animal,
That you sometimes see at the Zoo!
Which gives you a pretty wide field of choice
From a Rat to a Kangaroo!

REFRAIN as before.

If he's due on a visit on Monday, say,
His coat is being repaired!
On Tuesday he's awfully sorry, you know,
But his shirts weren't properly aired.
On Wednesday he was going to start,
But he'd lost his mother's dog!
On Thursday he really meant to come,
But he lost his way—in a fog!
On Friday the cab was *at the door!*
But his boots would *not* come on—
But on Saturday he *does* arrive—
And—finds all the family gone!!

REFRAIN as before.

R. Corney Grain.

I am afraid there is something of truth lurking in that poem, for I am reminded to tell a story against myself. One bitterly cold winter's night I was returning from my club, I arrived at my front door, and failed to find my bunch of keys. I searched my pockets without success, and at last assured that I was indeed unable to get in, I retraced my steps and wondered in the meantime what I should do. It was one-thirty on a winter's morning, I was in dress clothes, and my feet becoming colder and colder in the thin pumps that but half protected them; snow lay upon the ground and the outlook was the reverse of inviting. I bethought me of the Grosvenor Hotel, so hurrying back, I called in there and explained the situation to the porter, who informed me that a bed

there for the night was impossible as I had no luggage with me. I expostulated and offered to send for my clothes in the morning, but he refused to admit me. My feelings as I paddled back in the slush in the direction of my studio were unmentionable, especially as I discovered I had only a half-crown in my pocket. Under my arm I held the Christmas number of *Vanity Fair* which seemed to grow heavier and heavier, and a fine sleet began to fall. Presently I met a policeman to whom I appealed in my trouble. He was very sympathetic, and appeared to have hopes of obtaining shelter for me.

"Anything will do," I said, shivering with cold. "Have you a cell vacant at the station? I'd rather spend the night there than walking about in the snow."

He smiled. "Oh," he said, "there's a mate of mine who lives close by."

We found the house and rang the bell. Presently the wife appeared at the window and called out, "What on earth do you want waking me up this time of the night?"

The constable began to explain, but the snow and the sleet came with an icy blast, and with a shudder the woman shut the window with a bang that had an air of finality about it.

We turned away (I was disconsolate), and walked along the road undecided, until we came to a night-watchman's shanty, where I saw the welcome glow of a fire and an old man in occupation. The policeman, who was evidently a man of resource, said:—

"I've an idea—we'll go to that chap and perhaps he'll put you up for a while."

He explained my sad case to the night-watchman, who was only too glad to admit me to a share of his

hut and fire; endeavouring to make me quite comfortable, he piled sacks of cement by the fire and arranged a coat for my eider-down, which was white with cement, as was everything in the place. In spite of my discomfort, I longed to sleep, but my queer old host, excited perhaps at the unexpected advent of a nocturnal visitor, embarked upon a stream of conversation of his former life spent in the Bush. It seemed to show a distinct ingratitude to sleep, and I tried to listen, but the flow of talk lulled me, and in spite of myself I fell into a deep slumber. It seemed only a few minutes after, when he woke me and informed me that it was time to turn out and six o'clock. I rose, and putting my hand into my waistcoat pocket with the intention of rewarding the watchman for his kindness—*I found my latch key!* Afterwards I endeavoured to persuade my quondam acquaintance to accept the remuneration of my only half-crown, but he refused it, saying, "Keep it, sir; you may want it, for a cab," so I presented him with the bulky Christmas number of *Vanity Fair*.

Going by the next evening, I looked into his shanty to give him his tip, and found him deeply engrossed in the volume, and, on close scrutiny, found he was not reading indiscriminately, but beginning at the beginning (as one would a novel), preparatory to going right through, and when I asked him if the literature was to his taste, he said—

"Oh, sir; I've only got to the fifth page!"

I have always felt a trifle embarrassed over the latch-key story, especially when Charlie Brookfield used to tell it at the club with embellishments of a witty order.

An old member of the club was rather given (owing to loss of memory) to telling the same story

rather too often, but as he was at the end of his life and had been so popular, few avoided him, remembering his brighter days. Up to the last he was courtly and charming, but, after telling a story, he would explain: "That reminds me of another story!" Whereupon he would repeat in exactly the same words the one he had just told. That recalls an only half-intentional score of mine off Brookfield. Brooks had one day a new audience, and was proceeding to regale it with lively tales. Before beginning he said to me, "Don't you listen; you know *all* my stories." Now he *did* tell some that I knew; but his comic chagrin was tremendous when, meaning really to make an inquiry, and only slyly to insinuate my foreknowledge, said: "Hullo, Brooks; have you seen Sir Henry lately?"

About this time the Fielding Club opened, and was ably managed. A good number of interesting men belonged, including Sir Edward Lawson, Montagu Williams, Irving, Serjeant Ballantyne, Toole, and hosts of others. Toole used to come to the club and play cards; I remember his usual expression and comic way of saying, "*Cash here forward*," when he was winning. He was inimitable, for his stock phrases were so entirely his own.

There was a regular coterie that played poker there. Alfred Thompson, Johnnie Giffard, Corney Grain, Tom Bird, Henry Parker, myself, and others were devoted to the game. One member especially was extremely lucky. He possessed a thorough knowledge of the game and his opponents, and he had the most impassive face I have ever seen. No trace of any expression other than that of calm impersonal enjoyment ever escaped him. He was never known to get up from the table without

winning, and he made a regular income out of his "coups" at poker; but as he cared nothing whether he won or lost, he finally ceased to play, finding he had gained so much from his friends.

The club continued to be quite delightful until a number of the "crutch and toothpick" element joined to watch the well-known "actor chaps," as they called them, and with their entrance the club lost all its charm and pleasant Bohemianism. Irving, among others, became aware of the observing eye of these inquisitive youths, and discontinued going to the club; others followed by degrees, and gradually the club lost its popularity.

The idea of the Lyric Club, of which I was elected an honorary member, was suggested by a small and defunct Bohemian club of that name. It was opened on far more ambitious lines, however, having for its chairman the distinguished sportsman and patron of the drama, Lord Londesborough, who was well supported by a representative committee. All went well for some time, and the entertainments, for which a spacious theatre had been erected, were splendidly managed by Luther Munday.

On the opening night there was a reception that went with a flourish of trumpets, and shortly after Lord Londesborough gave a dinner at which I sat next to Irving. Irving naturally gave life to the affair, and I can remember a cigar that he gave me—I think the largest and best I ever smoked.

These occasions were followed up by regular receptions when theatrical performances frequently attracted the members. "The divine Sarah," Marie Tempest, Hollmann, and such geniuses brought large audiences, and frequently these evenings were

varied with the Guards' Band. Everything was done, in fact, to make the club a success.

Now there was another idea, which, I conclude, emanated from the more sporting members of the committee. It was, to take a branch club at Barnes, where there was a handsome and suitable house and grounds well adapted for the purpose. The place at last decided upon was not only well adapted for cricket, lawn tennis, and other out-of-door games, but, being so near London, was of easy access. The terrace facing the river was also a capital place from which to see the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, and a steamer from Westminster was hired to take the members down. Naturally, perhaps, the most crowded meeting held there was on the occasion of a final in the Army and Navy football match, when many distinguished visitors were present.

As with the Orleans Club, Twickenham, this club was but a flash in the pan. There came a day when it could no longer be kept up, and so it was with that in Coventry Street (or Piccadilly East, as it was called). Both branches of the Lyric Club, in fact, came suddenly to grief, owing to a great misfortune which it is better not to recall.

First of all held on Sunday nights at the Grosvenor Galleries, the Gallery Club was quite a place to belong to, and for some time was decidedly select in its members. It was also at the time quite a novelty, the best of music being heard and the best of musicians giving their services. The same may be said of the entertainers, and their entertainments. Smoke and talk prevailed during the intervals, and so the evenings passed off cheerily.

When these Galleries of the "Greenery Yallery" period closed their doors, we removed to the rooms

of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours where the receptions were held. I forgot here to mention that occasional Sunday nights were graced by the presence of lady guests. Paderewski played on one of these occasions to a crowded and very appreciative audience.

Later on we found our home at the Grafton Galleries, in which suppers were also given, and many a pleasant Sunday evening was spent there. Like every club of the kind, however, it had its day. Perhaps it may have been the difficulty of finding variety among the entertainers or a want of funds to procure the best; but, whatever the reason, there was obviously a falling off of the original members, and the Gallery Club came to an end. Even so, it had been responsible for many evenings that are well worth remembering.

I shall never forget one night at the Grosvenor Gallery when Corney Grain and George Grossmith sat down at the piano together and sang and played the fool. They were then at their very best, and I think that was the night that Weedon and his brother gave their humorous skit on the extraction of teeth. The title I cannot recall; but the performance was so clever that the title doesn't matter.

In later days I joined the Punch Bowl Club, which was organized by a very good fellow named Mr. Percy Wood. He was a man of education and a thorough Bohemian: he had received a partial, but very incomplete, training as a sculptor; but he disliked work, and in the summer time led an idler's life. He would dress himself in old clothes, and go round the country hawking, like a common pedlar. He seemed to consider life under such conditions perfection; and yet he was always a gentleman (if one may use the

C. BIRCH CRISP.
Published in "Mayfair."
1911.

OLIVER LOCKER LAMPSON, M.P.
Published in "Mayfair."
1911.

WEEDON GROSSMITH.
1905.

much misused term), and everybody liked him. He was at one time engaged on a statue of the Prince of Wales, who arranged to call at Mr. Wood's studio. Whether his Royal Highness expected a distinguished company to meet him, or whether Mr. Wood intended to receive his Royal Highness in such a way, I am unable to say, but the Prince arrived to find a "gentleman in possession" at the studio, and Mr. Wood's visitors' book that day must have shown quite unprecedented signatures.

Our friend started the Punch Bowl Club (he had always been inspired with the great idea of a real Bohemian Club) in Regent Street, and one met a variety of good fellows and plenty of clever entertainers. One of the foremost members was Mostyn Piggott, who was quite a leading light. Raven Hill was very popular also. Our club room was situated on the uppermost storey of a house of which the foundation must have been rather "dicky," for one evening it descended into another, and when we arrived, we found our room wrecked beyond recall. After this avalanche, he started new premises over a motor establishment leading out of Oxford Street. Here we had very spacious and very originally decorated rooms, which were hung with a great number of Indian trophies, for Wood was an Indian chief, and rejoiced in the title of *Rah—Rih—Wah—Casda of the Six Nations Indians*—an honour bestowed, I believe, only on two or three other Europeans, the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) and the Duke of Connaught being the foremost chiefs.

Sometimes he appeared dressed in his war paint, as an Indian chief, at the large meetings which he delighted in organizing, when he brewed the punch,

while other members, dressed in the character, gave their services as cook and waiters.

The club was run on somewhat similar lines to the Savage Club, and we addressed each other as "Brother So-and-So."

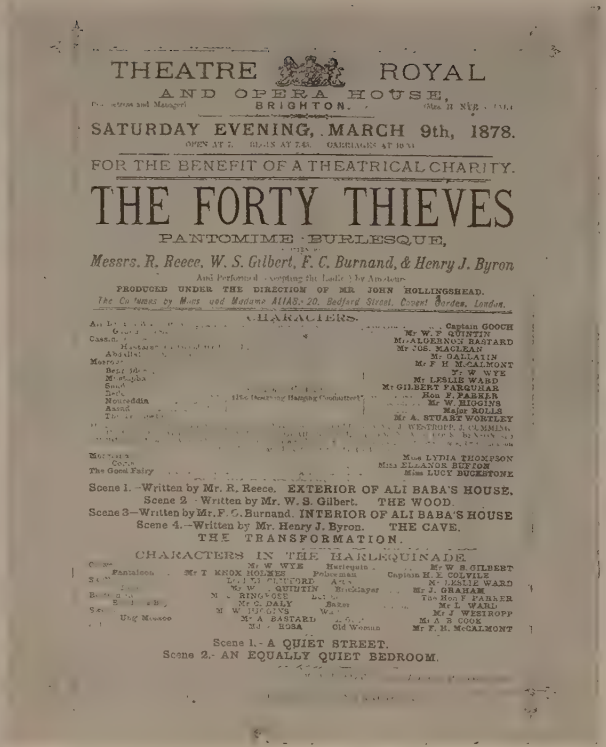
These dinners were very successful until Wood's health gave way, for they ended at a very late hour, and he never went home, preferring to sit up all night. After his death the club's popularity waned; the organizing personality that had previously supported it being absent, amusements fell through, but before the end we had some very pleasant evenings entertaining distinguished guests.

I was once persuaded to take the chair on the occasion of the visit of the Lord Chief Justice, and when, with every good intention, I rose to propose the usual toasts, to thank the Lord Chief Justice for his presence that evening, and to extol his good qualities, I almost forgot whether he was Lord Chief Justice or the Archbishop of Canterbury. However, I managed to struggle through, and with admirable promptitude the guest of the evening replied with real humour and relieved me of some part of my duty. At the end of the evening, Percy Wood came up to me and thanked me for so ably taking the chair, and when I apologized for what I considered my inability adequately to fill the post, he congratulated me, whereupon an artist who was standing by, said, "What! That a good speech! It was awful rot!"

It was a singular coincidence that on this and the following occasions when our guest was the Bishop of London, both men were total abstainers, while we indulged in our toasts from the punch bowl. I made a silhouette beforehand of the Bishop leaning forward

W. S. GILBERT AND MDLLE. ROSA.

ELEANOR BUFTON. LYDIA THOMPSON.



THEATRE ROYAL
AND OPERA HOUSE,
Proprietress and Manager BRIGHTON. Mrs. H. NYE [illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 9th, 1878.
OPEN AT 7. BEGIN AT 7.45. CARRIAGES AT 10.30

FOR THE BENEFIT OF A THEATRICAL CHARITY.

THE FORTY THIEVES

PANTOMIME BURLESQUE,

Messrs. R. Reece, W. S. Gilbert, F. C. Burnand, & Henry J. Byron

And Performed excepting the Ladies by Amateurs

PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

The Costumes by Mons and Madame ALIAS, 20, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London.

CHARACTERS.

Ali Baba's Wife	Captain GOOCH
Gaston	Mr W. F. QUINTIN
Cassim	Mr ALGERNON BASTARD
Hassarac	Mr JOS. MACLEAN
Abdallah	Mr GALLATIN
Morrow	Mr F. H. McCALMONT
Bengalee	Mr W. WYE
Mustapha	Mr LESLIE WARD
Saad	Mr GILBERT FARQUHAR
Sele	Hon F. PARKER
Mouseddin	Mr W. HIGGINS
Assad	Major ROLLS
The Cadi	Mr A. STUART WORTLEY
[illegible]	Mr J. WESTROPP, J. CUMMING
[illegible]	[illegible]
Morgiana	Miss LYDIA THOMPSON
Cora	Miss ELEANOR BUFTON
The Good Fairy	Miss LUCY BUCKSTONE

Scene 1.—Written by Mr. R. Reece. EXTERIOR OF ALI BABA'S HOUSE.
Scene 2.—Written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert. THE WOOD.
Scene 3—Written by Mr. F. C. Burnand. INTERIOR OF ALI BABA'S HOUSE
Scene 4.—Written by Mr. Henry J. Byron. THE CAVE.
THE TRANSFORMATION.

CHARACTERS IN THE HARLEQUINADE.

Cosmo	Mr W. WYE	Harlequin	Mr W. S. GILBERT
Pantaloon	Mr T. KNOX HOLMES	Policeman	Captain H. E. COLVILE
[illegible]	[illegible] CLIFFORD	Arlin	Mr LESLIE WARD
[illegible]	Mr W. QUINTIN	Bricklayer	Mr J. GRAHAM
[illegible]	Mr [illegible] RINGROSE	[illegible]	The Hon F. PARKER
[illegible]	Mr C. DALY	Baker	Mr L. WARD
[illegible]	Mr W. HIGGINS	Wa[illegible]	Mr J. WESTROPP
Ung Mosaco	Mr A. BASTARD	[illegible]	Mr A. B. COOK
[illegible]	Mdl. ROSA	Old Woman	Mr F. H. McCALMONT

Scene 1.—A QUIET STREET.
Scene 2.—AN EQUALLY QUIET BEDROOM.

TOM KNOX HOLMES.

Played first at the Gaiety Theatre where the profits, £600, were handed over by the Amateur Company to the General Theatrical Fund.

MYSELF. A. STUART WORTLEY.
J. MACLEAN.

as though to make a speech, which appeared on the menu.

Of the many well-known clubs I remember, I went to the Anglo-American Club, where I was invited to meet Oliver Wendell Holmes. At the time I was particularly requested to make a drawing of him for *Vanity Fair*. I was introduced to him, amongst others, and was particularly impressed by his kindly features; the first peculiarity my eye lit upon was the prominent eyebrows. Crowds of listening people surrounded him while he talked, and the opportunity of watching my subject unnoticed at such close quarters, was a splendid one, and from my observations I made one of the best caricatures that I have ever done from memory.

When I look back it gives me great pleasure to think of the jolly days and nights when, in March, 1878, many old friends met together for the purpose of rehearsing for the unique *Amateur Pantomime* given at the Gaiety Theatre and afterwards at Brighton. Edward Terry, Kate Vaughan, Nellie Farren, Amalia and Royce were then in their zenith, and John Hollingshead was manager of the Gaiety; and it was after this performance that we gathered for the night rehearsal.

The idea was originated by Archibald Stuart Wortley and William Yardley, and nothing could exceed their energy in promoting it. I won't say that such a thing had never been thought of before; as a similar entertainment by amateurs had taken place many years previously, in which Mr. Tom Knox Holmes had played the same part of pantaloon. I believe, however, that that performance was not carried out on the same scale.

Looking down the list of our theatrical company,

I am reminded sadly of the few members of it that remain, although, of the four authors who contributed to its success, it is gratifying to know that Sir Francis Burnand is hale and hearty.

It is interesting to recollect how conscientiously W. S. Gilbert learnt his steps as the harlequin, how marvellously old Knox Holmes (who was well over seventy) played the pantaloon, and what a perfect clown Yardley made. "Odger" Colvile (afterwards the unfortunate General Sir Henry Colvile) was marvellous in his leaps and bounds. All this was the result of real hard work, and these men in the harlequinade gave the whole of their mind to it as though it were a matter of life and death. I mustn't forget either in this act that Fred McCalmont, Lord de Clifford, and Algy Bastard equally distinguished themselves.

Perhaps it is because the harlequinade required more rehearsing than the pantomime burlesque itself (written by Reece, F. C. Burnand, H. J. Byron, and W. S. Gilbert) that I mention it first; but, of course, Captain Gooch, Quintin Twiss, Archie Stuart Wortley, I. Maclean, and those who took prominent parts, were as good in their different ways; in fact, some of them were already distinguished amateur actors. The dancing of Ashby Sterry and Johnny Giffard I shall never forget: it was too funny to be described.

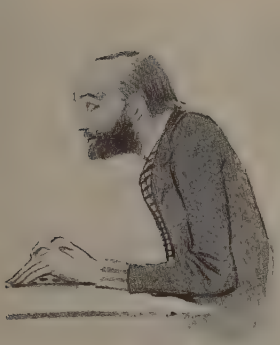
I delighted in the various characters selected for me to play, and when, as the "lightning artist," I drew Dizzy and Gladstone, I was overwhelmed with applause and boos that resounded in every part of the house from partisans of the two political leaders. So successful; in fact, was this item of the programme, that I received on the following day a

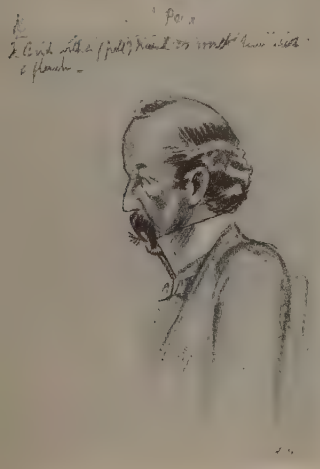
POKER PLAYERS AT THE FIELDING CLUB.

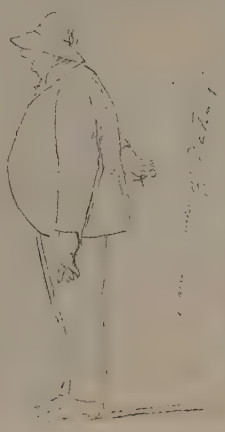
A bluff.
"JOHNNY" GIFFARD.

ALFRED THOMPSON.

3 *a.m.* "*This game bores me.*"
CORNEY GRAIN.







"TOM" BIRD.
A bird with a "full" hand is worth two with a flush.

CORNEY GRAIN AT DATCHET.

PELLEGRINI.
"*Can't play billiard to-night, my boy, I 'av lumbago. What you recommend to make the 'air grow?*'"

genuine offer from a well-known manageress to take a similar part professionally at her theatre (a fact that amused me greatly).

Much of my time was occupied before the curtain was raised in "making up" some of the "Forty Thieves" as prominent people of the day. For instance, Frank Parker's features adapted themselves to Gladstone's in a strikingly useful manner, and in consequence the "make up" was at once recognizable. "Willie" Higgins was Benson the convict, and so on.

At the end of the rehearsals many of us, being members of the Beefsteak Club, adjourned there, and it was not until the early morning that our party sought our respective beds. When I come to think of it, the majority of us were fairly young in those days, so we were all well able to stand the strain.

At one dress rehearsal, a scene representing a soldiers' encampment, where we were seated at mess, and a group of us dressed as officers ate a sham meal, I remember our enthusiasm was added to by the hospitality of an officer in the company who produced real champagne. Whether the effect lasted until another scene I could never quite remember, but "Odger" Colvile (our young Guardsman, who was very fond of theatricals, and had, I believe, a private theatre at his father's place) displayed wonderful agility in the harlequinade, where, as the policeman, he attacked the proverbial dummy, which at the rehearsal, owing to an oversight, was missing. Looking round in all the excitement of his enthusiasm in the part, he grew exasperated by the delay.

"Where the devil is the dummy?" he cried, and looking round desperately, his eye caught mine;

without any warning he was on me, caught me up, and for the next few minutes I saw every imaginable star out of the heavens, he belabouring me with all the ardour which he would have bestowed upon the dummy. He at last let me go, while roars of laughter went up from the others—I would have laughed if I had been able, but I never had such a time in my life, and was obliged to reserve my laughter until I could get my breath, when I laughed as heartily as the others.

The occasion of the Brighton performance was not the less amusing to us, as after it was all over the company met together at supper at the "Old Ship," which included several ladies from the Alhambra ballet, who came down to add to the stage effect.

The following morning (Sunday) "Hughie" Drummond, one of the "Forty Thieves" and a champion practical joker, got on to the balcony of the Queen's Hotel, from which he was able to reach the hands of the clock and deliberately altered the time from five minutes to eleven to a quarter past. This, of course scared the people going to church, and resulted in a general stampede.

While sitting next to Lord Houghton at dinner one evening at the Beefsteak Club, I watched him make a lengthy scrutiny of the menu, which made me anticipate a wonderful selection to come. He ordered a herring! When the fish came, he regarded it stealthily for some time and then suddenly picking it up by the tail shook it violently (ostensibly to remove the flesh) and while I carefully picked off the bits of herring that covered me, the absent-minded poet ate the fragments that had accidentally lodged upon his plate.

He used to take out his teeth at meal times, and,

growing accustomed to remove them, he became occasionally rather mixed in his discretion as to their removal. One day, on meeting a lady of his acquaintance, instead of taking off his hat, as he intended to do, he plucked out his teeth and waved them enthusiastically.

I remember the eccentric lord coming into the club one evening looking tired and hungry. Over the mantelpiece a white paper gleamed. It was a list of the Derby Lottery. Something stirred in his mind which was far away on other subjects bent, and reminded him that he was hungry. He scanned the Lottery list, anxiously rubbing his head as though he were apparently shampooing it. At last he was heard to murmur in dissatisfied tones, "Waiter, I don't see anything to eat there."

One couldn't help laughing at his funny ways, but he was a distinguished man after all and very kind.

CHAPTER IX

THE LAW

The Inspiration of the Courts.—Montague Williams.—Lefroy.—The De Goncourt case.—Irving.—Sir Frank Lockwood.—Dr. Lampson, the poisoner.—Mr. Justice Hawkins.—The Tichborne case.—Mr. Justice Mellor and Mr. Justice Lush.—The Druce case.—The Countess of Ossington.—The Duke's portrait.—My models.—The Adventuress.—The insolent omnibus conductor.—I win my case.—Sir George Lewis.—The late Lord Grimthorpe.—Sir Charles Hall.—Lord Halsbury.—Sir Alfred Cripps (now Lord Parmoor).—Sir Herbert Cozens-Hardy.—Lord Robert Cecil.—The late Sir Albert de Rutzen.—Mr. Charles Gill.—Sir Charles Matthews.—Lord Alverstone.—Mr. Birrell.—Mr. Plowden.—Mr. Marshall Hall.—Mr. H. C. Biron.

"The reason of the Law is . . . the law."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE Law Courts held more possibilities for me than most "hunting grounds," because I invariably found my subject without the difficulty of "stalking" him, and with the advantage of wig and gown to add to the individuality and relieve the conventionality of his unprofessional habiliments. Another advantage lay in the fact that when a barrister or a judge was conducting a case or presiding on the bench, a host of peculiarities and idiosyncrasies became evident, and I had the satisfaction of observing all unnoticed. In some cases the very fact of being "on the spot" refreshed my memory, for on one occasion I forgot the features of a certain judge, and felt I must have another glimpse to recall them before I could revive my inspiration. Oddly enough, I recollected him perfectly the moment

I set my foot upon the steps of the Law Courts, and, returning to my studio, I completed the drawing.

I found my friend Montague Williams (who perhaps defended more prisoners than any counsel of his day) an inestimable help when I wished to find an especial opportunity of watching any well-known criminal or legal character. Besides being a busy lawyer, he had a considerable personal knowledge of the men with whom, during the discharge of his duties, he had come in contact, and whom he regarded with more sympathy and kindness as to their possible reclamation than many men in his profession. He always found it necessary to believe fully in the innocence of the persons he was defending; and as he was naturally very excitable, he would work himself up to fever pitch, bringing tears to his own eyes as he described with pathos and righteous indignation the overwhelming injustice of the case against his client. His enthusiasm usually impressed the jury immensely. I recollect his saying once in an access of sentimental appeal: "Think, gentlemen—think of his poor mother!"

The Lefroy case was a curious and very unpleasant affair; probably my readers still remember the strange story of robbery and crime in a railway carriage, and the long and continually iterated innocence of the accused man whom my friend was defending. I went down (as I was curious to see the prisoner) to the Law Courts with Montague Williams one day. Lefroy's physiognomy was in itself almost enough to condemn him in my eyes—for his bad mouth, weak face, and chin that seemed to have altogether retreated, with the abnormal head with a very large back to it, all gave me an impression of latent criminalism. As I returned

with my legal friend in the cab I ventured to say as much to him.

"Good Lord, man," he said. "Look at yourself in the glass . . . if appearances went for anything you'd have been hanged long ago."

I had neglected to shave that morning, it is true; but in spite of my omission I felt a trifle overwhelmed by my friend's verdict, much as it amused me.

At the De Goncourt trial (one of my early recollections) I sat next to Irving. I was busily engaged in making a sketch of Benson, who had been brought into the witness box with his latest decoration of broad arrows, and I remember that Irving congratulated me upon my drawing. On another occasion I watched Frank Lockwood (as he was then) listening to a case as one of the general public, pencil in hand, ready to portray anything that struck him. The case before the court concerned an accident to a pedestrian (a Scotchman) who was summoning a carter or the company he represented, for damages. The carter accused the plaintiff of drunkenness on the occasion of the accident, when he alleged that the man was so drunk that he reeled up against the wheel of his cart. I was amused to see Mr. Lockwood make a quick sketch of a drunken highlander attired in a kilt reeling against a cart wheel, with a glimpse of the Strand in the background, and send it up to the judge.

In the case of Dr. Lampson, the poisoner, I passed notes to the prisoner who mistook me for Montague Williams' clerk. Williams had defended the man on a previous occasion, but this time the charge was a grave one, for the accused was said to have visited a young relative (who stood between him

and a sum of money), and given him poisoned cake which set up such violent symptoms that suspicion rested upon the doctor. The death of the boy, following shortly after, led to the arrest of Dr. Lampson, who was tried and found guilty.

One of the earliest cases I attended attracted great attention at the time, owing to the sensational evidence which embroiled Lord Ranelagh in a plot with a Mrs. Borradaile. This was due to the clever and unscrupulous plans of a Madame Rachel Leverson, who successfully obtained money in this way, and who was finally convicted of misdemeanour and obtaining money by false pretences. The case made a considerable furore, because during cross-examination the accused appeared to divulge the fact that the aforesaid lord had bribed her to let him look through the keyhole while her client underwent the process of being made beautiful. The whole affair turned out to be a fabrication.

One of my earliest caricatures for *Vanity Fair* was that of Mr. Justice Hawkins drawn from memory in 1873. He had the reputation then of being the most good-humoured in the Law Courts and the possessor of the hoarsest voice of any judge. He once said it was worth £500 a year to him. The last time I saw Lord Brampton (for he became eventually a law Lord) was after the opening of a Parliament, when the peers and peeresses were waiting for their carriages, and there was a tremendous downpour of rain. Standing with his peer's robes wound round and round his body, the famous judge made a most grotesque figure, in tight little trousers with his silk hat slightly on one side, an eye-glass in his eye, and a big umbrella over all. He resembled a resplendent hawk.

The Tichborne case gave Hawkins a chance to excel himself, and he proved to be on the winning side. I sketched most of the principal movers in this game of law, which was played round "the claimant," whom I recollect quite plainly as he sat at his table, which had a half circle cut into it for his unduly large stomach to fit in. Of his illiteracy (if poor spelling goes to prove it) I have a personal proof in a letter which ends,

"*beleive* me,

"Yours truly,

"A. C. TICHBORNE."

I once sat in the court, watching him, with pencil in hand ready to jot down upon my shirt cuff anything I especially noticed, when he caught my eye, called the usher, and spoke a few words to him. It was duly intimated that my presence was "extremely disturbing to the claimant."

The claimant's counsel, Dr. Edward Kenealy, Q.C. (and the one man on record who was supposed to have ruffled Hawkins's temper), was said to have believed in the claimant to the day of his death. Dr. Kenealy made his name in the Tichborne trial. He was, besides being a lawyer, a writer and poet (and an admirer of Disraeli) before the stupendous case arose to give him a field for his powers. I remember him as a little man with a wig that contrasted strangely with a sweep of beard and a firmly set mouth. When he rose to speak he placed one hand under his gown as though it might have been coat tails and used his right to point emphasis at his opponent.

Some years afterwards, when I was walking near Brighton, I was very much interested to see his tomb in a churchyard there, or rather a very elaborate

AUGUSTUS HELDER, M.P.
A Proprietor of the "Graphic."

1896.

MADAME RACHEL.
(Made ladies beautiful for ever?)
She loses her case and is imprisoned.

1865.

LORD RANELAGH.
Witness against
Madame Rachel.

BEAL, M.P.
Radical
1869.

FIRST LORD COWLEY.

BARNUM.
1888.
Sketched at
Victoria Hotel.

SIR H. COZENS HARDY
on board a cross-channel steamer.
1900.

THE VERY REV. THE
DEAN OF CHRISTCHURCH,
FRANCIS PAGET.
1894.

SIR RODERICK MURCHESON
coming from a levee.
1868.

monument that had been placed there by the late Guilford Onslow.

Mr. Justice Mellor and Mr. Justice Lush, both Judges in the Tichborne case, came under my pencil at the same period.

Justice Lush wore the oddest round wig with the suspicion of a dent on the top. He always reminded me of a champagne bottle, with this queerly shaped wig like a cork on his head, and his shoulders sloping down like a bottle. As a judge Mr. Lush attempted humour. *Vanity Fair* labelled him "a little Lush," because when he was told that the toast had been changed from "Women and Wine" to "Lush and Shea," he said, "A spell of sobriety will do the Bar no harm, and a little Lush may do the Bench some good."

Sir John Mellor was noted for his unwearied patience and extreme impartiality on the Bench. When I caught him, he sat sucking his little finger and listening carefully to the counsel for the claimant stating his case as he watched the Court from under his heavy-lidded eyes, over which his eyebrows slanted with sudden fine lines to his big nose, while his humorous mouth seemed ready for a wry smile.

A trial with which I was indirectly associated, and which aroused at the time a furore only to be equalled by the sensation created by the Tichborne case, was the Druce-Portland case. For the benefit of those readers who have forgotten the facts, I will give a slight outline of the extraordinary story.

The fifth Duke of Portland was a very eccentric old gentleman. He had several peculiarities that rendered the mystery surrounding him even more

involved, and his odd habits gave rise to the most extraordinary rumours.

The reluctance to show his face or to hear other people was sometimes alleged to have been the result of a fatal quarrel with a brother, and it was said that the Duke, after the affair, retired more completely from public life. He became more eccentric than ever; his servants were taught to play the piano to him. He resented any recognition by his servants and employees, and was accustomed to travel in a special carriage built for himself hung round with heavy curtains, in which he would travel to the station. The coachman had orders to come and go without scrutiny or inquiry, and frequently he was quite in the dark as to whether he conveyed his master or not. At the station the carriage was placed upon a special truck, and so the Duke travelled to town.

His hobby was building. Five hundred workmen were employed to build and excavate museums, libraries, and a ball-room under the lake, and all the plans and models were prepared by himself.

It is said that after making a fine collection of paintings, the Duke's further peculiarity led him to destroy in a huge bonfire several thousand pounds worth of them.

In his personal appearance he was remarkable for an excessively high hat, a strange ulster and trousers that were invariably tied round the ankles with string. He habitually wore a very old-fashioned wig, and never stirred out, wet or fine, without a great umbrella.

In 1880, the Duke, whose habits had grown more and more unaccountable, died, and immediately afterwards, his sister, the Countess of Ossington,

commissioned me to paint a life-sized portrait of him, and shortly afterwards Mr. Boehm was asked to model the bust. I therefore lost no time in having a cast of the head taken; a beautiful thing it was, showing how refined the features must have been in life.

Lady Ossington then gave her ideas of how she wished the portrait composed, and suggested that the Duke should be seated in his study with plans of buildings or of gardens that he might be designing, introduced as likely accessories, and, of all things, a sunset appearing in the background of which he would never tire. A considerable correspondence ensued between Lady Ossington and myself and her written descriptions helped me considerably.

"Viscountess Ossington presents her compliments to Mr. Leslie Ward," one of the letters ran, "and sends him an Inverness tweed cloak that used to be thrown lightly on when looking at plans before going out. . . ."

When all this was fully described, the valet paid me a visit and brought with him his late master's clothes, his hat, stick, and wig as well as the cape which was of characteristic cut, at the same time informing me that the frock coat was always rather loosely made.

My great difficulty was to procure a suitable model to sit for the clothes. At last I got the address of one, an old man from Drury Lane, who, I learnt, had been a super. He called upon me in answer to my letter, and I instructed him to come to my studio, showing him the clothes he would have to wear. As it so happened, he came long before his time, and was shown into the studio. He had evidently dressed himself up ready for me, but very

carelessly, in the late Duke's early Victorian frock coat suit. When I arrived, there was this elderly gentleman seated on the throne with his own clothes on the floor. On approaching him I found him to be fast asleep and snoring. Being naturally disgusted and annoyed I ordered him quickly to change and be off. He wore a silly smile and with the Duke's wig on all awry he fumbled away at his coat tails. He was trying to explain to me that his change in coppers were in the coat. He could not have been sober on his arrival, but when giving me to understand that he had only been round (in this costume) to have a glass "at the pub," I confess it inwardly amused me.

I was now obliged to procure the services of another model, and this time a *real gentleman* turned up. He was also elderly, and not prepossessing in appearance, but nevertheless bore the traces of better breeding than the Drury Lane super. He had a ponderous and high-bridged nose of a purple hue which contrasted with his saffron face, and his eyes were tearful with evident sorrows of the past.

When he had changed his rusty suit and knee-bagged etceteras for a spruce frock coat and equally dapper trousers, he sat in the gold-backed chair with the air of a duke while I prepared my palette.

As I commenced to paint, he began to talk and to relate his experiences in the past. He had, according to his story, started life as an officer in a cavalry regiment, and the love of gambling became so irresistible that he lost fortunes. Now, he said, he was determined to make amends for his folly in the past, and by the aid of his sympathisers he knew he could redeem that social position which he formerly held. That he must have decent clothes

to start with, went without saying, and those who heard his story, he was convinced, would help him to procure them—of that he was sure. Had I any to spare ? (Of course I saw what he was leading up to), and so the talk went on in this maudlin way till he had to be pulled up, and I had to remind him what he was in my studio for.

Possibly there was some foundation for his story, for that he had received a decent education there was little doubt.

Some time after he finished these sittings, he turned up again with a young woman whom he introduced to me as his wife. She was anxious to become a model too, but I fear by this time he was in little request. It occurred to me that he must have related to her some very plausible stories before they could have entered into matrimony.

Then, one morning, upon taking up the paper, I read a thrilling story of how an artist's model had so cruelly treated his wife that she died in consequence. It was a charge of manslaughter. This was the very man, but although in his drunken moments he had behaved as a brute-beast, evidence went to show that when sober no one could have treated her with more consideration and affection, so he got off with imprisonment, but died in gaol (it was said of remorse) shortly afterwards.

Before quite completing the face, and as I had been told of the extraordinary likeness that existed between the Duke and his sister, it occurred to me that a few touches from Lady Ossington herself would enable me to improve the portrait. I therefore, with some difficulty, persuaded her to give me a sitting which really proved useful. Anyhow, I received the kindest letter from her expressing her

thanks for the satisfactory way in which I had completed my work, and this naturally pleased me, for it was no easy task.

Very shortly after, she wrote again, saying that although it was her intention to leave the portrait to the present Duke to be permanently hung in the Gallery at Welbeck, it had been arranged that it should be temporarily lent for the approaching visit of the Prince of Wales. In consequence of her anxiety for its safe delivery, I undertook to take it down myself, and Lady Bolsover, who was there at the time, invited me to stay the day. I was fortunate in finding among her guests a lady whom I knew, who kindly showed me over the place, and thereby satisfied my curiosity, especially when we came to the underground passages of which I had heard so much. I must say that after Mr. Henry Savile (his neighbour at Rufford) had related stories to me about the Duke, the mystery existing in my mind was somewhat dispelled concerning him. No doubt he was eccentric, but so much must have been human in him that his interesting personality predominated. Although he took little nourishment he seemed to have worked hard both physically and mentally, and to have possessed tastes of a high order.

Mr. Savile would often see him with his trousers tied with tape, much like the workmen on his estate, not only directing them in their work, but like one of themselves using the spade, although they were forbidden to recognize him by either touching or raising their caps.

Ages after the picture had passed out of my mind, I happened to be dining with friends, when I was introduced to an American lawyer. He was

full of stories, as might be expected, and he told us one (of an extravagant order) which he said would lead to a very big case in the Courts of Law in which he himself would appear. The story was too impossible to believe; in fact, I was rude enough to tell him so.

When the case came into Court I was astonished (as were many others) to read the (to me) incredible story of the claim of a Mrs. Druce, who announced that the late Thomas Charles Druce, an upholsterer of Baker Street, had been none other than the late Duke. T. C. Druce was reported to have died at Holcombe House, and it was alleged that he had never been buried at Highgate Cemetery; also, according to report, the servants at Holcombe House had stripped lead off the roof to weight the coffin, to indicate that there was a body inside.

Other evidence was produced to show that Druce was alive several years after his reported death; curious coincidences pointing to a similarity of habits between Druce and the late Duke were sworn to by many witnesses.

The employees at Druce's Baker Street Bazaar said that Druce would never appear when an aristocratic or Royal patron asked for him, and also that, like the Duke, he disappeared for considerable periods, and was known to enter his office from an underground passage leading from Harcourt House. Other significant peculiarities were mentioned—such as Druce's habit of tying his trousers with string round the ankle, the high hat and the old-fashioned wig; and photographs of the Duke and Druce were published in the papers. But I became extremely interested in the case when a point arose as to the date of the Duke's alleged marriage with a Miss

Crickmer; it was stated to have occurred in the year 1816 (at this date he was only sixteen and a half years old), and this question was met with a reproduction of my full-length portrait of the Duke, which was stated beyond doubt to have been painted during the period of the Duke's residence at Bury, when he was Lord Tichfield. I regretted that I was not in Court and able to contradict this extraordinary statement; but I felt assured that the Druce claim would prove to be without foundation, and was not surprised to hear eventually that the case had been quashed by the opening of the Druce vault, where the presence of the body put an end to the allegations of the Druce family.

An extraordinary incident which happened with alarming suddenness, and which nearly brought me into unpleasant contact with the law, occurred one night when I was coming home from my club. I usually preferred to walk, for the exercise was beneficial to me after a hard day's work. It was not conspicuously late, and I was walking along lost in thought when a girl whom I knew as one of my models approached me and said rather breathlessly, "There's a woman and two men following you; they're dangerous characters, I feel sure—do take a cab—please!"

I was about to expostulate as this interruption was rather in the nature of a surprise, but before I could speak, she begged me excitedly to "Take a cab," and as a hansom was passing, hailed it and began to bundle me in.

"Really," I began, "why all this excitement? What is the matter?"

At that moment a big woman who looked rather like the adventuress in a Melville melodrama, as

far as I could see (she was heavily veiled), came up and addressed some very insulting remarks to the little model.

"Oh, good heavens!" I said, and got into the cab. The girl jumped in quickly and called at the same time to the driver to hurry.

"What is all this?" I said in the cab as I saw her looking anxiously out of the window.

"Let's go another way—she's following us," replied the girl, who appeared to be shaking with fear.

"Oh," I said, "never mind. Let's drive quickly."

The other cab was following, and I wondered what I was "in for," when we drew up at my studio —the girl appeared to be so terrified that I gave her my key and told her to go in while I prepared to settle matters. As I alighted, I saw two rough-looking men getting off the back of the other cab. They looked such thorough blackguards that it occurred to me the girl's fears were not without grounds.

Before I could pay the cabby, the woman alighted and started to abuse me, while the bullies lurked behind.

Catching sight of a policeman sauntering up the road, I called to him to rid me of my unpleasant companions, but at his approach the woman changed her tune to a sort of snivelling self-righteousness, and said to the constable:—

"This man's my husband, I've just caught him in the very act of going off with another woman, he has deserted me cruelly."

The man looked from my face to hers in immediate understanding, and said in conciliatory tones, which betrayed a strong Lancashire accent.

"Why doant ye go 'ome with yer wife?"

"You ass. She's no more my wife than you are," I said hotly—for I was furious.

"I have the marriage certificate," broke in the woman with a well-simulated sob.

"Look 'ere," remonstrated the policeman. "Come naow," and he tried to force me into her cab.

This was too much for me.

"Look here," I said angrily. "We'll end this farce. I'm going to the police station, and you shall come with me."

So we drove off in our respective cabs, by now the two men had disappeared. At the police station, the woman still kept up her foolish acting; after hearing my case, the inspector cross-questioned her. "What name?" She thoughtlessly gave her own, not knowing mine, and once again referred theatrically to the marriage certificate.

An expression of dawning remembrance passed over the inspector's face, and after opening another book, he turned the pages until pausing, he read quietly for a moment.

"Yes, I have it," he said. "You were imprisoned for violent assault, fined, and were only released yesterday. You had better go about your business."

The woman did not appear disturbed or nonplussed when she knew her identity was exposed, but still dogged my footsteps. After my experience of the evening, I refused to go home without a police escort, and all the way my strange adventuress followed us, still abusive, until at last, on nearing my studio, she disappeared. I found my door open as the little model had left it when she had evidently fled in her fear to her home.

I often wonder what object the woman and her two attendant blackguards had in pursuing me. I

am glad to think I escaped with a whole skin from an incomprehensible adventure.

Another episode which resulted in my actually appearing in the courts, this time not as a spectator, but as the plaintiff in a case which I brought against an omnibus company, occurred some time back.

I happened to be returning from Queen Anne's Gate, where I had spent a busy morning's work upon a portrait, and I was due at my studio to meet another sitter. Having very little time to spare, I partook of a hasty cup of coffee and some light refreshment in lieu of lunch, and hastily jumped on to an omnibus going in the direction of Chelsea. After a brief interval a lady sitting in front turned round to me as we were passing Ebury Bridge and said, "Would you kindly ask the conductor for me if he will give me my change. I've spoken to him several times and without effect."

"Certainly," I replied, and called to the conductor.

"What do yer want?" he answered tersely, without turning his head.

"I want you to give this lady her change as she is getting down almost immediately and says she has already asked you for it."

"*You've* got her change," he replied to my astonishment. "I must have given it to you by mistake."

Finding that I only had the sum of twopence halfpenny in my pocket, a penny of which I was holding in readiness for my fare, I was not deceived by this convenient way of shifting the responsibility of fivepence on to my shoulders. But as his manners were so insolent to the lady and to

myself, I was determined to ascertain the man's number. Of course he refused to give it me, and covered the badge with his coat. My destination was coming nearer every moment, and in spite of my having such little time to spare, I descended from the top of the omnibus to the footboard, and the man's insolence increased when he realized my resolve to proceed a little further until I gained my point. I was considerably hampered with a parcel containing a drawing-board in one hand and an umbrella in the other, but I tried to tug at the strap which held the badge, at which the conductor turned round suddenly and said :—

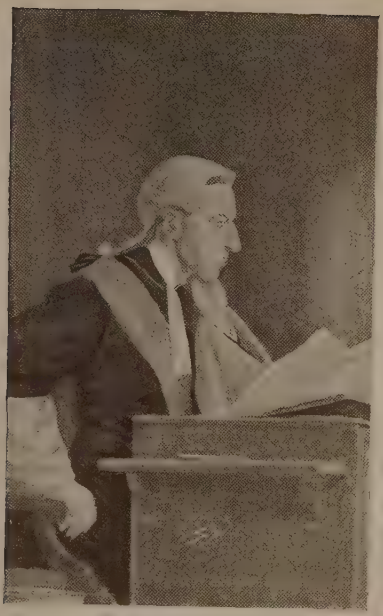
"No, you don't," and taking advantage of my having no available hand to protect myself, pushed me off the omnibus.

I fell heavily on to the kerb, and in consequence hurt my arm considerably. At the same moment a tradesman who knew me rushed to my rescue and excitedly said :—

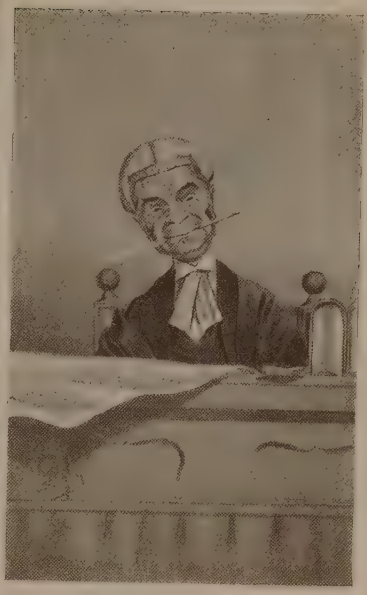
"I'll take your parcel . . . you can rely upon me . . . you know me, sir . . . lose no time . . . you catch 'em."

I got on my feet with some difficulty and attempted to pursue the omnibus, but the conductor was pulling his bell violently and urging the driver to hurry. Finding it impossible to overtake them, I hailed a passing hansom and persuaded a policeman, who, for a wonder, happened to be near, to accompany me. We drove quickly, catching up the omnibus at its stopping place—Chelsea Town Hall —where we got down. The policeman, taking the case in hand, produced the usual note book, and proceeded to take the man's name and number (which had been the "*casus belli*"). When asked

LORD COLERIDGE.
1870.



MR JUSTICE COZENS HARDY.
1893.



H. C. BIRON.
1907.

E. S. FORDHAM.
1908.

to state the case, the conductor said in unguarded tones :—

" The man's drunk, and he's got my money ! "

I presented my case to the magistrate at the Westminster Police Court then and there, and shortly afterwards the conductor was summoned to appear ; but the solicitor who represented the Omnibus Company asked for time to call witnesses, so the case was postponed for a week.

When the second hearing came on, and I had as my counsel, Mr. H. C. Biron (now the police magistrate),—by the way one of my three witnesses was the late Sir Evans Gordon,—I was much amused by the witnesses appearing against me. There was the driver of an omnibus which had been immediately behind the one I was thrown from, who said he had a full view of the whole incident. Under cross-examination he gave his version of the affair.

" That man," pointing to me, " got off the 'bus by 'imself—nobody touched 'im . . . I saw 'im."

" What else did you see ? " asked Mr. Curtis Bennett.

" Well . . . I saw 'im tumble down."

" How would you describe this gentleman—was he carrying anything, for instance ? "

" No," replied the man, " but 'e 'ad 'arf a cigar."

" Funny that you should have observed half a cigar and not a large parcel ! " remarked Mr. Bennett. " Can you describe him further ? "

" Well, 'e 'ad a coat on and 'e 'ad long 'air."

Mr. Bennett smiled. " The gentleman in question is in court now—you'd better look at him—I don't think we could accuse him of long hair—you may stand down."

As I returned home that evening I heard the

newsboys shouting something almost unintelligible, and caught a momentary glimpse of a poster bearing the words "Victory for ——" Having a distinct curiosity to see who the Derby winner might be, I bought a paper and saw the poster "Victory for 'Spy,'" "'Spy' and the Conductor," "Result," and so on, both of which amused me immensely, as I had not imagined for one moment that the case would be brought into such undue publicity.

For some time after the affair of the omnibus, I was a considerable sufferer from my arm, and was under a doctor, whose fees I could probably have demanded in compensation from the company. I did not wish, however, to pursue the matter further, since I had only brought the action in the interests of others besides myself. The appeal failed; and the conductor had to pay £5.

Although I have caricatured a very large number of men at the bar and on the bench, I have not a proportionate number of personal anecdotes to tell of my subjects, for as I have stated, they were chiefly the result of studies from memory. As a result of my observations during criminal cases I have witnessed, I drew Sir Henry Poland, Montague Williams, Serjeant Parry (who was a great friend of Dr. Doran's and my father's), and Sir Douglas Straight (who became an Indian Judge). I was present not only at the farewell dinner given in his honour on that occasion, but also at that given him on his retirement from the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In those days his great intimacy with Montague Williams (whom he frequently opposed in Court) gave them the nickname of "the Twins." After his return from the East, Sir Douglas was made editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a post he held until a few years ago.

He was an able man and a good editor. His cartoon appeared previous to his becoming a judge.

Sir George Lewis never got over his, which was the outcome of a study during the Bravo trial; and even when he was nearly eighty he admitted as much to me.

A strikingly unconventional looking man was the late Lord Grimthorpe, who came under my observation in '89; he wore a swallow tail coat, and never carried a stick or an umbrella. He had somewhat the appearance of a verger, although his was a strong, determined face. He was great in church matters, and seemed never happier than when putting up the backs of the Bishops during a debate in the Lords.

Sir James Ingham I studied, like most of my legal subjects, from memory, but to make variety from the other magistrates, I caught him in the adjoining yard and produced him in the act of deliberating in a case of cruelty to a horse.

Sir Thomas Chambers, Recorder of London, was a favourite subject (among the early cartoons), and one of my funniest caricatures. He was a delightful kind of gentleman, but owing to a chronic affection of his eyes, always carried his handkerchief in his hand to wipe away a tear, looking all the while as though he had lost his best friend.

Sir Charles Hall, who followed Sir Thomas as Recorder of London, was a great social success, and a favourite in Royal circles. He was as popular at the Garrick Club as he was in country houses. I met him first at Glen Tanar while on a visit to Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, where I shot my first stag. He was an exceptionally fine rifle shot, and "brought down" many there.

Lord Halsbury, a late Lord Chancellor, was another subject for whom I have the greatest admiration, and he is one of the very remarkable men of the day. His eye is as bright and his brain as clear as it ever was.

Sir Alfred Cripps (now Lord Parmoor), was very amusing to study and to draw, and my sketches of him fill a book. I believe he is in himself quite as fascinating a person as his varying expressions in Court led me to find him.

Sir Herbert Cozens-Hardy, Master of the Rolls, is another characteristic subject. Three times I have done him in various capacities for *Vanity Fair*.

Lord Robert Cecil I caught as he walked up and down Whitehall in wig and gown, during the South African case upon which he was at the time engaged.

Some of the judges were very tolerant of an artist taking liberties with their idiosyncrasies. The late Sir Albert de Rutzen, the Bow Street magistrate, was an exception. He was most strict, and always had a keen eye for any one whom he suspected of sketching in Court.

During the Crippen trial, a lady who sat next to me, a personal friend of Sir Albert's, warned me to be very careful not to let him discover my object in coming to the court or to appear to be watching him for the purpose of caricaturing him. As I was very intent upon obtaining a nearer glimpse of him, I sent a letter of introduction to Sir Albert and asked him if he could give me a few minutes to take a note of his features. As he was very busy at that time he suggested I might return another day about lunch time, when he would give me the time I required. Perhaps he was rather forgetful, for when

CHARLES WILLIAMS-WYNN, M.P.
1879.

SIR JAMES INGHAM.
1886.

LORD VIVIAN (HOOK AND EYE).
1876.

I arrived at his rooms at the hour appointed I was told Sir Albert could not possibly see me. But this disappointment did not deter me from carrying out my object, and in due time the cartoon appeared in *Vanity Fair*.

To go through the list, and to mention all the caricatures and drawings I have made, would take so long that I can only mention a few of the present-day barristers and legal celebrities, some of whom I number amongst my friends.

Charles Gill, the famous K.C., whom I have known for years, I drew in '91. He is Recorder of Chichester, and a brilliant barrister with a cheerful and wholesome countenance. He now lives the life of a country squire when he can find time to do so.

Sir Charles Mathews, whom I also number amongst my old friends, is one of the kindest-hearted men I know, in spite of the fact that he could, if it was necessary in Court, make the most cutting observations in the least unpleasant way. He was, by the way, the bosom friend of the late Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, and is the Public Prosecutor.

When I made a drawing of Mr. Birrell, I was much amused by his telling me that Mrs. Birrell was particularly pleased with the portrait, because it would be a continual reminder to him to pin his tie down, which I had depicted in its usual place, somewhere above his collar.

I observed Mr. Plowden (who was not exactly an advocate of Woman Suffrage) at a dinner held by one of the Women's Societies, where I sat opposite to him, and was much amused to watch his face as a speaker alluded to magistrates in a manner that can hardly be termed polite. As Mr. Plowden was a man

of humour, the reference evidently appealed to him, if one might judge from his expression.

Lord Alverstone I met in a similar way as the guest of the evening at the Punch Bowl Club, when I had the honour of being in the chair and the pleasure of hearing the Lord Chief Justice sing the Judge's Song from "Trial by Jury." It is noteworthy that he was a teetotaller and a great Churchman. He was always willing to preside or give his patronage to any occasion when he could aid athleticism in any shape or form, for he had been a great athlete and runner in his day.

The present Lord Chief Justice, Lord Reading, (Sir Rufus Isaacs) is one of the most delightful men I have ever met. He is, as everybody knows, a great worker, and I remember he told me that, after his strenuous sittings, he went away for three months' holiday every year, and during that time, nothing, not even the lawyer's brief, could induce him to remember that he was a K.C., or lure him away from his well-earned rest. He thoroughly believed that only by this method of holiday-making was he enabled to work as hard as he did at other times.

Mr. Marshall Hall (to whom I am related by marriage) is one of the most versatile of my legal subjects, for besides being a K.C. and a late member of Parliament, he has the advantage of being a fine shot, a good golfer, a clever mimic, and a wonderful judge of precious stones, of old silver and of *objets d'art* generally—of which he has a very exceptional collection. As a *raconteur* he is unsurpassed, and in consequence most amusing company.

My friend, Mr. H. C. Biron, the magistrate, who is also a lover of art and a delightful host, is still a

SIR ALBERT DE RUTZEN.
1909.

MR PLOWDEN.
From an unpublished sketch.
1910.

bachelor, and lives in a gem of a house in Montpelier Square, where my drawing of him is placed on the walls. As the son of an eminent "beak," he was born into the very atmosphere of the law, and the Starchfield case was perhaps the most sensational that has as yet come before him.

Nor must I forget to mention the very popular K.C. member for Cambridge, Mr. F. P. Rawlinson.

CHAPTER X

THE CHURCH AND THE VARSITIES—PARSONS OF MANY CREEDS AND DENOMINATIONS

Dean Wellesley.—Dr. James Sewell.—Canon Ainger.—Lord Torrington.—Dr. Goodford.—Dr. Welldon.—Dr. Walker.—The Van Beers' Supper.—The Bishop of Lichfield.—Rev. R. J. Campbell.—Cardinal Vaughan.—Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury.—Dr. Armitage Robinson.—Varsity athletes.—Etherington-Smith.—John Loraine Baldwin.—Ranjitsinhji.—Mr. Muttlebury.—Mr. Rudy Lehmann.

Parsons of different creeds and denominations have been represented in *Vanity Fair* from time to time—Anglicans, Romans, Wesleyans, Congregationalists and others. My method with a clerical subject is to go to his church and watch him in the pulpit, but it is not always easy to catch a Bishop, because he has not, so to speak, a home of his own. I remember making an excursion to St. Botolph's to study the Bishop of Kensington, only to find he was not preaching there that day but at St. George's, Camden Hill. Back west I went and after the sermon I waited outside the vestry door. Presently the Bishop came out, bag in hand, and walked down the hill. I hastened on ahead with the intention of doubling back and securing a good near view, but he turned into the Tube Station. I followed and secured a seat opposite him, and made the mental notes which resulted in the cartoon which was published very shortly afterwards in *Vanity Fair.*

Now and again I have been put to considerable trouble in stalking my man. I remember particularly well the peculiar circumstances under which I studied Dean Wellesley of Windsor, who was rather an eccentric looking old gentleman. I was staying at Windsor, in the Winchester Tower, with some friends who were officially connected with the Castle, and I learned that my best chance of seeing the Dean would be in the early morning when he was in the habit of taking a constitutional around the Round Tower about 7.30 a.m. I welcomed the opportunity, rose early and went out. The Dean was already on the scene pacing to and fro in the snow, supporting himself by an umbrella in one hand and a walking-stick in the other. I did not follow him in an obtrusive manner, but after pacing round two or three times, I must have attracted his attention, for I feel sure he had never seen any other individual taking such an odd constitutional at that hour. But of course he could not suspect my object. As he walked, I looked at him carefully, and especially observed his hat which, I had been informed, would be turned down according to the direction of the wind. On this occasion, it was turned up in front, although I am sure that in walking round the Tower he must have been kept busy on such a cold and windy morning. In due time the caricature (which I always regard as one of my best) was published. Through the medium of my father, who was a very old friend of the Dean, I heard that he was very annoyed at the caricature.

Some time after, I was walking with my father in the High Street at Windsor when we met *the Dean!*

"Let me introduce my son," said my father.

"He is the culprit and is responsible for your caricature in *Vanity Fair*."

"Oh indeed," said the Dean. "I'm very pleased to make his acquaintance—but I shouldn't have been, had any one recognized the caricature as myself!"

An amusing sequel occurred a few days later when my mother met Mrs. Wellesley, who told her that, thanks to the cartoon, the Dean had at last discarded the awful hat she had been vainly trying to get rid of for a quarter of a century.

I had another early morning experience in pursuit of Dr. James Sewell (Warden of New College, Oxford). I followed him into the college chapel and sat near his stall, but I felt I had not sufficiently impressed his features upon my memory to make a perfectly satisfactory caricature, so I inquired into his customs in hope of finding him again. I discovered that he also was in the habit of taking an early morning walk, and at 8.30 the next day I awaited him at a suitable distance from his door. After getting tired of waiting what seemed a very long time, I knocked at his door and asked the servant if Dr. Sewell was in.

"No," he replied; "the Doctor started a *long* time ago, but he went out by the other door this morning."

I felt rather sold, but determined to keep my vigil at an earlier hour the next morning. Accordingly I watched again, and this time saw him come out in all the glory of his beautiful white collar and cravat (which had earned him the nickname of "The Shirt"), and a red handkerchief, as usual, hanging from the pocket of his coat tail. I "stalked" him discreetly, and with success. After

a final glimpse of him, walking down one of the paths of the gardens of Oxford, I hurried home to make a note of my observations.

During my frequent visits there, I usually stayed at "The Mitre," for I liked the old place. The staircase was crooked with age and the bedroom floors extremely uneven. On the occasion of one of my sojourns in that charming town, I recollected with considerable pleasure a standing invitation from Sir John Stainer, who had invited me, in the event of my coming to Oxford, to dine with him and taste some exceptionally fine old port that had been bequeathed him. I dined with Sir John and tasted the port, and enjoyed a very pleasant evening. Returning to "The Mitre" I went into the coffee-room before retiring, and as I was feeling very fit and in excellent spirits, I entered into conversation with other occupants of the room, one of whom dared me to place a very ripe cheese that was standing on the table in the crown of somebody's silk hat. Being under the impression that it was the hat of my quondam acquaintance, I promptly plunged the cheese into it. After some joking repartee, I retired to bed but could not help noticing how much more crooked the staircase seemed than usual and how the ceiling appeared to be falling. In my bedroom the floor was like the waves of the sea, and I experienced considerable difficulty in reaching land, but after the utmost perseverance I arrived at the bed, where, holding on to the post to ensure my safety, I fell into a perfect sleep. Imagine my surprise when the next morning I found myself lying on the floor fully dressed, with one arm firmly encircling the bed-post. Pulling myself together I realized that it was eleven

o'clock, and that I felt in excellent form and ready to face anything the day might bring, since the effects of the old port had worn off. At breakfast the excellence of my appetite was somewhat marred by a paper with which the waiter presented me, which, on opening, I found to be a bill from Foster's for a new silk hat. My acquaintance of the night before had disappeared, and a total stranger to me proved to be the owner of the damaged hat.

The same day I had the good fortune to meet one of my favourite subjects, namely, Canon Ainger, at Dr. Warren's (the President of Magdalen), where I was invited to lunch. I had depicted the famous preacher in the pulpit after paying many visits to the Temple Church, where I had divided my attention between his fine sermons and his interesting personality. He quite entered into the spirit of my caricature and congratulated me upon it.

About the period when a number of distinguished professors and schoolmasters had appeared in *Vanity Fair*, I happened to be on a visit to my people at Windsor, when I met Lord Torrington (a very courtly old gentleman of the old school), who was calling on them. Formerly he had been Lord of the Bedchamber to William IV. and Governor of Ceylon, also a Lord in Waiting to the Queen, and had been selected to escort the Prince Consort to England.

In the course of conversation my caricatures were referred to, and Lord Torrington remarked to me, in fun, "You've had such a lot of schoolmasters and professors in your paper. I do not think they're particularly interesting. How should I do for a change?"

I privately decided that the suggestion was an

1892.
CANON AINGER (MASTER OF THE TEMPLE).

16TH MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.
"*Cap of Maintenance.*"
(*Premier Marquis.*)

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.
1909.

excellent one, and as it had not yet occurred to me in those days to ask my subject to sit to me, I lost no time in observing him as he talked and made a mental note of every trait and peculiarity. After his departure I immediately made a caricature and sent it off to *Vanity Fair*.

The next time Lord Torrington came to Windsor he failed to make his customary call upon my mother, who met him some time afterwards in the neighbourhood.

"How is it, Lord Torrington," she asked after the usual polite formalities, "that you have not been to see me?"

"Because, Mrs. Ward," he replied in deeply offended tones, "I shouldn't be responsible for my actions if your son were in the house."

"Then," said my mother, reassuringly, "I'll take good care if he is there next time, that he shall be locked in his room!"

To which he replied, "Even that assurance does not satisfy me!" And true to his word, he never called again.

I have always considered one of my best early caricatures to be that of the Rev. Dr. Goodford, Provost of Eton, whom I stalked in the High Street. I had remembered him, of course, when a small boy at Eton as Headmaster. When he saw the caricature he protested rather indignantly against my having depicted him with his umbrella over his shoulder—on the grounds that it was not his habit to walk in this way. A short time after the publication of the cartoon he was passing down the High Street with his wife when his reflection caught his eye in Ingleton Drake's shop-window, and he stopped suddenly to gaze in astonishment at what he saw

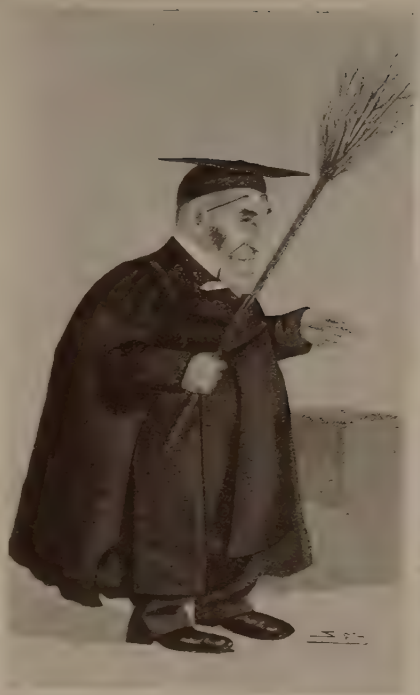
therein. Running after Mrs. Goodford, who had walked on oblivious of his distraction, he exclaimed, "My dear . . . . 'Spy' was quite right after all—I do walk with my umbrella over my shoulder."

In later days when caricatures made way for characteristic portraiture I frequently met, for the first time, men whom I had "stalked" in earlier days. On one occasion I called upon a dignitary of the Church who had arranged to give me sittings. As I commenced to work he gave his opinions upon artists of the day, and he referred to a caricature of himself that had appeared in *Vanity Fair*.

"I can't think who did it," he said distastefully, "but it was a horrid thing. I'll show it to you."

Calling his secretary, he asked that the offending drawing should be found. The search, however, proved unsuccessful, at which fact I need not say that I was greatly relieved. I suggested to the reverend gentleman that I would rather he did *not* discover it at all! "But why?" said he. "It is the best I ever saw." It had been intended for a caricature, and the Bishop's friends had been unanimous in proclaiming it to be in every way typical, and not over-caricatured.

Some of my subjects had fixed ideas as to their own characteristics. I remember I was bent on doing Dr. Welldon, then Headmaster of Harrow, in profile, but he suddenly wheeled round on his heel and remarked, as if in explanation, "I always look my boys straight in the face." I endeavoured to persuade him to return to his former position. "You must imagine your boys over there," I



REV. J. L. JOYNES
Assistant Master, Eton.
1887.

DR WARRE CORNISH
Vice-Provost of Eton.
1901.

DR GOODFORD
(*Provost of Eton.*
1876.

explained, pointing to a distant spot on a far horizon, and the plan worked well.

I took the opportunity of informing him that I sketched him in 1874, whilst studying the game of football at "the wall" at Eton, for a full-page drawing which the *Graphic* had commissioned me to execute. Mr. Frank Tarver refreshed my memory on all the points to enable me to be accurate, and afterwards at his request the team posed and Welldon was one of the group. Mr. Frank Tarver also wrote the letterpress which accompanied the picture.

While Dr. Walker, Headmaster of St. Paul's, was posing to me in cap and gown, he puffed a huge cigar, and I asked him if he smoked when he was interviewing his boys.

"Oh yes," he replied, "not in class of course, but always in my study, even when the boys are there. I smoke when the boys happen to come in; as you see, a good big one, too!'

For many years, most of my time was employed either in making portraits, stalking a possible caricature, or travelling to the most likely or unlikely places to pursue a "wanted" subject for *Vanity Fair*. My work greatly extended my list of acquaintances, and often I found business and pleasure strangely bound together in one's daily life and occupation, and sometimes a little incongruously.

On one occasion I was due to stay with my old friends Mr. and Mrs. George Fox (now Mrs. Dashwood) in order to study the Bishop of Lichfield with a view to making a drawing of him. The night before I was the guest at the never-to-be-forgotten supper given in honour of Jan Van Beers, the Belgian

artist, an exhibition of whose remarkable work at one of the Bond Street galleries was just then arousing great interest. Van Beers was a delightful man and a clever artist, but although he could originate and portray the most extraordinary ideas, it is not by the weird and eccentric creations, but by his light and humorous work, that he is still remembered. When I was talking of him with Sir Alma Tadema, he remarked that it was a pity such unusual talent should be thrown away on such frivolous and unworthy subjects.

The suggestion of the supper came in the first place, from Sir John Aird, a patron of Van Beers'; and, as Sir John wished it to be a unique entertainment, he felt he could not do better than leave its arrangement to the originality of Van Beers himself.

Van Beers called on me some little time before the date, and asked me if I could collect a number of both my own and Pellegrini's caricatures, including those of several of the expected guests, so that slides might be made from them to throw upon a sheet with the aid of a lantern; and, after some difficulty, I found the right people to do the work.

The supper from beginning to end was proved to be a gigantic surprise. As the midnight hour struck, the very representative gathering, very hungry and expectant, sat down at the long and charming decorated tables. Everywhere the eye rested on the most dazzling arrangements. Exquisite lights illuminated the room, charmingly assorted glass-flowers diffusing the electricity, which at that period was a decided novelty and only just becoming popular. Our sense of expectancy was titillated to the uttermost by the alternating lights thrown

upon the scene from different angles, and the soup, which seemed somewhat tardy in making its appearance, was welcomed. For a moment all was in darkness, until suddenly a lurid glow arose in the weirdest manner from the table, which was discovered to be made entirely of glass covered with a very transparent table cloth. The bright light coming up from beneath gave the assembled guests a ghastly and weird appearance, accentuated no doubt by our increasing hunger. When the general illumination appeared once more and normalities were, so to speak, resumed, an excellent menu began to make things go. Between each course there was a fresh surprise in the form of a novelty entertainment—principally musical. From one corner of the room came an angelic voice singing a selection from an opera, which led to a discussion as to the identity of the singer who proved to be Melba. Then came Hollman, the 'cellist, followed by Florence St. John, who gave us a cheerful song from a comic opera. One bright particular star followed another until by degrees everything glowed. In the midst of the repast a monster pie was brought in and placed opposite Alma Tadema (who was in the chair). He cut it, and to our delighted astonishment countless little birds flew out in all directions alighting here there and everywhere, as though to complete the delightful scheme of decoration, whilst with one accord they seemed to burst into exquisite song. Toasts followed and suitable speeches, the artists joined the general company and were individually thanked for the pleasure they had given. It had been arranged that the caricatures should appear earlier in the evening, but owing to a mistake on the part of the operator they arrived as the

last item of the evening's entertainment, and after such an excellent supper, in which the wines were truly worthy of the perfect quality of the fare, the assembly could hardly be expected to crane their necks very far back in search of the caricatures of familiar faces thrown by the lantern-slides upon the ceiling. And in any case, to my mind, the effect was spoiled by the exaggerated angle at which they were reflected.

After the coffee the party broke up about three o'clock. I had arranged to leave London by the five o'clock train for Lichfield, so had engaged a bedroom at the Euston Hotel in order to lose no time in changing. I went to bed and slept soundly for over an hour, was duly aroused, caught my train and arrived at Elmhurst, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Fox, in time for early breakfast.

The Lichfield festival was being held at the time of my visit, and there was a great gathering of the clergy and their wives. I attended a very fine service in the Cathedral, after which Mrs. Maclagan (the Bishop's wife) gave a big luncheon party to which I had been invited. My main object was to make a cartoon of the Bishop of Lichfield for Mrs. Maclagan, who was determined that a cartoon of her husband should appear in *Vanity Fair*. She did her utmost to persuade him to give me sittings, but he was very reluctant and not to be cajoled, so she gave me this opportunity to observe him, and placed me near him at the luncheon table. There were scarcely any laymen present, indeed I believe that Mr. Fox and I were the only men present not "of the cloth"; and nearly all the clergymen had come to the festival from a distance. My name got mixed up with that of a decidedly important

parson who was announced as Mr. Leslie Ward—not altogether to his satisfaction I fear.

Mrs. Maclagan being a perfect hostess, had chosen me an admirable companion, a lady who started the conversation by asking me which plays I had seen in London. I gathered she had been intending to go on the stage, previous to her marriage, but she had become a Dean's wife and devoted her talents to charity performances and "drew in the shekels" for the Church. I had a very enjoyable lunch, a charming *vis à vis*, and an excellent subject in view.

I prolonged my visit to await the return of the Dean of Lichfield, Dr. Bickersteth, who was absent. As he did not return at the expected date I gave up the idea and hope of seeing him for the time being, but on my return journey, to my great delight, the Dean was on the platform and *en route* for some local station. I got into the same carriage, and was able to take a good look at him. He was a very good subject, and made an excellent caricature.

When I decided to give my attention to the Rev. R. J. Campbell I studied him closely at the City Temple. On my return I drew him in every sort of way but could not satisfy myself, for he had so many gestures and different attitudes, and when he works himself up and droops over the pulpit "fearless but intemperate" he looks rather like a gargoyle. Not long after I had succeeded in caricaturing him to my satisfaction, I met him at one of Sir Henry Lucy's delightful luncheon parties, where, after the ladies had left the dining-room, I sat next him, and in the course of conversation, gathered that he thought I had hit him rather hard.

"Well, Mr. Campbell, the caricature was done

before I met you," I said, jestingly. "Had I known you I couldn't have done such a cruel thing." On parting he said, "If you ever caricature me again I shall expect you to be kind, so I needn't feel frightened of you in future."

When I sketched the Very Rev. Hermann Adler (the Chief Rabbi) I visited him at his house. While I was engrossed in my subject, his daughters came to see how the caricature was progressing.

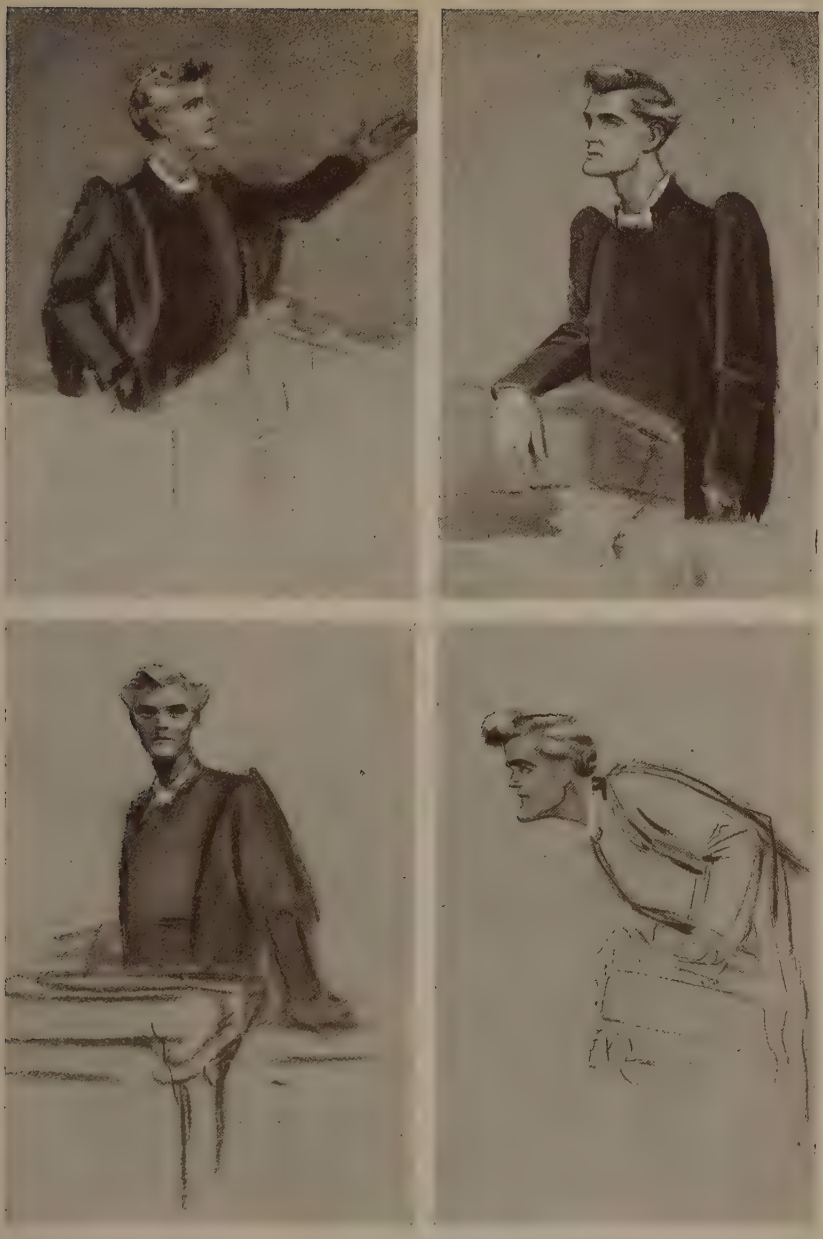
"Oh, father!" they exclaimed, "it's just like you."

"How dare you! I'll cut you both out of my will," threatened the Rabbi, in mock anger.

Cardinal Vaughan I "stalked" and made many a note of before he sat to me. He usually wore an Inverness cape, and his finely cut features I found both attractive and impressive, but I could always see the making of a caricature in them.

I had stalked and sketched Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, before he sat to me at Lambeth Palace. When I was drawing his son, Mr. A. C. Benson (then a Master at Eton), I showed him a little portrait sketch of his father, which pleased him so much that I gave it to him, but I have always regretted that I did not make an equestrian picture as he seems most familiar to me on horseback.

On many occasions my subjects have been particularly friendly and delightful in aiding me in my work, and sometimes extending their kindness across the boundary of professional moments. I remember a very delightful hour spent with Dr. Armitage Robinson—a subject in a thousand—when Dean of Westminster. He was astonishingly well up in Abbey lore, and together we visited chapels and crypts and strange hidden places which I feel



Studies from memory.
REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.
1904.

sure must be practically unknown to the majority of visitors. When I heard he was leaving Westminster for Wells I felt an artist's regret that anything less imperative than death should have been permitted to disturb the impression of this picturesque Abbot in the peculiarly appropriate setting of old Westminster.

The finest and handsomest young athlete I ever drew as an under-graduate was R. B. Etherington-Smith, known to his intimates as "Ethel." He was rapidly making his mark as a surgeon, and his sad and untimely death was deplored by every one who knew him.

Among the cricketers I first caricatured F. R. Spofforth—the demon bowler—followed by W. G. Grace and C. B. Fry, whom I portrayed as a runner. John Loraine Baldwin, the veteran cricketer, I introduced into the series in his self-propelling invalid chair; he was a very fine old man, and the founder of the "Zingari," and also of the Baldwin Club.

Philipson, the distinguished wicket-keeper, I induced to stand in his rooms at the Temple as though keeping wicket; and Ranjitsinhji I closely observed playing cricket at Brighton, after finding it very difficult to keep him up to the mark with his appointments.

If I were to mention all my subjects in their various professions, I should fill more space than I am permitted, but among other well-known cricketers whom I have portrayed and caricatured are G. L. Jessop, Lord Harris, Ivo Bligh (Lord Darnley), George Hirst, F. S. Jackson, and Lord Hawke.

But amongst my pleasantest recollections are those of the university-rowing men with whom I came in

close contact, for in every way possible they extended their hospitality to me, and I shall always remember with pleasure my visits to Oxford and Cambridge especially during the rowing season.

When studying Muttlebury, known as "Muttle," while instructing his eight on horseback from the bank, he provided me with a mount at the same time, to enable me to watch him in the capacity of a coach. I had a final glimpse of him, however, practising rowing on the floor of his room. My visits were usually referred to in the *Granta*, and a considerable amount of chaff was indulged in at my expense. On this particular visit when I went down to draw Mr. Muttlebury the following appeared under the heading of "Motty Notes!"

"Mr. Leslie Ward ('Spy' of *Vanity Fair*) came up on Monday to take Mr. Muttlebury's portrait, which is to appear in *Vanity Fair* just before the Boat Race. The question how to make it most characteristic will be a difficult one to settle. Certainly if our mighty President is sketched in a rowing attitude, it would scarcely be a case of all skittles and straight lines. Mr. Ward rode down with the crew, and is said to have been much impressed with the romantic beauty of our broad and rapid river, which he thought it would be quite impossible to caricature adequately.

"He was also struck with the colleges, and catching sight of the new buildings of Jesus from the common, said it was a fine house, and inquired who lived there. (!)

"On Tuesday morning, Mr. Muttlebury submitted to the torture. Left sitting."

I very frequently travelled to Cambridge with Mr. "Rudy" Lehmann, whose reputation as a

F. R. SPOFFORTH (DEMON BOWLER) 1878.

rowing coach—both for his own University, as well as Oxford and Harvard—is so widely known as to make further comment superfluous. He was the originator of the *Granta* and is on the staff of *Punch*, for which journal one of his best known and most amusing contributions was a skit purporting to be from the Emperor William to Queen Victoria. As a man of letters he has made his mark. He is the father of a very fine little boy who should make a reputation as an oar, and follow in the footsteps of his distinguished father.

When I arrived in Cambridge on one of many occasions after a visit at Oxford where I had gone with the object of producing C. M. Pitman for *Vanity Fair*, I discovered the contemporary number of the *Granta* had again been on my track and chaffed me more than ever; as I was on excellent terms with the authors of that publication, I took their friendly "digs" in the spirit they were intended. Here is a further specimen of their humorous prose:

"Mr. Leslie Ward has turned up again to gather his usual crop of caricatures for *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Pitman * is to suffer first, I understand. Last year I think I informed you how Mr. Ward borrowed a cap and gown in order to attend the lectures of Professor Robinson Ellis † whom he was commissioned to draw; and I have no doubt he will go through adventures just as surprising on his present visit.

"On arriving in Oxford last Monday, Mr. Ward remembered that some years ago he had breakfasted in certain rooms in King Edward Street, with

* C. M. Pitman, always known as "Cherry" Pitman.

† I had followed the Professor continually in order to get his manner of walking.

a friend whose name he had forgotten. He therefore concluded that these must be the lodgings of the President of the O.U.B.C. Imagine his astonishment after he had driven there, when he was informed that Mr. Pitman had never occupied the rooms. Eventually, however, he ran his victim down at 155, High Street.

"Mr. Ward's next proceedings were characteristic of his amiable nature. At the bottom of the stairs he dropped his gloves, at the top of the stairs he dropped his stick, and in the room itself he dropped his hat. Having recovered all his scattered property, he took off his coat, and in doing so distributed over the floor a considerable fortune in loose gold and silver and copper, which for greater security he had placed in one of the outside pockets of his garment. Great and resounding was the fall thereof, but Mr. Ward, on having his attention called to the fact, merely observed with an easy carelessness that marks the true artist, that he thought he had heard something fall but wasn't sure.

"On being asked what other celebrities besides Mr. Pitman he proposed to draw, he declared that he had all the names written down on a piece of paper. Up to the present, however, though Mr. Ward had looked for it in the most unlikely places, this piece of paper has defied every effort to find it. Is it true, by the way, that once when on a visit to Cambridge, Mr. Ward who was staying at 'The Hoop,' wandered into the 'Blue Boar' and insisted, in spite of the landlady's despairing efforts to persuade him to the contrary, that he had slept there on the previous night and wanted to be shown his room, as the staircase had somehow become unfamiliar to him?"

1896.
SAM LOATES.

1884.
ARTHUR COVENTRY.

FRANK WOOTTON.
1909.

FORDHAM.
1882.

Returning in the train, from one of my visits to the "Varsity," I fell asleep and passed the junction where I should have changed. I awoke, hearing a noise overhead, followed by the disappearance of the lamps, a fact that I did not pay much attention to, imagining they were being replenished. These sounds were followed by a clinking of chains and sudden jerks, which usually accompany the process of shunting, and which I thought meant that another train was being coupled to the one I occupied. A complete silence followed, and after a short interval—I was alone in the carriage—I opened the window and looked out, and discovered that my carriage and its immediate neighbours, had been shunted into a siding for the night. I was feeling extremely cold and did not care to risk a walk of an exploring nature, as express trains kept flashing by and the night was dark. Presently I saw men with lamps passing by some distance away, and by dint of shouting loudly, I attracted the attention of a porter, who called out when he saw me—

"What are you doin' there? Get out of that!"

"I shall be only too delighted," I said, when he approached. "I've been here for an hour."

I felt cold and simply furious. However, I followed the porter very gingerly over the rails to the station, where I had to wait a long time, and finally arrived in London at an unearthly hour. Since then I have been very wary of sleeping in trains.

CHAPTER XI

IN THE LOBBY

In the House.—Distinguished soldiers.—The main Lobby.—The Irish Party.—Isaac Butt.—Mr. Mitchell Henry.—Parnell and Dillon.—Gladstone and Disraeli.—Lord Arthur Hill.—Lord Alexander Paget.—Viscount Midleton.—Mr. Seely.—Lord Alington's cartoon.—Chaplains of the "House."—Rev. F. E. C. Byng.—Archdeacon Wilberforce.—The "Fourth Party."—Lord Northbrook and Col. Napier Sturt.—Lord Lytton.—The method of Millais.—Lord Londonderry.

ALTHOUGH from the year 1873, I had drawn all the cartoons in *Vanity Fair*, and Mr. Gibson Bowles had procured a privileged pass for me in the inner lobby of the House of Commons for the purpose of studying the characteristics of my parliamentary subjects, the same facilities were accorded me through Mr. Palgrave (Clerk of the Desk), where for the two following years I was making drawings and portraits for the *Graphic*.

In 1876 I returned to *Vanity Fair*, permanently and exclusively to work for that publication, when Pellegrini and I shared our labours pretty equally until his health gave way and he became a chronic invalid, so that for some years before his death I was responsible for most of the cartoons in the paper. Of course, actual sketching or the use of the pencil in both assemblies was prohibited (for the privilege of a pass was also accorded me in the House of Lords through the courtesy of the Black Rod) but after careful observation I was always able to go home and express on paper the result.

I must not forget that in 1903, after the bomb explosion in Westminster Hall, that the number of people admitted to the inner lobby was considerably reduced, in fact, from that time to the present the strangers are few and far between, but although my permit was limited to two days a week my name remained in the lobby-list until I retired from the paper in the latter part of 1909.

In "the House" I found that generally speaking members were very much occupied with the affairs of the moment, and usually quite unconscious of one's observance; but when it came to the point of special study of a subject for the purpose of caricature, it was by no means easy to find him or to watch him under such circumstances as enabled me to arrive at the knowledge necessary for my purpose and still leave him unaware. However, I found more than one "kind friend at court" do me good service. Amongst these Sir A. W. Clifford, Black Rod, was most courteous and helpful in the House of Lords, and always ready to find me a place—usually under the gallery. I came to know his face really well, and caricatured him with faithful directness and in full uniform. By great good fortune, Mr. Gibson Bowles was my editor, and he would occasionally inveigle a subject of rare promise to my lair. The Sergeant-at-Arms is always the man in power in the House of Commons. I have a most grateful remembrance of much courtesy received from the present occupant of that post of honour, Captain Erskine, but in the days of which I now write, Mr. Gosset—always depicted by Harry Furniss as a beetle—was in authority, and most kind in trying to place me at the best point for observation, usually under the Speaker's gallery.

But quite the most desirable hunting-ground in the House just then was his own room. There he held quite a court, and among his intimates were many distinguished men whom nature and the circumstance of dress had designed for the caricaturist's art.

Among them was Isaac Butt, M.P. for Limerick, a pioneer of the Home Rule movement, and a most popular man, endowed with a charm of frankness and simple good fellowship which endeared him to all who knew him. He told most amusing stories, and as an advocate he defended O'Brien and almost every Irish political prisoner of note. He was described by "Jehu Junior" as the man who "invented Home Rule" . . . an attempt to dismember the Empire, and to found in Ireland a Commune of Paris on a larger scale. When I observed him first I was struck by the unusual formation of his ears which bulged in an extraordinary manner, and also by his habit of fidgeting with an open penknife which he always carried in his hand, and continuously opened and shut in the same absent-minded manner in which some people fidget with a watch-chain; the habit found its place in my caricature, and proved a great surprise to the subject.

Among the Irish members I caricatured Mr. Mitchell Henry who led the Home Rule Party in '79, but afterwards "ratted." He gave me three sittings, but was afterwards heard to say that he did not know "where the devil that fellow got hold of him!" I got to know him after extremely well, and accepted his hospitality on more than one occasion. He was very wealthy at one time, and up to the last collected every relic of Dr. Johnson he could lay hands on. My father had also taken

MR GLADSTONE, 1887.

a very great interest in anything connected with the great man and had painted several events in his life, of which I suppose the best known is "Dr. Johnson in the Anti-chamber of the Earl of Chesterfield," now in the Tate Gallery. At his death I sold to him a very interesting study from one of these pictures.

At the request of Mr. Bowles I went over to Dublin to make a special picture of Parnell and Dillon in Kilmainham Gaol. I had letters of introduction to both, and Parnell wrote to my hotel a very charming letter of acquiescence in answer to my request for an interview, which letter I greatly regret that I have had the misfortune to mislay. Then I received a second letter in which he informed me that he had heard that he would not be allowed to see me alone in prison, but that a warder would have to be present the whole time, and under the circumstance he was forced to decline my request. It was within the bond of my contract with Mr. Bowles that I should not be required to place the signature "Spy" on any drawing that was not the outcome of personal observation of the subject required, so I gave it up, and the Parnell-Dillon cartoon which appeared in *Vanity Fair* was from the clever imagination of Harry Furniss. I remember Parnell as a carelessly dressed man with good features, a fine head with a high forehead and eyes both striking and piercing, but not altogether pleasant in expression. I was in the law-courts when the Piggott case was on, and opposite to me was the celebrated Royal Academician, Philip Calderon, who was studying him with the intention of making a large picture of the court commissioned by the *Graphic*, but it was never finished or produced as a sketch.

When the *Vanity Fair* cartoons were put up for sale at Christie's the only one of my series (curiously enough) that failed to find a bidder was the drawing of Piggott, although it was one of my most successful studies, from a sketch as he stood in the witness-box.

Gladstone and Disraeli I drew in black and white, of course many years before, for the *Graphic*, and on subsequent occasions for *Vanity Fair*. As a careful observation of the movement of my subject is always necessary, one day in talking to Monty Corry I told him I was on the look-out for an opportunity to complete my study of his chief, whom I wished to observe at a distance sufficiently near and far to get his gait. He said that they would be leaving Downing Street for the House of Lords together at a certain hour, and he suggested that I should follow them or walk on the opposite side of the road. At the appointed time I was at my post and keenly watched them start, Disraeli leaning on Monty Corry's arm. As they strolled towards the House of Lords I followed along on the other side, mentally taking in their movements and completing my impression of the great leader and his secretary. Also at the request of Mr. Monty Corry, Disraeli's valet gave me an opportunity of inspecting the coat with the astrachan collar which seemed to hold a share in its owner's strong individuality, and from these observations I made the caricature "Power and Place" which appeared in due course in *Vanity Fair*, and was published in a special number.

That the character of the man may be seen in his walk I have frequently proved, though never more clearly than through the two most distinguished statesmen of their generation; Disraeli walked, or

"DIZZY" AND "MONTY" CORRY (LORD ROWTON).

appeared to walk, on his heels as though he were avoiding hot ashes. In strongest contrast was the walk of Gladstone, who planted his feet with deliberate but most vigorous firmness as though with every step he would iron his strong opinion into the mind of the nation.

À propos of caricature and movement, Lord Arthur Hill presented some difficulty to the caricaturist because he was so charged with movement that he never appeared to pause for a moment. His leading feature was his stride which seemed, and was, of tremendous length. He also had a very long neck and a curiously flat head, and he always seemed to walk as though he saw a stout wall in front of him and was full of determination to get through it. My caricature is just one long stride.

Man's dress is very much more commonplace than it used to be, and nowadays clothes seldom help out the artist, but in the days of which I write the exaggerated styles or idiosyncrasies in some apparently trivial detail of male attire made all the difference in the world to the caricaturist, and many of the older peers, country squires and occasional eccentric gentlemen retained the old-fashioned habits of dress in spite of the wisdom or folly of fashion. Gladstone, of course, was the making of many caricaturists, the lion-like striking face in the setting of the high collar was a picture in ten thousand. I drew the "Grand Old Man" over and over again from sheer interest, his face had the strongest fascination for me. I watched it change with the years; and year by year the unusual collar grew less in dimensions and in importance to the caricaturist, as the character pencilled itself about the features of the wonderful old face.

Also among clothes-subjects was Mr. John Laird, member of Parliament, who was a superlative delight to the caricaturist, for his clothes were unique even among the remarkable, his usual costume consisting of a long-tailed frock-coat covered by a short pea-jacket which extended only a little beyond his waist.

Lord Alexander Paget—the father of the present Lord Anglesey—known to his friends as "Dandy Paget," was a very smart man of the best type. He wore a hat with a very curly brim, and dressed in very loud checks; but he could wear what he liked, for he always "looked right." I stayed a week-end with him in Cheshire, and while there he obliged me by showing me his wonderful wardrobe in which I never saw a more varied selection, and I soon hit on the suit which I thought the most effective for my purpose. This was the one with the biggest check of all, and with the peggiest of peg-top trousers.

Also for rare habilatory peculiarity, the uncle of "the Dasher" (the late Earl of Portarlington) was hard to beat. He was an old gentleman who usually, in walking costume, wore a decidedly blue frock-coat trimmed with deep braid, lavender-coloured trousers of a nautical cut and patent leather boots, showing but the tips, after the Bulwer-Lytton style. His hair was trimmed over his ears in the Buster-Brown manner, and his moustache and tip well cosmetiqued. His silk hat was of a build of its own, well curled. His tie of a brilliant hue, a fancifully arranged handkerchief emerging from his breast pocket, the gayest of button-holes, and grey kid gloves completed an *ensemble* wonderful to behold. One of the greatest treats I have ever had was watching him pirouette through the figures of a quadrille, in the good old-fashioned

style, on the occasion of a ball at Stafford House.

One curious anomaly, a Puritan Beau, I remember in Mr. Sturge, the old Quaker, whom my eye always seemed to seek and find in the Lobby, leaning upon his stick, his face shaded by a silk hat with an extraordinary wide brim, and a white cravat tied carefully under his chin. Day after day he was to be seen there, but when the Lobby list was wiped out after the bomb scare, I missed my pet figure who came no more.

The names by which some of the members were known were not without significance. Mr. Tom Collins, M.P., had the reputation of being the noisiest and most slovenly man in the House of '73, and was commonly known as "Noisy Tom." Lord Vivian, whose caricature I believe to be among my happiest, was dubbed "Hook and Eye." He was a well-known racing man, and I frequently observed him on the race-course.

Then there was Mr. Edward Jenkins, M.P., known as "Ginx's Baby," after his well-known book of that name. Mr. Adams-Acton, the well-known sculptor, arranged a dinner in order that I might meet him, but I am ashamed to say that I entirely forgot the engagement until some days after. My father, being one of the guests, was extremely put out at my non-appearance. "We waited for you a quarter of an hour," he said, "I was so ashamed!" However, I made my excuses to Mr. Adams-Acton and took further opportunities of seeing the well-known M.P. in the Lobby of the House, where his intensely Shakesperian forehead marked him out from the rest.

The Earl of Powis, irreverently dubbed "Mouldy"

by "Jehu Junior," was a delightful old peer of a period long past, and one of my favourite studies. Viscount Midleton I frequently saw in the Lobby; he was nearly blind, and his helplessness seemed peculiarly pathetic in "the House," as he used to run up against doors and pillars when unattended, but as a rule he was led by his secretary.

It was in '78 that I caricatured old Mr. Seely, M.P. for Lincoln, and a great breeder of pigs. He was the grandfather of Brigadier-General Seely, once Minister of War in the Asquith Government. It was "Jehu Junior" who described my subject as "an amiable and decent person . . . and there is no reason in the nature of things why he should not have lived and died happy and respectable. But he was returned to Parliament for Lincoln." Years after when I saw Colonel Seely in the House for the first time I recognized him at once because of the same characteristic attitude, although he is very much taller.

A number of well-known faces recur in my memory from the background of the House! There was Robert Dalgleish, M.P., another jovial and most popular member, who wore the longest finger nails I have ever seen excepting on a Chinaman: Lord Cottesloe, who was the son of one of Nelson's companions in arms, and whom I used to watch with great interest as he came down the steps of the House of Lords: Viscount Cole (now Lord Inniskillen), whom I knew as a boy at Eton: also Viscount Dupplin, known as "Duppy," who was always smartly dressed and wore white ducks in summer; he was celebrated for his knowledge of the Chinese language.

À propos of the caricature of the late Lord

Alington, one of my earliest, a very old friend of mine who was something of a busybody remarked to me, "There is something about Pellegrini's work that you ought to study." I said, "I don't want to study anybody's work, only my subjects." "Well," he replied, "don't be offended, old chap, it's only to your advantage that I am saying this. Go and look at Pellegrini's cartoon of Lord Alington in this week's *Vanity Fair*. There is something in that which you never get." My only answer was, "You old ass, go and look at it yourself and read the signature upon it," which happened to be my own.

Amongst strongly-marked and characteristic faces I well remember Lord Colonsay (Scotch law), who had a most beautiful mop of shining silver hair; also the Rev. Francis E. C. Byng, afterwards Lord Stafford, who was Chaplain to the House of Commons from '74 to '89. He was a little man with great natural dignity, glossy curly black hair and a very prominent chin. He was a perfect study for the caricaturist, and I believe anything but a stereotyped parson. The late Chaplain, the Rev. Basil Wilberforce, Archdeacon of Westminster Abbey, sat to me a few years ago for *Vanity Fair;* I had observed him in the House of Commons, and in his beautiful and most interesting home in Deans' Yard. His unrivalled stateliness of bearing was combined with unusual lightness of movement, and he was a most impressive figure, especially on occasions of state ceremonial. I remember watching him with great pleasure in his place in the Speaker's procession as it passed to the House for prayers. There was no man in London who had such a following in the pulpit. As a subject he was most interesting

and very patient. His gown in the reproduction is the best sample of three-colour work I had had done, and he was so pleased with my drawing that he bought it.

Of course I did not confine my secret observations to the House, but made for my man anywhere that I could watch him. I caught Sir Henry Rawlinson at a Royal Academy Soirée and finished the study at another social evening at the Royal Geographical Society. In those days the Royal Academy social gatherings made good hunting-ground, and it was vastly entertaining to watch the orthodox social celebrities swarm round the "lions." Occasionally it was still possible to meet those who consider it a solemn misdemeanour if not a hideous crime to portray one's friends and acquaintance in the spirit, or with the pen of humour. I remember on one occasion just after I had published a caricature which probably caused a little surprise to the unconscious subject, I met a man who must have strongly objected to my observing eye so over-full was he of righteous indignation.

"Well," said he, on the note that conveys that magnificent sense of superiority which seems the mark of a limited intelligence, "have you been caricaturing any *more* of your friends?"

As a matter of fact the work of the leading modern caricaturists is peculiarly free from vulgar offence. The art of caricature as the art of any other form of portraiture is to portray the true leading features through the mirthful marking of the obvious. Occasionally the caricaturist draws on the extraordinary, for instance, Mr. Harry Furniss, has immortalized the late Sir William Harcourt's row of chins, but it is as guiltless of offence as

CAMPBELL BANNERMAN AND FOWLER.

GLADSTONE AND HARCOURT.
1892.

LORDS SPENCER AND RIPON.

Mr. Gladstone's collar or Mr. Chamberlain's orchid.

Not long after I had caricatured Sir Albert Rollit he introduced me to his pretty daughter in the Lobby. "Oh, I'm so pleased to know you, Mr. Ward," she said. "You made that splendid caricature of my father."

"It is good of you to take it in the spirit which it is drawn," I answered; "because it *is* a caricature."

One of the stoutest men I ever drew was Sir Cunliffe Owen, director of the Kensington Museum, and head of the English Commission of the International Exhibition at Paris in '72. When I dined with him there I was astonished to see that he drank no wine—although his guests were plentifully supplied—but under his doctor's orders he was limited to one small tumbler of water. While in Paris I stayed with Sir Cunliffe in the company of the members of the English Commission in Paris as their guest. They gave me an amazingly good time, and I made a sketch of my host for *Vanity Fair*.

It was towards the end of 1880, that I was asked by Mr. Bowles to obtain a cartoon of the "Fourth Party" for *Vanity Fair*, and later on it was claimed that the cartoon was proof positive of the existence of the "Fourth Party." It is certain that Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Balfour, Sir John Gorst, and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff came to my studio, and that we had great difficulty in finding a seat suitable for the accommodation of Mr. Balfour's sprawl.

I have naturally met many most distinguished soldiers, among them Field Marshal Sir William Gomm, whom I met by the introduction of Mr.

Gibson Bowles. He had attained the age of ninety, looked years younger, and was, in fact, astonishingly sprightly—a tiny little dot of a man.

"What is the secret of your longevity?" inquired Mr. Bowles. "No doubt you lived a careful life."

"Indeed, sir, nothing of the kind!" replied the old gentleman, who was very much afraid of being mistaken for a prig. There was more than a hint of the dandy about this vigorous nonogenarian. I was interested to observe that he wore patent leather shoes of a decidedly dainty shape, decorated with steel buckles holding enormous bows, and his trousers were the most wonderful in shape I have ever seen.

Another great soldier I depicted was Sir Hastings Doyle, a remarkable man in his day. He had the most charming manners, and is said to have known no fear. His sitting-room was like a fashionable woman's boudoir, and when the great general appeared I noticed his eyebrows and moustache were darkened with cosmetic, and his cheeks slightly touched with carmine as was frequently the custom then with many an old beau.

Sir Bartle Frere I caricatured in the attitude which he frequently adopted whilst lecturing at the Royal Geographical Society. He was a man of remarkably mild appearance, and I was astonished to hear him define the Zulu war as a celibate-man-slaying-machine.

One day while I was at the Beefsteak Club, in conversation with Colonel Napier Sturt, he suggested his friend, Lord Northbrook, as an excellent subject for a caricature. I said that I had already observed him in the House of Lords, and the Colonel

SIR ALBERT ROLLIT, 1886.

responded that he was sure that if I cared to see Lord Northbrook's pictures he would be delighted to show them to me at any time, which would give me a further opportunity of noticing him. Shortly after Colonel Sturt took me to Lord Northbrook's to luncheon, and when we entered the house in Park Lane, to my astonishment, Colonel Sturt said, "Let me introduce my friend 'Spy' to my old friend 'Skull,'" his nickname for Lord Northbrook.

This Colonel always posed as the poor younger son, being a brother of the late Lord Alington. He affected a watch without a chain, the old-fashioned key of which aggressively hung from his waistcoat pocket.

My first cartoon of the Duke of Beaufort (for I drew him twice for *Vanity Fair*) was anything but a complimentary caricature, and represented him as I had seen him standing by his coach at Ascot. He was the finest gentleman I ever came across.

I had never seen the second Lord Lytton before I walked into his room at Claridge's Hotel. I knew a good many people who knew him, and I was interested in seeing him, as I had heard so much of him years before when visiting Knebworth. Although a much shorter and fairer man than his father, he was not unlike him in feature, and had the same curious light-blue eyes. He also affected the same cut of trouser. When I went in it seemed to me that he was inclined to attitudinize in the orthodox pose of a statesman, and I felt that he was not himself. When I took my pencil out to make notes, I felt it wiser to drop it until he was natural. He was very pleasant and affable, and when the time came

to leave I couldn't find my hat. "Oh," he said, "I think I know—you left it in the other room—I'll get it for you." He was going out and had put on an overcoat with an astrachan collar, and in his walk I perceived at once the resemblance to his father; he had the same stoop from the neck, and he took short steps. In this way I got him into my head and went straight home and made my caricature.

I had satisfied myself with the caricature, but Millais, who was painting his portrait at the time, said, "If you would like to have another look at him he is coming to me to-morrow to give me a last sitting, and I am sure he wouldn't mind you looking on."

This also gave me an interesting opportunity of seeing the manner in which Millais painted a portrait, which to me was something quite novel, for instead of placing his easel some little way from his sitter he put it actually by the side of him, and instead of looking straight at his model he walked to the cheval glass which was the length of the room away, and looked most carefully at the model's reflection in the mirror and making a dash for the canvas painted his sitter from the reflection.

Old Lord Londonderry hearing that he was not to be allowed to escape my eagle eye, sent me an invitation to visit him at Plas Machynlleth, he promised that I should have every opportunity of making a caricature, and at the same time he begged that I would not let him off in any way. So in due course I went down to Wales, and well do I remember the first morning of my visit. I came down a trifle earlier than the hour announced for breakfast, and walked absent-mindedly down the stairs and into the hall, and had said, "Good morning" before

THE FOURTH PARTY.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. MR ARTHUR BALFOUR. SIR DRUMMOND WOLFF. SIR JOHN GORST.

I realized that I had stepped into the midst of family prayers. I felt an awful fool. However, in spite of the episode I spent quite a long and most enjoyable time at Plas Machynlleth. Lord Londonderry was a most delightful host, he showed me his estate and took me to every place of interest near, and both he and Lady Londonderry were so kind that the pleasant time I spent there remains in my memory. While there I made a drawing of Lady Eileen Vane Tempest, now Lady Allandale, which was much appreciated by her mother. As Lord Londonderry had expressed a wish that I should not spare him in any detail I drew him taking snuff as was his habit, and even his gouty knuckles are suggested in the caricature. His lack of self-consciousness and refreshing sense of humour completed a personality that was for me at any rate delightful.

CHAPTER XII

VOYAGE ON H.M.S. HERCULES

Sir Reginald Macdonald's caricature.—H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh's invitation.—The *Lively*.—The *Hercules*.—Admiral Sir William Hewitt.—Irish excursions.—The Channel Squadron.—Fishing party at Loch Brine.—The young Princes arrive on the *Bacchante*.—Cruise to Vigo.—The "Night Alarm"—The Duke as *bon voyageur*.—Vigo.—The Birthday picnic.—A bear-fight on board the *Hercules*.—Homeward bound.—Good-bye.—The Duke's visit to my studio.

In July, 1880, I received an invitation from H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh to go for a cruise as his guest on board H.M.S. *Hercules*, which he commanded, and which was the flag-ship of the Reserve Squadron.

It was not an opportunity to lose, although one which had arrived by chance. It happened that Admiral Sir Reginald Macdonald, a great favourite at court and in society generally, was a victim of mine in *Vanity Fair*. I had known him previously, and always found him most cheerful and entertaining, but on the publication of the cartoon his merriment frizzled away, and he became severe.

A letter arrived from him upbraiding me, and saying it was not the act of a friend to depict him as a drunkard. In short it was quite a furious epistle, and revealed him in an altogether new light.

I wrote at once in the endeavour to persuade him that his idea concerning the caricature was entirely misconceived, but some days had elapsed

1903.
BARON DEICHMANN.

1895.
W. BRAMSTON BEACH, M.P.
(A great runner in his day).

"SAM" SMITH, M.P.
(Radical and low churchman)
1904.

PERCY THORNTON, M.P.
(A great runner in his day).
1900.

bringing no answer when one morning he dashed into my studio with a most injured air, and so full of his grievance that he did not observe his great friend the Duke of Hamilton, who was sitting to me for his portrait at the time.

"*Hullo*, Rim! * What's up?" inquired the Duke, whereupon my victim appealed for his opinion on my treatment of him; but he received only chaff in place of the sympathy he expected and very soon he withdrew. On the next day he called again as I was at my work, and his demeanour seemed altogether calmer: "Here is a letter I have brought you to read," he said. "It is lucky for you that opinions differ."

The letter was from the Prince of Wales and ran as follows:—

"My dear Rim,

"I have to-day seen your excellent portrait in *Vanity Fair*, do you think you could procure for me the original drawing as I should so much like to possess it."

After reading the Prince's letter and being aware of Sir Reginald's feeling in the matter, and also knowing that Mr. Gibson Bowles was the owner of the drawing I thought it diplomatic to make an alternative suggestion, which was to offer to draw a new sketch of him for presentation in full uniform and cocked hat.

The idea pleased him, and when it was completed he took it himself to Marlborough House. Not only did it meet with the approval of the royal recipient, but the Duke of Edinburgh, who happened to be there at the time, was so pleased with it that he

* R.I.M. (Initials of Sir Reginald Macdonald which became his nickname).

wanted one done of himself like it, and this led to the invitation for the cruise of which I am writing. To quote Sir Reginald's letter to me he says, "The Duke of Edinburgh considers your sketch the best drawn, and without exception the most wonderfully like he ever saw, and in consequence he will be very glad indeed if you will come for a cruise as his guest during the following dates, etc. . . ."

Previous to making a start I received instructions from Captain Le Strange, A.D.C., who was to pilot the Duke's guests to Bantry Bay on H.M.S. (despatch boat) *Lively*. In his letter he informed me that Admiral Sir William Hewitt, Admiral Hardinge, and Mr. Wentworth-Cole would be of the party on the *Hercules ;* that he thought it would be a most jovial one, and that if I were a fair sailor I should enjoy the trip very much. He also said that H.R.H. had just taken his fleet of eight ships out for the first time, and that they seemed to work very well.

On July 10th, I started from Paddington by the afternoon train for Plymouth, and discovered in my *vis-à-vis* of the railway carriage, Mr. Wentworth-Cole. Captain Le Strange met us at Plymouth, and we dined at Devonport, and were escorted on board at 11.30 p.m. Shortly after we weighed anchor, the wind got up, and the yacht *Lively* did full credit to her name. Through Sunday and Monday it blew a big gale, and Admiral Hardinge did not show up on deck until we steamed into Bantry Bay, where I was relieved to see the ships coming in with us for I hoped for steadier boards to tread. On Monday evening, the two Admirals moved to the flag ship and Wentworth-Cole and I followed shortly afterwards. It was the first time I had boarded a man-of-war and the formalities of the quarter-deck

were not less striking because I was still feeling somewhat rocky. However, the sound of the bugle seemed to pull me together, and the Duke, having received me most cordially escorted me to his state cabin to which my own was adjacent. It was evident that the comfort of his guests was to be well considered, as by this time I knew that a picked marine had already been selected to valet me, and information had leaked out that the services of an experienced cook from Gunters' had been obtained.

By degrees I became acquainted with the Captain and Commander and officers of the ship and I soon settled down.

On the following morning a trip had been arranged by H.R.H. for us to steam to Glengariff on the *Lively*. The weather was very fine and after an early breakfast on board her we set out (Mr. Mackenzie of Kintale joining us). It must have been quite three o'clock before we reached Glengariff, and sat down to lunch in the hotel. During our meal a young American visitor anxious to see if royalty ate like ordinary beings seated herself at a table adjoining ours, and fixed her eyes steadily upon the Duke. She even ordered marmalade to make believe it was her midday meal, but we were informed afterwards that she had lunched. Evidently her interest had not diminished, as when seeing us seated on the lawn drinking coffee, she refreshing herself in a similar way, drew up close to our party with the same inquisitive intention whilst taking it for granted that she also was a centre of interest to us. The proprietress gave her a hint and she vanished.

By this time we were replenished, and, after a stroll to Cromwell's Bridge, the owner of the hotel

brought her book out for us to sign our names in, and on our departure presented not only the Duke, but each of us with a bouquet. Our host, Mr. Mackenzie, with his friends, proceeded to Killarney, while we returned on the *Lively* to Bantry.

The officers on board the *Hercules* were most friendly, and willing to help in giving me a good time. Every one was pleasant, and the chaff came readily, especially when I was supposed to discover from the stern walk where the rudder was. In time I became more accustomed to the routine, and learned to know when I might venture on the Captain's bridge, or pace the deck without getting in the way. Among the many interesting men whose acquaintance I made on the cruise was one Cole, a paymaster in the Navy and quite a character. He was a very clever amateur draughtsman, and had accompanied the Admiral on several of his cruises. His drawings brimmed over with humour, especially in a kind of log-book in which he sketched the event of the day which was greatly appreciated by H.R.H. He was full of fun and the favourite of all, but owing to a peculiarly deep-pitched voice, and a somewhat serious expression exaggerated by the fact that he wore blue glasses, some one had christened him "the Sepulchral."

Whilst the Reserve Squadron was anchored at Bantry waiting for the Channel Fleet to join us, much of the time was spent—when the Admiral was not engaged on duty—in taking trips on the *Lively* to various places, or on fishing excursions. There was the inspection of the coastguard station in the vicinity of Ballydonogan, and afterwards we went on to a place called Killmakillog to fish for trout on Glanmore Lake.

It was on the occasion of our trip to Waterville that a tramp, a rough looking customer, approached the Duke with a letter which H.R.H. passed on to me with the directions to give him half a crown.

The letter ran :—

To THE PRINCE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

"May it please your highness,

"That having served in the 88th of foot during the Crimea War and afterwards in the East India Mutiny—drink alone disqualified me for pension.

"I pray you will help to live one of her Majesty's loyal soldiers.

"DANIEL MORIARTY."

The terrible Irish famine was nearly at an end. To the Duke had been allotted the mission of official inquiry and relief; but although much had been done officially to relieve the general suffering, on our daily trips we frequently came across cases of great distress, usually where the peasantry refused relief outside their own homes. During one round we came upon a particularly painful scene. Walking into an old cabin which was apparently empty, we discovered through the dim light which penetrated from a hole in the roof, the weird figure of a very old man scantily clothed in the meanest rags. Stretched upon the floor by his side lay a young boy in the same deplorable condition. The old man spoke a few words of welcome in a feeble voice, and the miserable lad tried to rise to come forward. It was the most painful scene I can remember, and it would have taken the genius and human understanding of Hogarth to depict in detail. Needless

to say such a case of dire distress was immediately relieved.

The Duke of Edinburgh was most kind-hearted, and he did much personally as well as officially to relieve the distress in this district. I was told on the best authority that he distributed within a very short time over £200 from his private purse in individual cases of extreme need.

When the Channel Squadron under Admiral Hood (afterwards Lord Hood) joined us life on board became more ceremonious and eventful. Admiral Hood gave a dinner-party for the Duke on board the flagship *Minotaur*, and Admiral Hewitt accompanied H.R.H. During their absence I was inspired to caricature the latter. When they returned, the Duke took up my sketch, and it tickled his fancy immensely, in fact I had never seen him laugh so much. Sir William was getting very stout at the time, and I had noticed that he always fastened the bottom button of his jacket leaving the upper ones loose, doubtless with the intention to give an appearance of slimness to his waist. The effect was ludicrous, and I had endeavoured to put on paper my impression of it. I fear, however, that poor Sir William did not appreciate the joke.

The next day the Duke inspected some of the ships, and I was privileged to accompany him and found it a great opportunity to increase my knowledge. The combined fleets lying at anchor made a glorious naval picture. The ships were seventeen in all, of which I remember :—

Northumberland, Captain Wratislaw ; *Defence*, Captain Thrupp; *Valiant*, Captain Charman ; *Audacious*, Captain Woolcombe ; *Warrior*, Captain Douglas ; *Achilles*, Captain Heneage; *Hercules* (flag-ship), Captain

Townsend; *Lord Warden*, Captain Indsay Brine; *Hector*, Captain Caster; *Penelope*, Captain Nicholson; *Agincourt*, Captain Buller; *Minotaur* (flag-ship), Captain Rawson; *Salamis* (despatch boat), Commander Fitzgeorge); *Lively* (despatch boat), Commander Le Strange.

I was introduced to several of the Captains, and among them were some whom I was destined to draw years after as Admirals for *Vanity Fair*.

On the evening of the inspection the Duke gave a return dinner-party on board the *Hercules*. Admiral Hood was, of course, the principal guest, and I had the privilege of being placed next him at dinner. The *Hercules* having no band of its own, that of the *Minotaur* was lent for the occasion, and several of the leading officers were present, notably Captain Heneage of the *Achilles*—known as "Pompo"—who was certainly the *beau* of the combined fleets. The immaculate appearance of this distinguished officer in these days at sea was certainly one of the distractions of the voyage, and as Admiral Sir Algernon Heneage, he is still to be seen in the West End, an ornament and a great favourite in London Society. Eventually he came to my studio and I made a characteristic drawing of him.

As we were still waiting for the *Bacchante* (with the young Princes on board) to join us, H.R.H. arranged a fishing excursion to Blackwater for an off day. Commander Le Strange was to conduct us. The *Lively* weighed anchor at 7 a.m., and we arrived at Blackwater at 10 o'clock. Unfortunately as a bag containing my fishing-rod, footgear and other articles of wearing apparel appropriate to a voyage of this kind had failed to reach me yet from Cork, I was altogether unprepared for the excursion.

The Duke hearing of my predicament, very kindly offered to lend me a rod, at the same time he impressed me with the fact that he valued it greatly, and that I must take great care of it. It had been a birthday present given to him by the Prince Consort, and bore an inscription in silver to that effect.

Mr. Mahony, the landowner, drove to Blackwater to meet us, and from there took us to Loch Brine, where the fish were plentiful. He with H.R.H. went out in a boat to fish leaving us to pursue our sport from the bank. I scrambled on to a rock from which I cast my line, when alas the rubber soles on my shoes played me false, and I was in the water, and the rod in pieces. What was to be done? All sport was at end for me! I turned to my companion who advised me to say nothing about it, and give it to the coxswain to mend. In a weak moment I resolved to keep my own counsel, but imagine my consternation a little later, when the Admiral joined us for luncheon, and exclaimed, "You are a nice fellow, breaking my rod!"

I had quite forgotten how water carries sound. Every word of the discussion had been overheard by H.R.H. I was non-plussed and the matter passed off without further comment. Then we all sat down to lunch with a good appetite, but it was a poor day's sport for me, and we returned to the *Lively*, and dined at 9 o'clock.

The next day Mr. Mahony and his family came on board; later in the day we returned to Bantry, and shortly after the *Bacchante* came into the Bay. The young Princes lost no time in paying their respects to the Admiral, who at once invited them to dinner. I sat next to Prince Eddy who was a perfectly natural boy, and to my mind immensely

SEVENTH EARL OF BESSBOROUGH.
"*M.C.C. Cricket.*"
1888.

REV. F. H. GILLINGHAM.
"*A hard hitter.*"
1906.

ARCHDEACON BENJAMIN HARRISON.
"*Canterbury Cricket.*"
1885.

tactful, for he immediately commenced to tell me of the success of my latest cartoon in *Vanity Fair*—which happened to be Lord Shrewsbury. On the next day the combined squadrons weighed anchor and started for the ten days' cruise to Vigo.

The naval evolutions and drill were exceedingly interesting to watch by day, and, on the second night out, came the great excitement of a "Night Alarm." This proceeding might be described as the supreme episode of naval drill. It may come at any moment, and although I was let into the secret it seemed to arrive with startling suddenness to me. We were at dinner when the alarm was given. "There's not a moment to be lost," said the Duke. "Stick to me and we'll go down." A fleeting impression of the blue jackets and marines turning out of their hammocks like one man, then in a flash every officer gave his word of command—All hands were at the guns—Every man in his place! —Lights out! and so on.

On Saturday the weather turned stormy, and I found that even a man-of-war didn't glide smoothly through a rough sea in the Bay of Biscay; and, although I managed to put in an appearance at Church service on Sunday, I thought it more discreet to remain in my cabin during the gale; but on Monday the Duke, finding that I didn't appear at the luncheon table, sent for me, and with difficulty I dragged myself to my place.

"Now," said he, "I am going to be your doctor, and you must take the prescription I give you. It is the only cure for sea-sickness." So at his suggestion I drank one glass of champagne and presently another, but when it came to the third proposal I politely declined, for although the first two glasses

had a most comforting effect "yet another" would have proved the last straw. "Very well," said he, in mock sternness, "when you want medical aid in future don't come to me for it." But I was better.

We continued our voyage with three incidents on the way. A man overboard—the funeral of a stoker on board the *Hector*, which was impressive, the court-martial of an offender on the *Defence*, and a sudden dense fog that came on suddenly when the ships were manœuvring and crossing one another. Every light was ordered out, and I went on the bridge where I found both Sir William Hewitt and the Captain. The former, who realized the danger of the situation, and who was always ready with chaff, said to me:

"You had better go down to your cabin and get a wicker chair ready for emergency. There will be no life-belt for you in case of a collision as there are only just enough for the crew and of course they come first."

I needn't say that the precaution didn't recommend itself to me. I thought to myself if the ship goes down I shall go with her; but the fog cleared off quite suddenly, and although three of the ships were lost to sight they turned up in the morning.

During the cruise I heard on all sides how highly regarded the Duke of Edinburgh was as a seaman and a commanding officer, and he was undoubtedly much liked by those with whom he came in close contact. To his guests on board he was kindness itself, and he could be most entertaining. He told us his experiences of boyhood, how he had been treated just as any other middy, and subject to their backslidings also if one might judge by the account of severe punishments which had their

place in the stories. He talked much of Russia, and told us how well the palace was guarded, that none but members of the Imperial Family were allowed to enter by the principal entrance, and that on one occasion he, being unrecognized by a sentry was challenged, and that he had to beat an ignominious retreat, and go round by the equerries' door. Not only were his experiences and travels most interesting, but he had an extraordinary good ear for dialect; with him a good yarn lost nothing in the telling, and he could hit off a type in a very few words. When he had an half-hour to spare in the evenings we would play a game I introduced of "drawing consequences," which is played in much the same way as the ordinary schoolroom game, except that one fills the required space with contributory drawing in place of the usual words. H.R.H. came out well under its inspiration, and the combined results of our drawings were occasionally very amusing.

One evening he produced a crystal and inset was a very tiny portrait of Dowager Empress of Russia, which the company mistook for a miniature, and thought it marvellous that any human eye could see to produce it. I at once detected that a photograph was behind it, and that it was in fact a very minutely reduced and tinted photograph. I am afraid I destroyed the general illusion. The Duke smiled, he was very sincere in his love of art, and particularly proud of the talent of his sister the Princess Royal—Empress Frederick of Germany, whose pictures he spoke of in the highest terms, an opinion which I had heard frequently endorsed.

On Thursday we sighted the Spanish coast, and on Friday there was a big drill and evolutions; and

on Saturday the Fleet arrived in Vigo Bay at 12 o'clock. Of course the two flag-ships were the centre of interest, and on our arrival there was the usual demonstration in connection with naval events. The Duke received visits from officials, and in the afternoon gave me his first sitting. It was a splendid evening. H.R.H. gave a big dinner-party. The *Minotaur* band came over to the *Hercules*, and there was a fine display of fireworks ashore and the bay was illuminated by the flashes from the search-lights, and the general appearance of the Fleet enlivened by the movements of boats and pinnaces going to and fro between ships and shore.

In celebration of his birthday (August 6th) the Duke had arranged a picnic for the Princes and their middy friends, Mr. Dalton (the Prince's tutor) Cole, who as usual brought his sketch book with him, Wentworth-Cole, and Commander Le Strange were also of the party, but the presiding spirit was the Duke in his best form, full of fun, and most anxious that the boys should have a good time.

On our journey out in the pinnace I remember that Wentworth-Cole was the victim of a practical joke instigated by me for the amusement of the Royal Middies. He was wearing a hat with several ventilatory holes on the summit of the crown. It suddenly occurred to me that these would make suitable receptacles for matches; so, when he was engrossed in the scenery, I found an opportunity of filling them up, in which occupation Prince George lent willing aid. When a chance came I lighted the heads of the matches, but hearing a titter, Wentworth-Cole turned round, discovered the plot, and saved the situation.

It was a real picnic. We arrived in the steam

pinnace at a most picturesque island some miles out from Vigo, and there in a rural setting, and on a particularly rugged piece of ground the baskets were opened and we sat down to a capital luncheon. The coxswain, who was a very handy man, was of the greatest use in every direction on this occasion.

By this time the seigning nets had been cast in the bay near at hand, and the Princes and their shipmates were anxiously awaiting the opportunity to set to work.

In the meantime we all strolled down towards the sea, Prince Eddy and I remaining in the rear of the main body, while he on the Q.T. and boy-like, found the opportunity of taking occasional puffs from my pipe.

On joining the others Prince George, after noticing its unusual shape politely asked if he might look at it. Evincing curiosity in its condition and with an air of a connoisseur he passed several pieces of dried grass through the stem and thoroughly cleaned it out, then after filling the bowl with tobacco and lighting it he tested it well by taking some good whiffs. Afterwards he returned it with the remark that it was now fit to smoke. The little episode amused me greatly as it was so completely natural.

By now, finding that the nets were ready to be manipulated we, one and all, tucked up our trousers and hauled them in, the Duke being the most energetic of the lot. It was warm work but not wasted, for the haul was a fine one.

During the afternoon a couple of bull fights in an adjoining field gave us a good show of a non-professional bull fight, also we saw some interesting types of Portuguese, who were entered with the

other incidents of the day in Cole's sketch book. He was also clever in portraying those big-eyed, dark, and picturesque peasant girls.

I think that must have been the last of the very delightful excursions on the *Lively*, which ship, of pleasant memory, came eventually to a bad end, as she struck a rock and went to the bottom.

We stayed some time in Vigo Bay, and made several delightful excursions there. When on board, the young Princes did their best to kill any chance of monotony. There was a bear fight I am not likely to forget. I was in the habit of returning to my cabin for a *siesta* after luncheon, and on this particular occasion I think the officers on board were occupied on duty. The Princes came to pay the Duke a visit, but only to find that he had gone ashore, and things were generally a little on the dull side. I was the sole occupant of the cabin, and as they peeped in they saw me in my berth asleep, so passed on to the adjoining one (Mr. Wentworth-Cole's) in search, no doubt, of a bit of fun. Presently I got the full benefit of their inspiration, which took the form of squeezing the contents of a very large sponge from their side of the partition on to my head. It was a thorough "cold pigging" that I received, that effectually wakened me from slumber; but I rose to the occasion, and in my turn sent back the sponge. This ended in a rough and tumble which, of course, they were inviting. Cole (of the pencil) came along in the thick of it, and eventually made a caricature of the scene in the Duke's book. It represented the little bear, the middle sized bear and the big bear at play, and he called it "A Bear Fight."

It was not until we were homeward bound that

the Duke succumbed to the ordeal of a second sitting for his portrait. He was an interesting subject; I made two drawings of him, the portrait which he had commanded, and which I understood was intended as a birthday present for the Duchess, and I also made a water-colour drawing in similar style to that which had pleased him of Sir Reginald Macdonald: which represented him at full length in Admiral's uniform.

After I had thanked H.R.H. for all his kindness and hospitality and the cruise was at an end, I said good-bye, and returned to London with Wentworth-Cole.

When I arrived in London, amongst the first letters I received was one from H.R.H. containing a handsome cheque in payment of the portrait.

Some little time after I was at work one morning in my studio in William Street, Lowndes Square, when the hall porter announced "a gentleman to see you, sir," and in walked the Duke of Edinburgh carrying a parcel under his arm, which proved to be a photograph of the Duchess, which he suggested I should study and left with me, for he was most anxious that I should make a drawing of Her Royal Highness, and suggested that later on her time would be less occupied, but I gathered that the proposal had escaped her memory.

CHAPTER XIII

YACHTSMEN—FOREIGN RULERS

Lord Charles Beresford.—Cowes.—Lady Cardigan.—Chevalier Martino.—Lord Albemarle.—Harry McCalmont.—Royal Sailors.—King Edward VII.—Queen Alexandra—Prince Louis of Battenberg.—King of Greece.—Foreign Rulers.—The Prince Imperial.—Don Carlos.—General Ignatieff.—Midhat Pasha.—Sir Salar Jung.—Ras Makunan.—Cetewayo.—Shah of Persia.—Tadas Hayashi, etc.

SOME years before my cruise on the *Hercules* I had caricatured a young man of whom "Jehu Junior" prophesied a career of no mean order. Lord Charles Beresford has performed all that was expected of him, but it is difficult to recognize in him to-day my subject of 1867. When he came to my studio I was struck by his characteristic stride, and asked him to walk up and down my studio while I endeavoured to capture some impression of his rolling gait, curly hair and jolly laugh. He was willing to be made fun of, and his excellent company aided me in arriving at a result which may best be gathered from the following letter, which I received from him on the completion of the caricature.

"Fairfield, York,
"1876.

"MY DEAR WARD,

"The *Vanity Fair* cartoon is really the only caricature that I know that ever was in the least like me, I think it quite excellent. I know it is the exact way I stand and I am generally smiling profusely. All my friends were delighted with it, and at Osborne they all said it was capital. I hope you were pleased with it yourself; I am sure you ought to be.

"Yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES BERESFORD."

1876.
"CHARLIE" BERESFORD.

1902.
ADMIRAL SIR JOHN FISHER.

ADMIRAL SIR REGD. MACDONALD.
"R.I.M."
1880.

CAPTAIN JELLICOE.
1906.

At this time I heard a story of Lord Charles, who was always known as "Charlie Beresford," and who played many a practical joke. There was a very stout and good-humoured lady who was a general favourite in society and especially with young men. On one occasion she happened to be leaving an evening-party when Lord Charles escorted her to her brougham, which appeared a tight fit for her, and being prompted by a sudden fit of devilment he seized the linkman who was handy and thrust him into her carriage. Directly the door was closed, the oblivious coachman drove off, and what happened afterwards must be left to the imagination.

In that year I went down to Cowes for the yachting week, as it was quite the best opportunity for following up the types of well-known yachtsmen, and I passed many amusing hours in the gardens of the Squadron.

Amongst the most frequent visitors was Lady Cardigan in gayest attire, and usually accompanied by a much-beribboned poodle, the colour of whose furbelows matched her own. I greatly appreciated her hospitality, for she had an inexhaustible fund of good stories which secured many an extra point through her wit in the telling. Just then Prince Battyany was renting Eaglehurst, and I have a very pleasant recollection of being taken to a garden-party there by Lord and Lady Londonderry on their yacht the *Aileen*.

The next time I went to Cowes was on the occasion of the German Emperor's first visit, when the little place was naturally overcrowded, and in consequence I had unusual difficulty in getting into the Squadron. On previous occasions I

had had no trouble in being "put up" for the club, but it seemed that every one was full up. I was extremely disappointed as the proprietor of *Vanity Fair* (Mr. Gibson Bowles) had particularly wished me to make a representative group of prominent members of the R.Y.S. I was in a quandary, so I went to the secretary, Mr. Pasley, and told him of my predicament. He said, "They're all full up, I am sorry I haven't the power to let you in, but I will do my best for you. I will speak to the Prince of Wales, he is sure to be here soon." We were talking at the gate of the castle grounds when suddenly the secretary said, "Here he comes." H.R.H. upon hearing of my dilemma, with his usual good nature sent a message to tell me that he regretted I had not let him know before and that I might come in whenever I liked, and at once if I wished. So I received my pass in due course.

The late Chevalier Martino was of course "all there" as a guest of the Emperor William on board the *Hohenzollern*. He was a Neapolitan, and of a most impassioned temperament. I remember meeting him one night at dinner. The conversation fell on the battle of Trafalgar, and, forgetting the dishes which were before him he suddenly rose from the table and started to recite the "Death of Nelson." During the recitation he worked himself to such a pitch of emotion that at the climax of the death scene, he fell to all appearance lifeless upon the floor.

When I met him shortly afterwards, he said, "You must have thought I was mad that evening, but I couldn't help it, I am an enthusiast."

He was a favourite with both King Edward and

KING EDWARD VII.
1902.

the German Emperor, and was marine-painter in ordinary to our Sovereign. In the course of further conversation he told me that he had been in the Italian Navy, and that with his knowledge of ships he did not require to make more than the very slightest notes preparatory to illustrating a naval review. He was an interesting companion and told very good stories. The Emperor was very sympathetic to Martino who, in consequence of a paralytic trouble with which he was afflicted, found considerable difficulty in rising from the table. He told me that the Emperor would, with one arm, lift him to his feet as though he was a feather, with a strength that was surprising. He always refused to exhibit his pictures, but at his death many of them were collected for public exhibition. His work was thoroughly appreciated by naval men as being so absolutely accurate.

On one occasion, being invited by a member of the Squadron to dine upon his yacht, I was struck by the beauty of the lady to whom I sat next. The Admiral had an excellent *chef* on board, and consequently we were served with a particularly good dinner, but I appreciated his hospitality rather less when he passed me drawing materials with which to depict the lady. I paid her a polite compliment, but wasn't to be "drawn" in this way in return for my dinner.

Lord Albemarle, whom I have portrayed, is a notable yachtsman, and also a clever caricaturist with a great feeling for drawing and sculpture, so he spends much of his spare time in his studio. He served his country in the South African War, as Lieut.-Colonel in the C.I.V., and is Lieut.-Colonel in the Scots Guards (retired), as did Mr. Rupert

Guinness, who was also one of my *Vanity Fair* series, and who took me over the Royal Naval Volunteer training ship (the *Buzzard*) on the Thames embankment, which he commands.

Of course, in these sea-days I very frequently enjoyed sailing with my more intimate friends. I had great times with my old friend, Harry McCalmont, who was a whole-hearted sailor, as was his father before him. He was always very much to the fore at Cowes in the yachting season, and it will be remembered that he built the *Geralda*, which eventually became the royal yacht of Spain. He afterwards presented me with her white ensign, and it was on her deck that I portrayed him in a large oil picture which I painted some time before his death. He, like Lord Albemarle, served in South Africa and was in the Scots Guards. I spent many delightful hours too, with Charlie Brookfield on his little cutter, sailing here and there from one point to another, around the Isle of Wight.

When Sir Thomas Lipton first built *Shamrock*, it was obvious that he should appear in the series of *Vanity Fair* celebrities. He sat to me in my studio when, during conversation, he told me of his implicit belief in the uses of advertisement, which he considered the corner-stone of success.

I have been particularly fortunate in my opportunities for observation when at work on the Royal yachtsmen, among whom was King Edward himself. The Prince was always most kind and courteous, and when I had the honour of receiving a sitting from him, he did not forget to inquire after my father, whose health was not all that could be desired at the time, and later on when my father died I received the following letter of sympathy :—

"DEAR MR. WARD,

"I am desired by the Prince of Wales to write and let you know how sincerely sorry he is to hear of the terrible affliction which has fallen upon you, and to assure you that you have his unfeigned sympathy in your sorrow.

"He had known your father so long that he could not help letting you know what he felt on this sad occasion.

"Believe me,

"Yours truly,

"FRANCIS KNOLLYS."

In many indefinable ways the King never missed an opportunity of showing his kindness for which I was always grateful. When I made a portrait of him as Prince of Wales I received a letter of acknowledgment from which I may quote the following extract:—"The King thinks the portrait an excellent one, and there is nothing in it to alter."

Some years after when he had begun to show signs of *embonpoint*, a fact of which he was fully aware, I had the honour of a sitting, and he said laughingly:—

"Now let me down gently."

"Oh, but you've a very fine chest, sir," I replied.

He laughed and shook his head at me, as though he found my aim at diplomacy more entertaining than convincing.

Queen Alexandra also sat to me at Marlborough House, where I made the drawing in black and white for *Vanity Fair*, but when I took it to the editor he decided that it must be coloured, as were all the previous cartoons. The Princess of Wales,

as she then was, had been so kind in giving me sittings that I dared not suggest more, so I attempted to colour my sketch from memory, and in my anxiety to get the flesh tint I spoilt it, as I found it impossible to obtain the clearness of colour over the pencil work, and in trying to do so I ruined the sketch. Later on I met the Prince (Edward VII.) and he asked me what I had done with the drawing of the Princess. On my informing him of the fate of the sketch, and the circumstance of its destruction, he said, seeing my concern and embarrassment: "Well, don't worry yourself. No one has yet succeeded in making a satisfactory portrait of the Princess—not even Angeli," although one or two successful portraits have been painted of Her Majesty since then both as Princess of Wales and Queen.

One of my very early caricatures was one of her brother, the late King of Greece, done from memory. Comparatively recently, Prince Louis of Battenberg (a handsome subject), whom I had studied beforehand at the Admiralty, came to my studio, and he brought the Princess Louise and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein to see the result with which they expressed themselves much pleased, and the drawing is now in their possession.

In 1875 I was interested in making a study of the Prince Imperial at Chiselhurst, and I have a very vivid recollection of my introduction to him, which took place at a dance given by Lord and Lady Otho Fitzgerald at Oakley Court. I had been invited with the other members of my family, and it chanced that my dress clothes were in the hands of my tailor, who failed to return them at the promised hour. Leaving word that the parcel was to be

forwarded immediately I went down to Windsor to inform my sisters that there was but a poor chance of my being able to join them. They were almost weeping over the news as my father and mother were away from home and they were relying on my escorting them to the ball. However, at the last moment the parcel arrived, but on putting on the coat and waistcoat I discovered that they were not mine, but were undoubtedly intended for a person at least twice my size.

Everybody was in despair, but my sisters said, "You must go!" So I had to swallow my pride and entered the ball-room awkwardly enough as I had buckled back my waistcoat as far as I could, but with the coat there was nothing to be done but take a lappel over each arm and do my best to conceal the ill-fitting garment (which I could have folded twice round my body) by holding it out of sight. I kept well in the background through the early part of the evening, but after supper I felt bolder, and decided to dance at any price.

In the ball-room I felt a fool indeed, like "Auguste" at the circus, and on asking one fair lady for a dance noticed her furtive glance sweep over me; I hastened to explain the reason of my unfortunate plight, at which she took pity on me and gave me a dance. I was young then and took a pride in well-fitting clothes, yet it was under these most trying circumstances that I was presented to the Prince Imperial and, with both my arms fully occupied, pride of speech and ease of demeanour were far from me at that difficult moment.

Lord Otho being a prominent member of the R.Y.S., the burgee of that club usually flew from the flagstaff of Oakley Court. *À propos* of this

Captain Bay Middleton, one of the guests, who could never resist a practical joke, persuaded the Prince Imperial to accompany him, in the small hours of the morning following the dance, to the summit of the tower, where he, having procured a towel hoisted it in place of the R.Y.S. Banzee. The Prince thought this was a great joke, but I never heard that the owner shared his opinion.

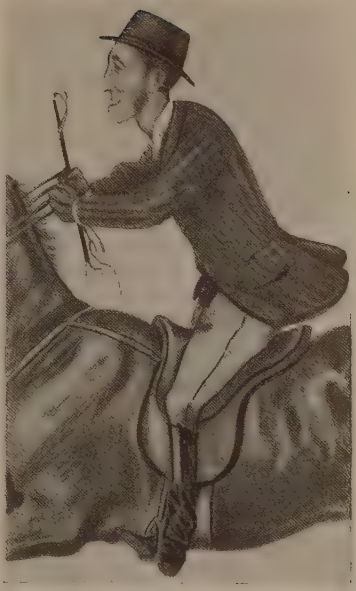
Shortly afterwards I was driving along a dusty road *en route* to Ascot Races when I passed Lord Otho's coach with the Prince Imperial upon it, but as I was covered with dust I certainly did not expect the latter to recognize me. However, when we met by appointment at Charing Cross to travel to Chiselhurst the first thing he said, with a smile, was, "Why did you cut me the other day on the road to Ascot?" Of course I had nothing to say.

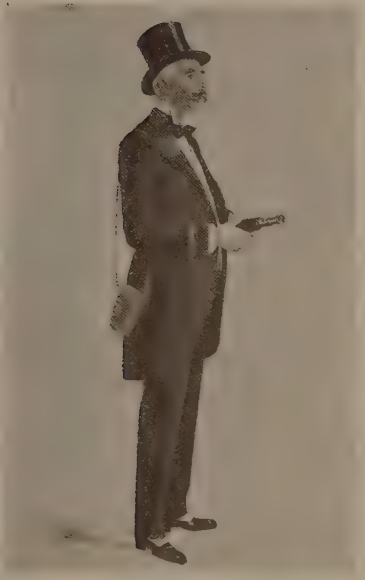
On the journey the Prince talked most interestingly, and I gathered that he felt sanguine as to the belief of his ultimate succession to the throne of France. From his charm of manner and general conversation I could quite understand his popularity with his brother officers in the British Army. He did not strike me as being particularly smart in dress or general appearance, although he wore his hat well tilted on one side, and he clicked his heels in French fashion, as he had evidently been taught to do from boyhood.

On arriving at Chiselhurst we drove together to the residence of the Empress Eugenie where he gave me every opportunity of studying his characteristics, and upon the publication of his cartoon I received a letter of appreciation with a signed photograph of himself which is still unfaded, and which I greatly value.

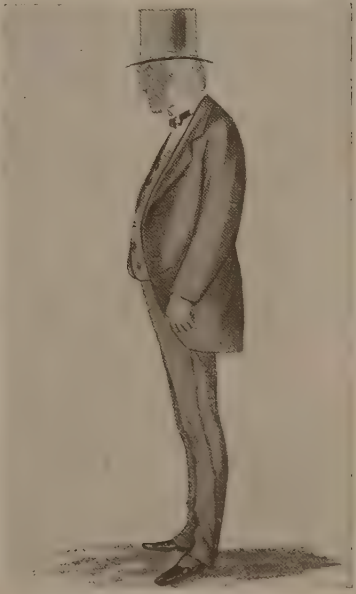
SIR JOHN ASTLEY
(*The mate*).

"JIM" LOWTHER, M.P.
1877.





PETER GILPIN
(*Gentleman Trainer*).
1908.



EARL OF MACCLESFIELD.
1881.

I have drawn and caricatured and made portraits of the numerous foreign rulers, who have visited our islands from time to time. When Don Carlos (the Pretender to the Spanish throne) came to England in 1876 I visited him at Claridge's, where he was staying, to study him for *Vanity Fair*. I found him a very picturesque and striking figure in his uniform, which he put on for me, including the Order of the Golden Fleece. He was very obliging, and offered to lend me his uniform to use for further details, also the Order, which he begged me to treasure with the greatest possible care, as he stated that it had been handed down in his family for generations, and was, of course, of great value to him. I promised to be very careful that nothing should befall it, and when the uniform and the Order arrived I sought for a model, preferably a soldier; and incidentally asked Colonel Fred Burnaby if he knew a man big enough to wear it. He very kindly permitted his soldier-servant, who was a very fine man to stand for me, and when he came to the studio, and had donned the uniform I entrusted him with the Order of the Golden Fleece, and cautioned him to handle it very carefully. Taking it up to fasten round his neck he straightway dropped it on the floor, where it broke in half. When it snapped in two imagine my horror. It was with difficulty that I restrained my anger. On finding it broken I hurried off with it to Hancocks, the jewellers in Bond Street, who promised to mend it to the best of their ability. On the return of the decoration I could detect no flaw; it appeared exactly as it was, but the accident was costly. Needless to say I soon returned it and was thankful to hear no more about it.

An amusing *contretemps* occurred when I was sent

by my editor to "stalk" General Ignatieff, who was at Claridge's Hotel. I had thought the best plan would be to stay there for a day or two, in order to obtain good facilities for studying him, so I arrived with my portmanteau, and endeavoured to ascertain something of the habits of the general. My curiosity resulted in old Mr. Claridge politely ordering my bag to be removed. When I informed him of my identity and disclosed the reason for my interest in the General's movements, his reply was somewhat as follows:—

"I know there is such a person as 'Spy' because I can show you a lot of his cartoons in my room, I do not doubt your word, but I have no proof and would rather that you went." But he was considerate in giving what information he could as to his whereabouts, and after saving my hotel bill I managed to catch my victim on his way from Hatfield.

In 1877 my editor was anxious to procure a drawing of Midhat Pasha for *Vanity Fair*, and as there was a great difficulty in obtaining an interview, I was smuggled into his presence by Mr. Gibson Bowles, who had an official appointment with him. The Pasha, it will be remembered, had just been exiled from his own country and this opportunity offered me every facility for making close observation of him who was, at the same time, ignorant of my identity or purpose.

I was fortunate in the case of Mooh-ton-oolk, Sir Salar Jung, Minister of the Nizam of Hyderabad. Sir Salar was received with great acclamation in England on account of the excellent service he had rendered to the English in the suppression of the mutiny. He also did much to break down caste

prejudice. I attended his wonderful breakfast at that residence in Piccadilly which is now the Bachelor's Club. Sir Salar had brought with him to England his curry-cook who provided us with innumerable curries, of which very few were familiar to me although I enjoyed them considerably, more than that I was much interested in the distinguished company who were present. Following the breakfast my eminent host gave me an opportunity of making a sketch of him.

Some little time afterwards I accepted an invitation to dinner, which was given on a magnificent scale at the " Star and Garter," Richmond, and organized for him by a mutual friend, a lady whose husband owned the house that Sir Salar Jung temporarily occupied.

Over a hundred guests sat down to the banquet, which was arranged should be followed by a dance. It chanced that I drove down in a hansom and a violent thunder storm came on so that in spite of all precautions the front of my dress shirt became hopelessly splashed with mud. As it was too late to retrace my steps I decided to buy a dicky (this appendage being a novelty to me), and fix it over the damaged shirt front. Twice after I imagined it was safely fixed it flew up with surprising suddenness, and when my hostess asked me to help her with the dance that she had arranged should follow the dinner that evening, I felt more than a shade of embarrassment as I feared the dicky might betray me and my movements were therefore cautious, though with an additional pin I managed to secure it and all went well in the end.

H.H. Ras Makunan, K.C.M.G., who was cousin and heir-apparent to the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia,

was also a warrior and a sportsman, and represented the Emperor at King Edward's coronation.

He was persuaded to make an appointment with me at my studio, and arrived at the early hour of 8 a.m. with his attendant, previous to breakfasting with the officers of the Horse Guards at the Knightsbridge barracks.

Before his visit I had been given the tip to have in readiness a bottle of good port wine, but upon pouring out a glass I was told that he judged it wiser to delay any refreshment until after breakfast. In the meantime small boys had collected at the entrance to my studio, being attracted by the Royal carriage waiting at the door. When they saw the chief occupant enter it they simply stared in amazement with open mouths. Finding a second interview necessary, which was arranged for at the Westminster Palace Hotel, I called at the appointed hour, but being kept waiting for a very considerable time sent up a reminder. Sir John was very angry at the delay, and after persuading the Ras that it was not the custom to treat gentlemen in such a manner he came out from an inner room (where he had been busily occupied sorting coloured silks) and did his duty to me, in fact sat in quite a stately manner, holding his long gun characteristically. During the process of sketching him I was given the hint not to make him quite as black as nature had painted him.

A kind of levee (if I may say so) was occasionally held by Cetewayo when he visited England and was housed in Melbury Road. As I wanted to see him I procured an invitation to one of these receptions.

The deposed monarch who looked quite jolly and robust shook me by the hand as though I might

CHINESE AMBASSADOR.
KUO SUNG TUO.
1877.

RAS MAKOUNNEN.
1903.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR.
CHANG TA JEN.
1903.

be some one in authority. My visit afterwards bore fruit in *Vanity Fair*, for I represented him as I saw him, nearly bursting through his light grey tweed suit with a kingly headgear of black velvet enriched with gold braid and a golden tassel attached.

On leaving this country I was told that his chief ambition was to take back with him some good specimens of our best sporting dogs. Well-bred fox terriers were procured, therefore, but when shown to him he feared they would not be strong enough, for it was for hunting he required them, "for hunting the man," so I believe bloodhounds filled their place.

In the case of the Shah of Persia it was different, for when eventually I gained an audience at Marlborough House he received me with courtesy, and I was somewhat embarrassed on seeing him desert (at all events *pro tem.*), several gentlemen, great authorities on the latest improvement in guns which were being shown him at his especial request. I was directed to the window and His Majesty evidently anxious to assist me, ordered the curtains to be drawn further apart that I might see him in a good light, he then came so close that I could focus only his nose which certainly was *the* feature in his face.

After making my obeisance I withdrew in favour of those I previously stood in the way of; and from the slight sketch I made and, relying on my memory for the rest, I eventually made my picture.

Having already studied the Viscount Tadasa Hayashi, a distinguished Japanese Minister at the court of St. James', and wishing to depict him in evening dress I persuaded him to come to my studio

and to bring with him his star and ribbon. With the characteristic courtesy of the best of his race he appeared most good-naturedly in the early morning, dressed as though he were going to an evening reception, and thoroughly entered into the spirit of his portrait and my work.

Among the large number of Ministers and Ambassadors I have depicted, I may mention the names of Counts Munster, Paul Metternich, Mensdorff, Messrs. Choate, Bayard, Hay and Whitelaw Reid, and last but not least Count Benckendorff.

The latter (whom I have frequently had the pleasure of meeting at the Beefsteak Club) amused me greatly when he came to my studio by saying, "It is a simple task you have before you, you have only to draw an egg—a nose—and an eyeglass and it is done."

CHAPTER XIV

MUSICIANS—AUTHORS—ACTORS AND ARTISTS

Wagner.—Richter.—Dan Godfrey.—Arthur Cecil.—Sir Frederick Bridge and bombs.—W. S. Penley.—Sir Herbert Tree.—Max Beerbohm.—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.—Harry Kemble.—Sir Edgar Boehm.—George Du Maurier.—Rudyard Kipling.—Alfred Austin.—William Black.—Thomas Hardy.—W. E. Henley.—Egerton Castle.—Samuel Smiles.—Farren.—Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft.—Dion Boucicault and his wife.—Sir Charles Wyndham.—Leo Trevor.—Cyril Maude.—William Gillette.—The late Dion Boucicault.—Arthur Bourchier.—Allan Aynesworth.—Charlie Hawtrey.—The Grossmiths.—H. B. Irving.—W. L. Courtney.—Willie Elliott.—"Beau Little."—Henry Arthur Jones.—Gustave Dore.—J. MacNeil Whistler.—Walter Crane.—F. C. G.—Lady Ashburton and her forgetfulness.

I WAS a privileged member of a select audience at a rehearsal in 1877 at the Albert Hall with the intention of studying Wagner and his eccentricities, while he was conducting one of his own operas, therefore, I was not as surprised as I might have been when I observed him waving his baton and growing more and more excited, dancing on and off his stool, until finally losing his head he grew very angry with everything and everybody, and gave up evidently in fear of one of those nervous attacks to which he was subject. Richter then took the baton and conducted magnificently.

Under very different circumstances I studied Dan Godfrey the bandmaster, a very different type of musician, when he had just been promoted to the rank of lieutenant. An officer on guard invited me to breakfast after I had watched him conduct the band in the quadrangle of St. James' Palace, to enable me to examine his features more clearly.

Arthur Cecil, the actor, loved music and was a born musician in addition to his interest in the stage, and was for some time in co-partnership with Mrs. John Wood at the Court Theatre. He was the first Baron Stein in *Diplomacy*. During his fatal illness at Brighton I visited him in the nursing home, and his first words to me were uttered in complaint of his food, for he dearly loved his food.

"What do you think they gave me to-day?" he said. "A boiled mutton chop." When he was convalescent he gained permission from his doctor to go, with his nurse, to reside at the Brighton Orleans Club, and whenever the menu was put before him, he selected the choice dishes dear to his heart (or his palate) that had been forbidden him a very short time previously. His greatest pleasure, however, was to be able to play the piano again, and that he did before me in the private hospital, his first selection being some music from his favourite opera of "Hansel und Gretel." Owing to his indiscretion during convalescence, he caught cold which caused his death prematurely, for he was under sixty.

After many times acting as an amateur he joined German Reed's company at St. George's Hall, and from there went to the Haymarket Theatre, after which he had a distinguished career as an actor in comedy. He was very popular both at the Garrick and Beefsteak Clubs. Of course Sir Frederick Bridge was an acquaintance of his, for Arthur was devoted to sacred music. Although it is quite ten years since I portrayed Sir Frederick he appeared just the same when I saw him recently at lunch at our mutual friend, C. S. Cockburn's house. He has, I think, officiated at innumerable historical

RICHARD WAGNER.
1877.

THE ABBÉ LISZT.
1886.

ceremonies, including the Jubilees of '87 and '97, as well as the Coronations of King Edward and King George. He told me the following story, in the terse and witty manner which is so characteristic of him.

"In '87, just before the Queen's Jubilee, a good deal of alarm was experienced in consequence of the Fenian outrages, and the very frequent discoveries of clockwork bombs in black bags. Previous to the Royal visit, the Abbey was closed to the public and the utmost precautions were taken by the officials to ensure the Royal safety, by the order of Colonel Majendie (another of my victims) the Chief Inspector of Explosives. Every portion of the choir stand was examined, and even the organ pipes and every corner of the Abbey was subjected to vigorous inspection. The day before the Royal ceremony, I called a rehearsal of the band, and after their departure I remained in the organ loft to look over my music for the next day, in the company of a young pupil, who interrupted me when I was engrossed in my music, by calling my attention to a strange noise.

"'Listen, Doctor,' he said, 'don't you hear a ticking?'

"'Ticking!' I shouted. 'Where?'

"Jumping out of my seat, I listened intently, and sure enough, I heard a faint sound that was strangely ominous, and in the corner of the loft I saw that fateful sight—*a little black bag.*

"I confess I behaved very badly, for instead of waiting to be blown to pieces for my country, I left the loft as quickly as possible and hastened into the Cloister, where I met an old servant. He was a comfortable looking old creature with a glass eye.

"'Graves,' I said, 'go up into the organ loft

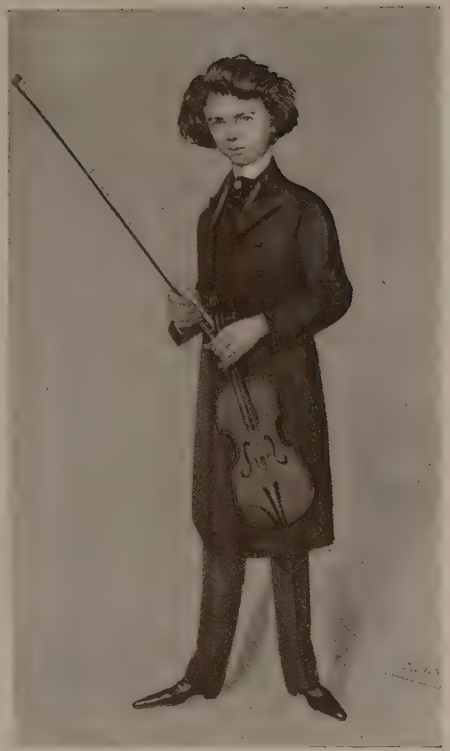
and fetch a little black bag that you will find in the corner.'

"'Yes, sir,' he replied, and ambled off unsuspectingly. Then I waited. I do not know what I expected to see—a headless Graves returning in some gruesome but faithful remnant trying to perform this last request—but I breathed again when he reappeared safe and sound—with the bag—which contained an alarm clock, ticking away very merrily. I discovered upon inquiry that a cornet in the band had bought the clock for his wife on the way to the rehearsal, and how he had escaped detection, with the bag, and run the gauntlet of the fifty policemen who were guarding the Abbey I never quite knew. If a rumour of my discovery had got into the papers, I do not think the Queen would have come to the Abbey; as it was, I might have made my fortune by giving a nice little account of it to the Press.

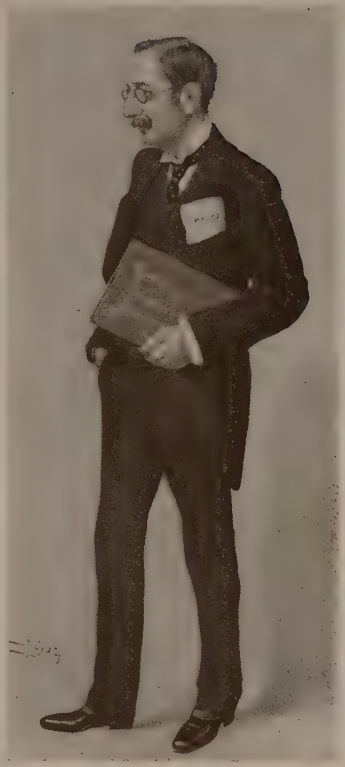
"That is my only experience of dynamite. Graves died safely in bed a short time ago, and when I sent a wreath to his funeral, I thought of the episode of the bag, for to the day of his death, he used to say, 'You very nearly blew me up that time, sir!'"

Quite recently Sir Frederick has married again for the third time.

Most people are unaware that the late W. S. Penley was a clever musician, and had a remarkably fine organ in his house which he delighted in playing; also that he was a choir boy. I saw him in his inimitable and famous part in "Charley's Aunt" several times, and one could hardly realize he could have worn a serious look or had a quiet side to his character. When he stood to me in my studio, I was attempting to catch a certain expression that



KUBELIK.
1903.



SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE.
1904.

PADEREWSKI.
1899.

I knew was very characteristic of him. I ran backwards and forwards, to quickly seize the look and convey it to my paper, and staggering backwards once too often in my forgetfulness and interest, I went head over heels over my rug. Penley did not stop laughing for some minutes and said when I had recovered (and he had!), "I shall not forget *that*, it was too funny—and when I play the part of an artist, I shall put your little accident and incidental business in."

But not very long afterwards he retired from the stage and death claimed him before the opportunity came.

I have always been treated with the greatest possible kindness by members of the theatrical profession, and I cannot speak too highly of the aid they have given me when occasion called for it.

It only seems the other day since I caricatured Sir Herbert Tree in 1890, when he looked a slim young man with a remarkably sleek figure. I think it was in the *Red Lamp* that a lady who had seen Tree's first performance in the part prophesied his enormous future, and told me she considered he would win a position on the stage that would rival Irving's, but no doubt the same idea entered other heads.

Quite recently Sir Herbert presented me with his book, which is quite unique amongst the literary efforts written by the members of his profession, and is well worth study, as he jokingly impressed upon me at the time, adding that no man should consider his life completed unless he read it before he died. Which reminded me of Bulwer Lytton who told me that no young man's education was complete who had not read Scott through and through.

I first met Max Beerbohm quite a long time ago when I was at the "Mitre" (Oxford), when Julius Beerbohm happened to be staying there also and he invited me to dine with him, adding :—

"I want you to meet Max Beerbohm, my half-brother, because I should particularly like you to see some most amusing caricatures that he has drawn, and which I think you will appreciate," and I did. "Max" has now a world-wide reputation in caricature and in letters; then he was an undergraduate and invited me to lunch in his rooms, when he showed me many of his humorous sketches.

The Kendals I have known since I was a boy, and I was first introduced to them at the house of the late Mr. Augustus Dubourg, then an official in the House of Lords, and joint author, with Tom Taylor, of *New Men and Old Acres*, in which they played. Their retirement from the stage, which was not advertised in any way or accompanied by the usual "benefit," was one of the greatest losses, in my opinion, that the stage has known, for Mrs. Kendal (Madge Robertson), who was a sister of Robertson the author of *School*, etc., is one of the most beautiful and consummate artistes England has ever produced. William Kendal himself, would even now, almost fill the part of a young man on the stage, for with him years do not tell us a tale of age.

If I were to relate all the anecdotes that I have heard of Henry Kemble (or the "beetle" as he was known) I might yarn for ever. For instance, on one occasion the tax collector called on Kemble for the Queen's taxes, "Quite an unusual tax," said Kemble; but after much discussion he found he had to pay. "Very well," he said to the collector, "I will pay just this once but pray inform Her

Majesty from me that she must not look upon me as a permanent source of income."

Some of Charlie Brookfield's stories were very funny. He also drew a series of caricatures of Kemble as a special constable, in which capacity he was enlisted in a time of riots. There is a story "Brooks" used to tell of Kemble. He and Kemble were returning from a theatre one evening when they observed a large crowd gathered round the Mansion House. Dismissing their cab, they prepared to join in the fun, if there was to be any, and on approaching, found Sir Charles Dilke was speaking from a window. As they had arrived somewhat late and the speech was nearly over, their interest was not excited, nor did they comprehend the gist of the matter. Here and there rough-looking men commented aloud with decided emphasis, sometimes for and sometimes against the speaker, when Brookfield, in a mischievous mood, thought he would add his comment to the next remark.

"What abart the dockers!" he roared, choosing his words quite at random, with his hand to his mouth, in loud imitation of his audience.

"Yus—what abart the dockers," shouted a navvy next to him, and immediately pandemonium followed, Brookfield's hat being squashed in, his coat ripped up, and a few minutes later, two very dishevelled actors emerged from the *melée*, wondering vaguely why "the dockers" had proved such a sore point!

When I made my drawing of Sir Edgar Boehm, the famous sculptor, I depicted him working in a characteristic attitude upon his bust of Ruskin, which was in the rough clay and half finished. He was engaged also at the time upon a bust of Queen Victoria, to whom he was "Sculptor in Ordinary."

Imagine my surprise when I received the following letter from Sir Edgar :—

"Feb. 2nd, 1881.

"DEAR MR. WARD,

". . . Did you hear that the Queen when she saw your excellent portrait of me was under the impression that Ruskin's bust was meant for one of herself ! till some time after the mistake was pointed out to H.M. I have heard it now from three different people who know, else I should not have believed that we could be for one instant suspected of being disloyal. . . .

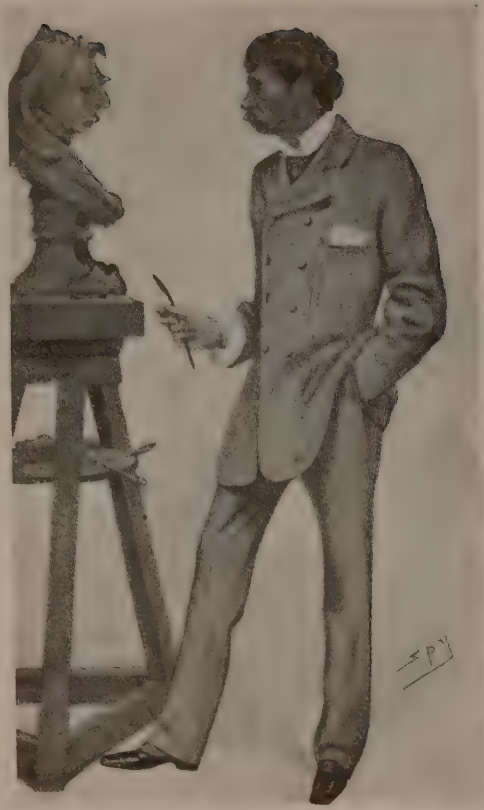
" Yours sincerely,

" J. E. BOEHM."

Very shortly after the deaths of Boehm, Millais, and Leighton (who died within a very short time of one another) it interested me to visit their tombs in St. Paul's, and I was almost staggered when I beheld on Sir Edgar Boehm's tomb a crude reproduction in brass of my *Vanity Fair* cartoon ! Some time after I met Linley Sambourne (who was a particular friend of his), and when I asked him if he knew who was the designer, he replied, " His son—I thought you were aware of that. Have you never heard that Sir Edgar said that he should never give any friend his photograph in future, but always send the *Vanity Fair* representation of himself instead."

The sketch of George du Maurier I made for him while he was busily engaged at his drawing-table illustrating *Trilby*.

I also made a caricature of his son, Gerald du Maurier, for *Vanity Fair*, who told me that Dana Gibson in his early days had such a great admiration



SIR EDGAR BOEHM, BART., R.A.
1881.

[illegible] the brass of Sir Edgar Boehm's tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral. The idea [illegible] was suggested, though without my knowledge, by the cartoon here reproduced.

for his father's work that he had founded his own largely from its study. When the two artists met many years after in London, du Maurier, who was not only a great artist but a man of singularly sweet and generous disposition, paid Dana Gibson the compliment of telling him that if, as a student, he had used him as a guide the follower had certainly outstripped the leader. The story reflects the modesty and generosity of George du Maurier, but, of course, it does not follow that this view is taken by the public.

Rudyard Kipling, being thoroughly accustomed to studios, was at once at home in mine, and was so engrossing in his conversation with Oliver Fry (the then editor of *Vanity Fair*) that it was all that I could do to stick to my sketch, and not give myself up entirely to listening to his interesting and amusing stories. I watched him, however, and took him in his most humorous mood.

In the case of the late Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin, I required but a tiny scrap of paper to take my notes. It was at his charming house, Swinford Old Manor, which is surrounded by the garden that he loved and in which we strolled. His dress was that of a country squire and not that of a long-haired poet. He stood but a few feet high.

William Black, the novelist (who was also small in stature), was very modest and cheerful. I represented him in waders with a large salmon rod, for being a Scot he was an expert with it. His deep-red complexion and dark eyes surrounded by thick-rimmed spectacles conduced to the making of an effective cartoon.

Mr. Thomas Hardy was not talkative as a sitter, but he was pleasant. In appearance he did not

present the idea of the typical literary man: his clothes had a sporting touch about them.

I believe that one of my most popular character-portraits was that of W. E. Henley, the poet who looked more like an Australian bush-ranger than a follower of the winged Muse. He was brought to my studio by Mr. Charles Whibley, the well-known writer. In consequence of his lameness he sat, and he told capital stories of Whistler and other interesting characters.

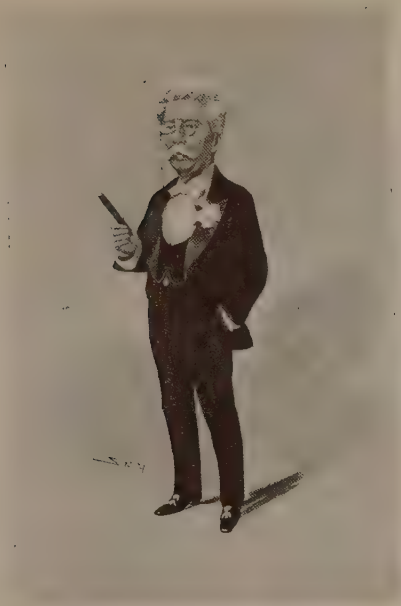
Mr. Egerton Castle posed splendidly in his rich brown velvet fencing costume with foil in hand, and looked so self-confident and certain of victory that one might have thought that he was concocting a plot for a new story of romance.

I must not close this note on authors without a word of tribute to the old-fashioned charm and courtesy of Samuel Smiles, who presented me with a copy of his famous book, "Self-Help."

I find that my earliest recollections of the stage are also the keenest, and the acting I saw in my youth seems to have made the most lasting impression. The stage world was, of course, much more limited in its dimensions in those days, and the few representatives of genius were nearer and, perhaps in consequence, seemingly greater than in later years, when of all the ministers of delight it must be acknowledged that the actor gives most pleasure to the greatest number of people.

As a youth I was fond of attending first nights, and continued to be present at them whenever I had the chance, until by degrees I came to the conclusion that although a first night was amusing in many ways I preferred not to risk a failure, but to wait for the play that I knew was worth seeing.

1909.
SIR HENRY LUCY.



1881.
W. S. GILBERT.

W. E. HENLEY.
1892.

RUDYARD KIPLING.
1894.

The Sir Peter Teazle of old William Farren will always last in my memory, and I recollect it from my youth.

Of course I used to enjoy, of all things, the old Prince of Wales's Theatre under the management of Bancroft and Mrs. Bancroft, whose truly great acting, especially in the Robertson plays, was indeed a delight. Earlier than that, too, I remember how deeply I was impressed with the acting of the elder Boucicault and his wife in those vivid dramatic representations of Irish life, *The Colleen Bawn* and *The Shaughran*. In private life the feelings of this old and distinguished actor on the subject of Home Rule were identical with that of Redmond at the present time, and he did not hesitate to express them.

Sir Charles Wyndham, our veteran actor, of whom we are most justly proud, seems to have one leg in the past and the other in the present, so unconscious of the passing years and full of life and power does he still seem on those occasions on which the public have the opportunity of watching this favourite of several generations of playgoers. The peculiarly low-pitch of the voice with its pleasing upward gradation, the finished manner, the sympathetic attraction, all these qualities have ever belonged to Wyndham. Of course, I saw him many times in David Garrick, the play through which he is best known, but there are many parts in modern comedy wherein he stands alone, for instance, in *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, the play in which Miss Lena Ashwell won her first laurels.

I consider myself particularly fortunate in being able to count Mr. Leo Trevor among my friends. I caricatured him for *Vanity Fair* in a straw hat and the Zingari colours. He is the cheeriest of

good fellows—his bright and happy smile is particularly characteristic of the nature of the man, who, in spite of the fact that he is so much sought after, always remains unspoilt. The public probably knows him best through his most popular play, *The Flag Lieutenant*, which, coming as it did just after the Boer War, appealed to the sympathy and patriotism of all. The author was particularly fortunate in being able to portray his creation of the Major through the genius of Mr. Cyril Maude. Under the mirth and mirth-provoking art of this gifted actor there always runs that magic touch which has been defined as "serious without being earnest!" In character parts, especially those associated with the typical old gentleman, he is of course, incomparable, but whether he is cast for an old or a young or a middle-aged part he can always draw the smiles and the tears of his audience. Of course, when sketching him I was most anxious to catch his characteristic expression which can only be caught through his smile.

When Mr. William Gillette sat for me in dressing-gown and pipe, I did not have to request him to smile, for a serious and contemplative gaze was quite in keeping with his *rôle* of Sherlock Holmes. During our conversation he asked me if I could recommend a good tobacco, because the brand he smoked on the stage burnt his tongue. I suggested "Log Cabin," and at our next meeting asked if he had acted on my recommendation, and if he found the result satisfactory; but "Log Cabin," in spite of its merits and mildness, was not suitable for dramatic service as it took too long to light.

Like another successful actor of modern times, Arthur Bourchier began acting when at Oxford.

After he left the University he used to play as a member of the company known as the "Old Stagers" at Canterbury during the cricket week. When he talked of taking his hobby seriously and becoming a professional actor he was considerably chaffed by his friends; but he got the best of the laugh, as from his first appearance on the legitimate stage he did well, and was not long in proving himself one of the most powerful actors of the day.

My old friend, Allan Aynesworth, was another amateur who went on the stage with full confidence, although he had less experience than Arthur Bourchier. However, he made a great success, and won for himself a foremost place in the esteem of the public. He is a beau ideal of "an officer and a gentleman" with a touch of the hero thrown in. I understand that besides being a popular actor he is an excellent producer of plays.

When I started to sketch Charlie Hawtrey he looked almost glum, and the only thing to help me out in conveying a humorous impression seemed to be his characteristic habit of stroking his head with his hand. I asked him to think of something funny, and the result seemed to work so well that I begged him to share the joke, but he left it secret under the pretext that it was too silly to tell.

With the Grossmiths talent seems hereditary; the younger George Grossmith, son of the original G. G., is already a fountain of fun for modern playgoers, and my old friend, Weedon Grossmith, is an actor who, whenever he has had a part to suit him, has proved himself to be an inimitable and a thorough artist which, by the way, he is in more senses than one. One of his best parts is the *Duke*

of Killiecrankie, in which his witty and delightful personality gets full play.

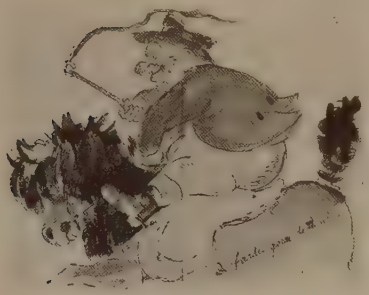
H. B. Irving, through his very strong resemblance to his distinguished father, seems almost to be a link with the past. He has inherited Sir Henry's charm of manner and the sunny sudden smile which one remembers so well, also his immense power of concentration. He is a keen student of facial expression, and like the late W. S. Gilbert seeks his types in the criminal law courts. One whom experience has convinced of the truth of the phrase, "New times, new manners," may be permitted to make the comment, "New times, new plays." Outside the shadow of his great father's great, but somewhat gruesome plays, it is difficult to say what his son may not accomplish.

Writing of H. B. Irving reminds one that W. L. Courtney was a don at Oxford when H. B. was an undergraduate there, and that the distinguished writer and critic had a great opinion of the young actor's talent. Courtney has a particularly dry sense of humour, and he is so engrossing in conversation that when he does go to the Garrick or Beefsteak Clubs late at night, few other members who happen to be there will leave before him.

Another excellent fellow, who for a time was an amusing and clever actor, is Willie Elliot. He has a natural gift for story-telling and his Scotch stories are inimitable. As an actor, he was for some time quite a success, and created the part of "Deedes, the gifted author," in *A Pantomime Rehearsal*, afterwards played by "Charlie" Little, and he was also strikingly good in the *Little Minister*. The late C. P. Little was a most delightful creature who is best described as Society's Impressario. When Little

FROM NURSERY RHYME SKETCHES, 1867.

"The father gone a-hunting."



"The mother gone to buy a skin
To wrap the Baby Bunting in."

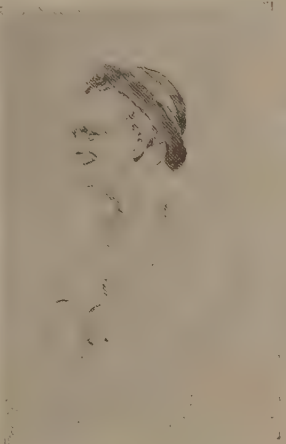
RT. HON. "BOBBY" LOW
amused by seeing himself with others in the Ministry represented on the stage at the Court Theatre in a burlesque called the "Happy Land." I sat next him.

MR JUSTICE A. T. LAWRENCE
(A study).

DANCKWERTS, K.C.
(Study).

HENRY IRVING
as "Skylock."

THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN.
(Sketched in Court during Tichbourne Trial.)



A smile from Nature.
(Study.)

left the stage he started to chronicle the doings of Society, and was so much in it that he became a part of it. His entire attention was concentrated on the constitution, influence, and the events of Society, and he knew every detail relating to its proceedings, manners, and whims. In his unique part he was a complete success, and always an acquisition.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones usually rode to the theatre, and as I found him conducting a rehearsal of the *Bauble Shop* in riding-kit I sketched him in it with a hunting-crop in one hand and a book of the play in the other, which reminds me of another subject who wished to be painted in "boots and breeches," and turned up at my studio in a pair of the latter that had evidently been worn in earlier days, for they appeared to irk him somewhat round the knees. After he had been standing for a considerable length of time, I asked him to rest, as I always prefer to give my sitters as little trouble and fatigue as possible. But he did not move, and finally when I asked him again he remarked rather ruefully :—

"Either I shall have to go on standing for ever or I shall fall over, for I'm paralysed by these breeches." So I had to treat him like a lay figure and liberate each limb and rub it until the circulation was restored.

Another sitter was an undergraduate in training for the 'Varsity boat-race. I have found men of this rowing calibre usually wonderful sitters, being perfectly fit; this particular young man was in excellent form, so much so that he completely outstood me and said when I, at last, begged him to have a rest :—

"Why I can go on standing all day without fatigue!"

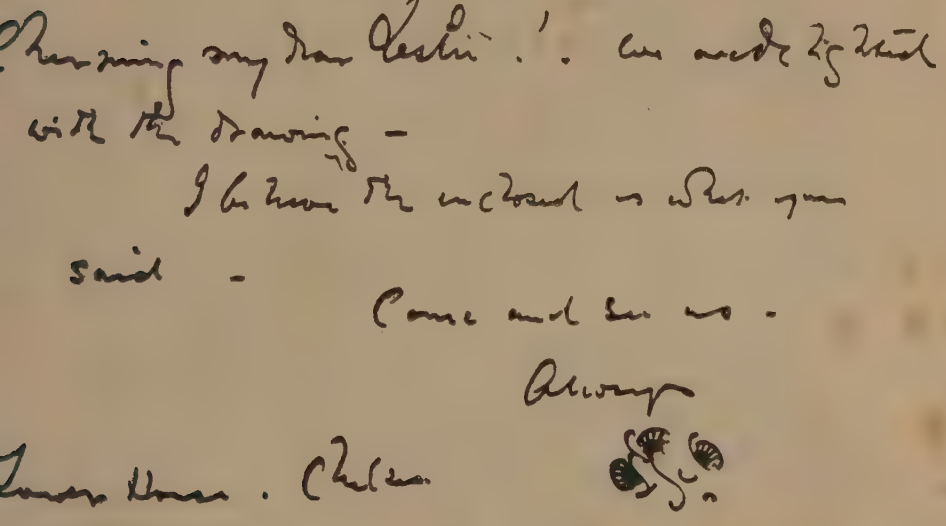
The following is an amusing but somewhat embarrassing contretemps which befell me at an afternoon party. I was greeted on arrival by my hostess's young and effusive daughter whose father I had just cartooned in *Vanity Fair* and who introduced me to an old lady, exclaiming:—

"This is Mr. Leslie Ward. . . . I should say the great Mr. Leslie Ward!" whereupon the old lady raised her lorgnettes and gazed severely through them at me, and then turning to the young lady remarked somewhat ironically, "I think perhaps in future you'd better label your guests." I felt inclined to sink into the floor, especially when I viewed the embarrassment of my young hostess, and then the cold gaze of the lady. . . . I have often wondered since whether I had caricatured her husband.

Artists have not been entirely ignored in *Vanity Fair;* Gustave Doré was a willing victim, and gave me good opportunities of watching him in a studio in London while at work, but eventually I represented him as I first saw him, in dress clothes. I nearly fell over his sketches on the floor, for they were so thickly spread about everywhere.

Somewhere about the same period I did Whistler, who was an excellent subject, but his unlimited peculiarities lay more in his gesture and speech and habits. I never went to a social function at which he was present without hearing his caustic, nasal little laugh, "Ha-ha-ho-ho-he-he" raised at the wrong moment. For instance, when a song was being sung in a drawing-room, or when a speech was being made at a public dinner. At the same time there was something quite irresistible about the fascination of the man. He lived in a house in Tite Street

on the Chelsea Embankment where there was a charming garden, and every one who had the opportunity breakfasted with him when invited, although the menu usually consisted of a sardine and a cup



of coffee. His wife, who was the widow of Godwin, the architect, was a charming woman, and he simply adored her; in fact he so much felt her death that he was never the same high-spirited man after.

À propos of public dinners, I am reminded of Walter Crane, whose name I always shall hold in grateful memory, because he saved me from that most detestable task, at least to me, a public speech. We were invited as representatives of art to the Company of Patten Makers, the Lord Mayor being present, and I was suddenly told in the middle of a pheasant course, that I should be expected to speak, a piece of information that agitated me considerably, but was much relieved when Crane, who

sat next to me, took the burden off my shoulders, and saved the situation very cleverly indeed.

F. Carruthers Gould, with his bushy eyebrows, I frequently came in contact with in the precincts of the House of Commons where we were both engrossed in making mental notes of our subjects. I have a great admiration for his work in which he has expressed the views of his party with admirable spirit in some of the finest cartoons of the age. Many people are unaware he was originally a member of the Stock Exchange, but he was not born for that business, although in it he saw ample opportunity for caricature. It was there that he made a startling cartoon in which he represented the Members of the Stock Exchange as the animals coming out of the Ark two by two, in a truly humorous manner, and this made his reputation. I have always admired the way in which he introduced birds into his caricatures, and on one occasion remarked to him how beautifully, and with what thorough knowledge, he drew them; and he then informed me that he was the nephew of the great ornithologist, Gould, and had been brought up among birds from his earliest youth. His political cartoons are most humorously conceived and carried out, although we know which side he favours in politics.

A stray anecdote occurs to me, as I write, of the very artistic but eccentric Louisa Lady Ashburton, a gifted lady who knew most of the really great literary and artistic people of her age, and counted many others, such as Watts and Carlyle, her intimates. My mother, who knew her very well, painted several interiors of her residence, Kent House, Knightsbridge, in one of which a striking portrait of her figured. But my story is chiefly concerned with the exacting

old lady from whom I received a letter through her secretary (previous to my introduction to her), saying, "She had taken a fancy to a pencil-sketch of mine, of a child that she had seen, and that if I would lunch with her, at a day and hour mentioned, we could discuss the possibility of my making a portrait of her little grandson." The day arrived and with it a thick fog—for it was in November—I called upon the lady at the time stated in her letter, and was informed that she was out. After waiting some little time, I took myself off for a short while; had lunch elsewhere and returned about three o'clock, and was more fortunate this time, for I was announced into the dining-room, where I found Lady Ashburton and her lady secretary at lunch, to which they had just sat down. I was much astonished, after being requested to take a seat at the table, to receive rather a strong glare from my hostess, with the query, "Who is he?" to her secretary.

"This is Mr. Leslie Ward; don't you remember the letter I wrote at your request asking him to lunch to-day?"

Whereupon the forgetful lady remembered, and asked me promptly to have a glass of port. Afterwards we went to the drawing-room, where the little boy was sent for and I was requested to begin the drawing there and then, and upon my remarking that the light was too bad owing to the fog, and that I should be very pleased to make a mental study of the child before I began my portrait upon a brighter day, she observed that she quite understood from me that I had come to make the drawing, and said it was perfectly easy to draw by lamp-light, so I wasn't allowed out of the house

before I had started. Then I found her ladyship, although considerably advanced in years, was still a student of drawing, for she produced the cast of a head and was getting ready to copy it. I was straining my eyes in attempting to draw the little boy, while she was endeavouring to place the cast in position and soliciting my attention to her work at frequent intervals.

When finally the pencil sketch of her small grandson was completed, as it was after a second sitting by daylight, I received the most delightful letter of appreciation and thanks from her ladyship, which I have kept to this day. Soon after my mother urged me to attend a special exhibition at the School of Art Needlework in which she was interested, and the first person I saw on entering was old Lady Ashburton. I went up to her and began to thank her for her welcome appreciation of my small drawing, and again she looked at me with astonishment and wonder. "Who are you? . . . I don't know you," she said. This time I did not hesitate to enlighten her. "Oh," she smiled in remembrance, "Go and find Miss Phillimore; I want to speak to her."

CHAPTER XV

NOTABLE PEERS—TANGIER—THE TECKS

Peers of the Period.—My Voyage to Tangier.—Marlborough House and White Lodge.

In 1880, the new premises of *The Daily Telegraph* were opened in Fleet Street. It will be remembered that the paper was originated by Mr. J. M. Levy. When he had made *The Daily Telegraph* a great permanent institution he retired from the toil of journalism and left the control and organising power to his son, the present Lord Burnham, who maintained its reputation, and at the time of the opening ceremony of the new offices in Fleet Street it was undoubtedly the most popular newspaper of the day. The Prince of Wales and Prince Leopold were present among the very distinguished and representative assembly to honour Sir Edward Lawson, and assist at the celebration of an interesting occasion.

When the guests began to move about and conversation became general, I had opportunity to observe the different people, and my eye was immediately attracted to old Lord Houghton (Monckton-Milnes). He had come on from a state banquet, and was dressed in the uniform of a Deputy-Lieutenant which was ludicrously ill-fitting, the tunic rucked up in many folds, whilst the trousers, which were much too long, hung also in folds; on his head he wore a black skull cap, which seemed strangely at

variance with his patent leather boots, and he carried a very long stick with a crutch handle. As he moved to and fro among the guests, his odd appearance was accentuated by the occasional contrast of the immaculately groomed contingent, and on this occasion the poet-peer was truly a figure of fun.

I was not alone in my observations, as while I was still gazing at him the Prince of Wales came up to me and remarked what a splendid opportunity was before me of making a good caricature of Lord Houghton, and that I should never have a better. Immediately after and quite unaware that the subject had already been broached, Prince Leopold came to me with the same suggestion.

After the royal party had returned from supper, I noticed the Prince of Wales and Lord Houghton in deep conversation. Lady Lawson, having been let into the secret of the intended caricature, found me a convenient place near one of the pillars, where I watched him unobserved. Of course H.R.H. was amused to see our manœuvres.

Meanwhile, Lord Houghton was, judging from his expression, telling a wicked story to the Prince, and leant forward so that it should not be heard by those near. As he approached the point he became convulsed with laughter, and drawing still nearer, in his eagerness to make it understood, he slid to the end of the chair, and was about to whisper it to the Prince when the cushion, which was not fixed, gave way, and he fell to the floor with his legs in the air. The Prince of Wales picked him up, and looked at me, as much as to say, "Here is your chance." So that I went away with two ideas in my head, one of the entry in the wonderful uniform, and the other of the episode of falling off the chair. I made

my caricatures in full colour and presented them in due course to the Princes, the Prince of Wales being very much amused to find that the same idea had occurred to them both, and I received a letter of thanks and full appreciation. Not long after, on going into the Beefsteak Club, I found the sole occupants of the room were Prince Leopold and Whistler, who was monopolising the Prince's attention by reading aloud extracts from a letter he was concocting, with the intention of administering a sound snubbing to a tradesman who had sent in an exorbitant bill. Jimmy, who was priding himself far more on his literary composition than the creation of one of his masterpieces, was chuckling over the pungent satire and barbed phrase with obvious appreciation, but the Prince was looking a little bored, and, by way of changing the subject, he turned to me and said that he had only just received the caricature of Lord Houghton, and how delighted he was with it.

An altogether very different type of peer was the old Marquis of Winchester, hereditary bearer of the Cap of Maintenance, whose office it is to carry the Cap on state occasions, such as the Opening of Parliament. On the last occasion on which Queen Victoria opened Parliament in person, I recollect this Marquis, who was the last remaining representative of the old Georgian type of beau, and of most picturesque appearance, make a striking figure in the group. It was the only occasion on which I was present at the ceremony, and I remember that as the Queen was going up the steps of the throne, she slipped.

In the early spring of 1882, having a troublesome cough which I could not shake off, I was ordered to take a trip to Tangier.

It was indeed a novel idea to me, having travelled so little, to see so primitive and interesting a place as it had been described to me, and with a portfolio of unfinished *Vanity Fair* cartoons to complete while away, I set off on a P. and O. for Gibraltar. I arrived there in a dense mist, which, however, passed off in a few hours.

I had a letter of introduction to Colonel Whitaker, who was in command of the Artillery at this time, and having ascertained that there was no boat to take me to Tangier for two or three days, I promptly presented my letter, which was answered with equal promptitude, inviting me to dine at the regimental mess on the following evening. I, of course, accepted, and had a thoroughly good time. Next day I called upon him at one of the charming villas on the Rock, to thank him for his hospitality.

Anxious to be in the warm and sunny clime of Africa, I now lost no time in getting on board a paddle-boat of sorts for my destination. I didn't like the look of the morning, for it was not one that I had pictured to myself as being appropriate to the occasion. When we were under way, I noticed a depressing-looking group of Moors huddled up together, who, as the vessel proceeded, grew very ill indeed, and this didn't enliven matters. On arriving in the Bay of Tangier, the passengers were landed in small boats, their baggage being seized from them, regardless of instructions, by a collection of officious Moors, who followed them with the porters to their respective hotels.

The proprietor of the Continental, Ansaldo by name, was quite a personality and looked after his visitors with the greatest interest, especially those who were likely to make a prolonged stay in his

LORD NEWLANDS.
1909.

COUNT DE SOVERAL.
(Late Portuguese Minister.
1898.

M. GENNADIUS.
(Greek Minister in England for 30 years.)
1888.

hotel. Evidently anxious to make me at home, he immediately introduced me to a young doctor who was permanently staying in the hotel, and who "knew the ropes," and he was quite a good fellow and very useful in showing me the way about.

My disappointment regarding the weather led me to inquire of him if it was at all usual to see such dull skies in Tangier, and how long the drizzling rain was likely to last. The answer came promptly, "Wait and see," and I did for a week, when the sun appeared in its full glory and everything was *couleur de rose* for a long time to come.

Having a letter of introduction to Mr. White (the Consul), I lost little time in calling upon him, and after ringing at the bell of the Consulate and giving instructions for its safe delivery, I was shown into the drawing-room. He was evidently occupied at the time, so I had to wait. At last he came in, and to my astonishment handed me the letter back, saying, "I think there is some mistake."

Being much puzzled as to what he meant, I took it out of the envelope and read as follows (as nearly as I can remember):—

"Dear Mr. Ward,

"Mind when presenting the letter of introduction to Mr. White you make out that you are an intimate friend of mine, and be careful in speaking of me to call me by my Christian name, Maughan, pronounced like Vaughan. He is a good chap and will be useful to you, especially if he thinks you are a great pal of mine," etc. . . .!

Imagine my feelings, which were indescribable; with awkward apologies I beat a hasty retreat. Afterwards I had the face to send Mr. White the

right letter, the result being that while I was sketching in the market-place next morning, he politely came up to me, and later on I received an invitation to dine at his house, so all ended well.

Having made a "*faux-pas*," there was nothing now left but to forget it, so, under the guidance of new acquaintances, I sallied forth in pursuit of pastures new. The Socco or market-place first of all appealed to me as a subject for my water-colour brush, and from the hill (taking it all in) I made my first sketch which, on my return home, Sargent happened to see and complimented me upon. The picturesque groups of women in strange straw hats, and the Moors in their Jhelabs, the camels, snake-charmers, and the ebony-coloured men from Timbuctoo, were all something to feast one's eyes upon. Again, the occasional saint (mad-man) and the strings of blind beggars were a novelty to the stranger's eye.

In the town, what struck me first was the persistent way in which these blind people followed one about in pursuit of coppers; many of them I was told had their eyes simmered for some quite paltry offence and in consequence were doomed for life. An occasional leper, too, one came across, but he was despicable beyond description in the eyes of his fellow-creatures.

Becoming by degrees used to the first impressions, and beginning to generalise on the surroundings, the desire came upon me to see something of the country, and for this purpose the hiring of a barb or mule was indispensable.

Mr. Harris (*The Times* correspondent) and my doctor friend were extremely kind in showing me round at first, and with their aid and advice I soon

got to know my way about. The latter escorted me in the evenings to the different haunts of vice, the Kieffe dens, where men were lying sometimes unconscious from excessive abuse of the drug (which was smoked in a small pipe), or to a rather low Spanish music hall of a not refined or elevating character; and to while away the time, I learnt to know how these people enjoyed their leisure hours.

I have no desire to bore my readers, with detailed descriptions of the various weird and picturesque ceremonies that constantly engross the attention of European visitors in Tangier, although I feel sorely tempted while speaking of them to go on. "Sumurun" and "Kismet" illustrate them far better than I can do, and there are many well-written books on the subject.

My companion now suggested what he thought would best give me an idea of the surrounding country and coast scenery, viz. a ride to Cape Spartel * Lighthouse. I assented, and we hired the mules.

The view all along the route was certainly very engrossing; but at certain altitudes, looking down on the sea, I felt as though I must fall over into the abyss below, it being so precipitous! However, we reached our destination in safety and I was well rewarded by the panorama that surrounded us. After dismounting and taking refreshment, a Moor approached with what appeared to be—rather uncanny—a full-grown scorpion. After marking, with a piece of stick, a circular line on the ground he proceeded to cover it with red-hot ashes, and when this wall of charcoal was completed, to place the wretched

* Where the late Duke of Fife was wrecked.

scorpion within the circle. Naturally, it did its utmost to escape, but, growing weary in its attempts, arched its tail over its back and stung itself to death. This was termed suicide, but I fear the scorching was the cause, although it retired well into the middle of the circle first. The performance, although curious, was distinctly not edifying.

About now I was lucky enough to make the acquaintance of an English merchant—Mr. Stanbury—from Birmingham who annually visited Morocco. He knew the country and the people and could speak their language, and not only was he a useful travelling companion, but a very nice fellow to boot. As he was starting on a business visit to Tetuan, and invited me to come with him, I took this exceptional advantage of joining him, as I heard it was a place that an artist would revel in.

We were most unlucky in the day we selected to start, for it rained incessantly. I wore a common Moorish Jhelab, which, being full of grease, protected me from the damp. A soldier and muleteer accompanied us, and notwithstanding that we were well mounted, our journey was not all my fancy pictured. It is about a sixty-mile ride, and although we plodded on, the ground was so heavy that it was useless to attempt to get into the town that night. We therefore stopped half-way at the Fondak where the cattle are housed, at four in the afternoon. The rain showing no signs of ceasing, we put up for the night.

After being served with hot coffee and brandy from a primitive bar, we lay down on straw mats which apparently had not been shaken for months. My friend, as the time went on, being evidently used to an emergency of this kind, calmly went

to sleep; I, on the other hand, being attacked by an army of fleas, did not get any rest before two o'clock, when I fell into a deep slumber from which I found it difficult to awake. As we had to make a start at three, I pulled myself together, but in the hurry left my gold wrist-watch behind me. The annexe adjoining the bar was occupied by the proprietor, his wife, and a coffee boy.

We were soon in our saddles, escorted as before, and entered the gates of the city, where the consul with others were in readiness to receive us. We entered a mansion, and I was puzzled to know whether it was a hotel or the Consulate, as the consul conducted us there. He was an Eastern of sorts, that was certain, and one who was evidently acclimatized to bad drainage, for I nearly choked as I was shown my room. Upon realizing the absence of my watch, the soldier lost little time in going back for it, but not finding it, brought back the proprietor of the Fondak as a suspect.

Next morning I rose feeling very "chippy," but being somewhat refreshed after partaking of a light breakfast, proceeded to the outskirts of the town with my sketch-book, where I discovered some picturesque bits.

On returning to my hotel I found a summons to give evidence in a case of alleged robbery. The law court to which I was taken was presided over by two picturesque elderly judges in the purest of white robes and equally clean turbans. Our party was fully represented. The man professed complete innocence of having even seen the watch, so meanwhile he was kept under surveillance.

The effect of the poisonous atmosphere I had imbibed in my lodging began to tell on my health,

so I determined to get out of it and cut short my otherwise interesting visit.

I was now on my homeward journey, and having conveyed my instructions to the escort, viz. that if he should fail to extract a confession from the man (who then had his arms bound with cord), he was to trouble no more about him and leave him at the Fondak. About this the soldier seems to have taken no heed and was obdurate, and upon arriving there, arrested the coffee-coloured coffee boy as well, and marched the two of them into Tangier. Although this annoyed me and I tried to remonstrate at the time, I was powerless in the matter. On arriving in Tangier, however, very tired, I was only too glad to dismiss them from my mind and give orders that they should be at once liberated, while I came to the conclusion that the woman was the guilty party after all.

After the first ten days of North African air, my cough had gone, so that I was quite able to appreciate the change of scene, the white buildings, the coloured people, the superb vegetation, the mosques (but not the mosquitoes, as the latter worried me terribly); and by degrees the fascination of the climate, the atmosphere of romance and adventure surrounding the interesting race amongst whom I was living, took hold of me. My artistic sense was being constantly appealed to, and everywhere I saw a picture awaiting my brush. The Arabs and Moors, in their picturesque dresses, were to me extraordinarily attractive, with their magnificent physique and bearing, and especially the letter-carriers with their finely moulded ankles and feet with perfect straight toes. At Tangier I was fortunate enough to behold two of the most beautiful pictures I

GENERAL SMITH-DORRIEN.
1911.

LORD ROBERTS.
1900.

LORD KITCHENER.
1899.

have ever seen. I was walking in the bay one evening, watching the sun set like a ball of fire, dipping into a sea that shimmered with a thousand opalescent reflections as the wavelets rippled to my feet, when I came upon a group of swarthy, naked fishermen hauling in their nets, which were full of leaping fish that scintillated iridescently. With strong fine movements the men drew them in, some standing in the water, others on the shore, their bodies wet with the water that rolled off their mahogany skins in pearly drops. At each movement of their superb limbs, the play of muscle attracted my eye, and as they turned, their bodies bathed in the amber light, I saw a multitude of scales from the fish clinging to their bodies, like so many sequins, gold in the sun and silver in the colder light from the east. Spellbound, I watched them falling into groups and alternating attitudes, which in themselves were magnificent—an Arabian Nights dream and an ideal composition for the painter who could depict the movement, colour, and light of a scene that few men are lucky enough to behold. I shall never forget it and never see such beauty again, for it is well-nigh impossible that nature should repeat such perfection, with similar conspiracies of light, shade, and shadow in exactly the same manner.

Another scene I was privileged to witness from the balcony of my room (which looked down on some rocks in the bay), where I was "lazing" in the sun one morning, when I became aware of a picturesque group of Moorish ladies who, with their maids, were preparing to disrobe by the sea. The process was interesting because it was so astonishingly beautiful; after removing their outer garment

and yashmak, they appeared in robes of every imaginable colour. Garment after garment was divested in this manner, and each one more bewilderingly brilliant than the other, gorgeous orange, green, or scarlet, contrasted with the cool sea and the hot African sky, the rocks looming darkly in the background, the soft sand at their feet; and presently when a bevy of beautiful brown ladies stepped into the water, I saw a real Alma Tadema picture without the inevitable marble, and all the added charm of movement and the sky and the sea.

When my visit of five weeks was at an end, and professional duties had to be thought of, I prepared for departure, and, accompanied by the brothers Duff-Gordon and Ansaldo (the hotel proprietor), I journeyed to Gibraltar, where Ansaldo had formerly been a big "boss," and was still very popular. As the first race-meeting was being held, I accepted his invitation to witness the sport, where he offered me hospitality in his refreshment tent. At the end of a very jolly day, Cosmo Duff-Gordon and his brother joined me at the hotel, they having returned from the bull-ring in Algeciras; and the next day we were homeward bound on the P. and O. for England.

One of the smartest figures in Society was Lord Portarlington, known to his friends as "the Dasher." I drew him—and there was plenty of him—smoking his very unusually large cigar, and not forgetting the gardenia, which was in proportion.

À propos of the choice of riding in a four-wheeler or a hansom, "the Dasher" on one occasion played heavy lead in a cab drama in which the third person and I took part in addition to the cabman and

the crowd. We were leaving the Beefsteak Club together one night when "the Dasher" suggested that as we were all going the same way he should give us a lift, so he hailed a four-wheeler and we drove off. He directed the driver to go to Grosvenor Place, but the man mistook the way and drove on. Lord Portarlington got up to direct the cabman, I tried to stop him, fearing his weight was too great for the springs to bear, but I was too late—they all gave way and over we went. The third occupant was a long thin creature, whose boots I distinctly felt on my back as he wormed his way out through the open window, which for the time being was in place of the roof; then I felt myself being hauled up and extricated just in time to see the cabman dragged from under the horse, which directly he was freed from his harness bolted, taking the greater part of the crowd in his wake. Meantime, Lord Portarlington remained a prisoner in the cab; just then a man came up to me not knowing I had been a victim in the accident, and looking at me very earnestly as much as to say, "This is a sad case indeed," said in a hushed voice, pointing to the overturned cab, "Do you know, sir, there is somebody in there!" At last by the aid of several pairs of strong arms acting in concert Lord Portarlington was dragged out, but he felt the shock badly, and was laid up for two or three days.

It must have been at the end of the 'eighties when my drawing of M. Gennadius, who has now been Greek Minister for over thirty years, was published. He was quite willing that I should have ample opportunity for observation, and we

dined and spent a pleasant evening together at his club.

In 1890 Prince George of Wales gave me the honour of a sitting at Marlborough House. His Majesty even in those days was a good sitter, and, like most naval men, was patient withal. He was very natural and genial in his manner, and I remember we were walking round the room and looking at the pictures by way of a little break in the monotony of the sitting, when Queen Alexandra (then Princess of Wales) came into the room to know how the sketch was progressing.

It was through Mr. Augustus Savile Lumley and my father that I first became acquainted with the Duke of Teck, whom I had the privilege to meet on several occasions. As he had learnt that the authorities on *Vanity Fair* were desirous of publishing his portrait, and also one of Princess May in that journal, he called at my studio to talk the matter over, and eventually it was decided that I should visit White Lodge for the purpose of receiving sittings from both.

On the first occasion I hailed a hansom to drive down there, and it was a coincidence that while directing the driver the nearest route he stopped me and said, "I know the way, sir—I was for some time second coachman there!" This was substantiated shortly after when I had related the fact to Prince Adolphus, who went out to see him.

I found on entering that Princess May was prepared to sit, so Fraülein Bricka, her former governess with whom I had corresponded, took me into the drawing-room and presented me to her. The Princess, whom I had previously seen, was at once charming in her manner, and although I am sure

those sittings were not a treat for her to look forward to, she showed admirable patience throughout.

I was not, however, fated to start my drawing under good auspices. On that occasion I had anticipated a sitting from the Duke of Teck and not from the Princess May, and I had brought with me blue rough-surfaced paper which I use for men's drawings, and which I knew would be difficult as a foundation for the unusual delicacy and brightness of the skin and complexion of my subject. I confided my difficulty to Fraülein Bricka, and suggested that I should immediately go into Richmond and bring back the paper suitable for the purpose, but she thought that as the Princess was prepared to sit it would be better to make the best of the materials I had at hand; and as she was so anxious that everything should go well, I fell in with the idea.

On the occasion of the first sitting the Duchess paid an early visit to see how the drawing progressed, and after a few observations invited me to luncheon. Occasionally the Princes came in to break the monotony of sitting for their sister.

The Duchess of Teck was a great favourite with the people wherever she went. She had great natural dignity, sympathetic consideration for others, and that charm of manner which puts every one else at ease. I remember on one of my visits, H.R.H. had most kindly invited me to luncheon on the occasion of the last sitting which I eventually received from the Princess. I expressed my regret, and hoped I might be excused on the plea that I had to go down to Newmarket, and she with her usual graciousness at once assented. When I had finished my last sitting the Duke came into the room, and, not knowing that I was not able to remain, said, "Well,

Ward, you're going to stay to lunch of course." I replied that I regretted I was unavoidably prevented, which H.R.H. was aware of.

"Very curious," he said, "since the Duchess has asked you to stay to luncheon that you refuse." He went into her boudoir and came out completely in understanding; and slapping me on the shoulder, said, "Poor Ward. Poor Ward, I quite understand. I'm sorry you can't stay."

The Duchess followed him in. "You refused to stay to lunch," she said, chaffingly, "but I am not going to let you off altogether. What shall it be, you have only to say." So I thanked her and suggested some sandwiches and a glass of sherry.

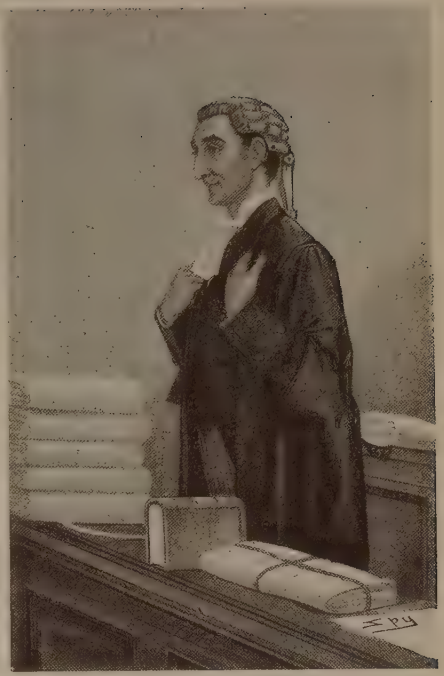
I proceeded to pack my paints and brushes, "Never mind about that," said the Duchess, "Prince Francis will do it for you, and the Princess will help him." I attempted to protest, but the Duchess pointed to the table saying, "I command you to sit down and eat your sandwiches and drink your wine," and by the time I had refreshed myself, my paraphernalia was packed.

As I left the family came into the hall to see me off, and as I was getting into my cab the footman put into my hand a packet of sandwiches with a direction from H.R.H. that I should eat them on the way.

I was never pleased with the result of the drawing, and to my horror in the end the printing was extremely unsatisfactory, and in spite of the complimentary press notices that appeared I have always believed that the sketch of the Princess was a failure. I felt the disappointment the more, as there had been so much willingness and kindness to help me make a successful drawing, and also

LLOYD GEORGE.
1911.

ASQUITH.
1904



RUFUS ISAACS.
1904.

I always feared the Duchess shared my disappointment. She came in one afternoon just towards the end of the sitting and looked for a long time at the sketch, and then in her kindest voice said, "If I may make a suggestion, Mr. Ward, the drawing is not pretty enough for the Princess. It may be, perhaps, that I, like most mothers, have an exaggerated idea of the good looks of my children, but I admire my daughter very much, and I do not think at present the drawing does her justice."

I was entirely of her opinion, and the strong points of the picture should have been the colouring and the charm of expression.

When Prince Charles of Denmark (the present King of Norway) and his elder brother first made their appearance before the British public, a similar reception to that with which this chapter opens was given at *The Daily Telegraph* office by Lord Burnham. I, having that morning received a sitting from Prince Charles at Marlborough House, had the honour of meeting him again in the evening, when he presented me to his brother, the present King of Denmark. I had already met their father, who was Crown Prince of Denmark at the time. He, like all the Danish royal family, had the great charm of simplicity, and talked with very great pride and affection of his family, and he told me of all that he had seen in England, Dr. Barnardo's home for boys had made the greatest impression upon him.

On one occasion, when I was at work upon Prince Charles's portrait at Marlborough House, we saw a dirigible balloon sailing by outside that roused some discussion as to their possible utility in the future.

I remember his then saying with a laugh, that before long such things would be no novelty, and that many of us would be flying about in the air in the near future.

His words often recurred to me during the time I was making the *Vanity Fair* cartoon of that enthusiastic airman, Mr. Hedges Butler, who stood for me in the car of his balloon, which was suspended from the ceiling in my lofty studio, and remained in it all the time I painted him.

CHAPTER XVI

MARRIAGE—SOME CLERICS—FAREWELL TO *VANITY FAIR*

My engagement and marriage to Miss Topham-Watney.—"Drawl" and the Kruger cartoon.—"The General Group."—Field-Marshal Lord Roberts.—Archbishops Temple and Randall Davidson.—The Bishop of London.—Archbishop of York.—Canon Fleming.—Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.—Lord Salisbury's cartoon.—Mr. Asquith.—Joe Knight.—Lord Newlands.—Four great men in connection with Canada.—The Queen of Spain.—Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg.—General Sir William Francis Butler, G.C.B.—Mr. Witherby.—Farewell to *Vanity Fair*.

AMONG my lady friends during my bachelor days there was one who was always telling me that I ought to marry and settle down, and in time I began to think so myself. One day she informed me that she had found the very girl. I was introduced to her, found her exceedingly attractive, and shortly we met again at a luncheon-party. On this occasion it was arranged that the whole party should drive down to the Ranelagh Club, and it fell to my happy lot to escort her. I remember on the road we discussed the types we each preferred, and although neither fulfilled the ideal of the other it was quite a satisfactory afternoon, and we met again frequently, previous to my visit to my friend, Freddy Bentinck, at Brownsea Island. I had a glorious time there, but when I got back to town and failed to see the announcement of my marriage in *The Morning Post*, I hastened down into the country to find out the reason, only to

discover that my engagement had been broken off. My future bride was much admired, and exceedingly popular with her many friends, and adored by her very discreet parents, and I, alas, was financially —no catch. In the circumstances I could only accept my *congé*, and although it was some time before I was given the opportunity of meeting her again, we were always good friends.

Some years later fate decreed that my old love and I should meet again, and we found ourselves alighting from the same train both bound on a visit to the same country-house in Herefordshire. This unexpected event proved too much for us, and this time we determined to ignore the opinions of our relatives and "so-called" good friends of former years, and within a few months we married.

The ceremony took place at St. Michael's, Chester Square, and the Rev. Canon Fleming, who was a very dear old friend of all of us, especially of my mother, officiated with the aid of the Rev. John Labouchere, Harry Newton being my best man. The reception was held at the Hans Crescent Hotel, at which there was a large attendance of friends. Amongst the many beautiful gifts we received, a canteen of silver presented to me by members of the Beefsteak Club was prominent, and in the face of fifteen years of happiness even my most pessimistic friends are bound to admit that I have not made the failure of double harness that they anticipated.

During the latter part of our honeymoon we joined my wife's people at Monte Carlo, where rather an amusing incident occurred *à propos* of my cartoon of Kruger. Mrs. Raby Watney (my wife's mother) received a letter from her brother, Mr.

MY DAUGHTER.

MY WIFE.

Marshall Hall, in which he said that a drawing of Kruger, which had just appeared in *Vanity Fair*, was much appreciated, and that the reproduction, enlarged and reflected on a screen, appearing nightly at the Palace Theatre, was creating quite a sensation. He added, "Tell Leslie he mustn't allow himself to be cut out by other artists." So Mrs. Watney wrote back to him, "Look at the signature, 'Drawl,' and read it backwards."

As I have said before, it is my rule never to place my signature "Spy" under a drawing I have not made from observation of the subject himself, but so anxious was the editor to publish a cartoon of Kruger that to test my powers of imagination, and with the addition of a description of his personal appearance from one who knew him, I made it and sent it in to the office.

But the most amusing comment of all occurred in the reviews of the bound volume of *Vanity Fair*. As usual they were most polite and complimentary to "Spy," who was declared to be quite up to his standard, but they added, "We must confess the best drawings in the volume are by a man who signs himself Drawl," and one paper proceeded to describe the new caricaturist in full, and among other details said that he was a Dane.

On our return to London we looked about for a house and found it very difficult to find a suitable one with a studio attached, so eventually we decided on a house in Elizabeth Street, and I to keep on my old studio at 177, Bromfield Place, Pimlico Road, which I had occupied for fifteen years.

In June, 1900, there appeared in *Vanity Fair* the drawing of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, whom I sketched in helmet and khaki, with a suggestion of

Oom Paul introduced in a boulder in the background. This cartoon, on account of the subject, beat the record for popularity, and its sale exceeded that of all other cartoons in *Vanity Fair*. Later on, when the Commander-in-Chief came to my studio to give me a sitting for the drawing which appeared in *The World*, he told me that copies of this *Vanity Fair* cartoon had come to him from all parts with a request for him to sign it.

In the Christmas number of *Vanity Fair* Lord Roberts was prominent again as the central figure of "A General Group," which contained portraits of Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Kitchener, General Hunter, General French, General Pole-Carew, Sir George White, Lord Dundonald, General Baden-Powell, Colonel Plumer, Sir Frederick Carrington, and General Hector Macdonald. It was a difficult subject to imagine, but it worked out satisfactorily as I was familiar with nearly all in the group.

About this time I made my mental notes for the *Vanity Fair* drawing of Archbishop Temple in St. Paul's Cathedral. The prelate had then become almost blind, and had to be conducted to and from the pulpit.

Some years later I went to Lambeth Palace to sketch the present Archbishop (Dr. Randall Davidson). I was received by his charming wife, and when I got into conversation with the Archbishop he talked to me of his old friend, and said, "One of the best portraits I have ever seen of Archbishop Temple is that one hanging on the wall; I don't know who did it." "Oh, I'm so very pleased that you think that," I replied, "because you will find my signature there, and I did it entirely from observation after a visit to St. Paul's."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, DR TEMPLE, 1902.

At the official residence of the Bishop of Stepney, 2, Amen Court, in the precincts of St. Paul's Cathedral, I sketched both the Bishop of London and the present Archbishop of York at the time when each ruled over the see of Stepney. When sketching Dr. Winnington-Ingram again, as Bishop of London, for *The World*, he came to my studio, and was extremely friendly and entertaining as a sitter. It was about the time of my marriage that my drawing of Canon Fleming appeared in *Vanity Fair*. Of course I knew his face very well indeed. He was the kindest-looking of men, and the cartoon eventually came into the possession of his family.

It was through my old friend, Archie Stuart-Wortley, that I first knew John Scott-Montagu, now Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, his first cousin and great pal, and we spent many delightful days together, at the Palace House, Beaulieu, and in his delightful bungalow on the Solent. John was a brilliant and most versatile young man; it was difficult to say what he could not do, and there is very little about which he does not know something. At one time he will be absorbed in engineering, at another in commerce or in literary work, or may be political. He is a very fine shot, a keen fisherman, in fact, a good all-round sportsman and a most entertaining companion. He has driven a railway engine, but although now absorbed in plans and buildings for the development of Beaulieu, and also in the building of another beautiful house on the Solent for himself, he is, of course, always tremendously keen on everything relating to *The Car*. His brain power and energy are amazing. I have drawn him and also his wife, who is a daughter of the late Marquis of Lothian. She is an accomplished

musician and a charming hostess. I always think of Lord Montagu in connection with the difficulty of conveying a correct sense of height in these full-length *Vanity Fair* cartoons. For instance, to insure a clear impression of his moderate height, in my drawing I lowered the head considerably below the margin of the paper upon which it was drawn, while in its published form the printers had placed it on a level with the margin, thereby giving the impression of increased height, and consequently of a decidedly tall man.

Naturally the proportion of a figure being relative to the space surrounding it, I took good care in the case of Major Oswald Ames, who is something like 6 feet 8 inches, to make his head almost touch the margin; the same rule applied to the feet, and with the aid of a miniature chair in the background the effect was produced.

I conclude I was fortunate with sketches of the late Lord Salisbury, as a lady, a great friend of his, said that a grease paint picture I made of him, in Cyril Maude's dressing-room at the Haymarket Theatre, was quite the best she had ever seen of that distinguished statesman. In 1902, I made another, after watching him again in the House of Lords. It happened to be on the easel one day when Lord Redesdale came to my studio, and he, being struck with it, complimented me by asking if I would part with it, so that the original is now in his possession, and by his permission is reproduced in this book.

As regards the present Prime Minister, I was on the look out for him one day, and he did not appear in the Lobby. A member of parliament came up and asked me who I was looking for. I told him I wanted

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, 1902.

Mr. Asquith, cautioning him, of course, not to let him know for what purpose. He said, "I'll soon have him out," upon which I suggested that he should tell him an amusing story. Consequently I got quite a successful caricature, and not long after the cartoon was published it was, with his approbation, reproduced in colour on the menu of some important Liberal banquet at which he was to be present.

It was with very great pleasure that I designed the menu for the complimentary dinner given by the members of the Dramatic Profession to my old friend, Joe Knight, at the Savoy Hotel on the 4th June, 1905. It contained a portrait of himself for which he sat. He was one of the oldest of the dramatic critics, and had been an art critic, and an intimate friend of Rossetti. He was a very great favourite, especially at the Garrick and Beefsteak Clubs, and he had a fine library which was distributed at his death. A characteristic habit of his was while relating a story to his neighbour at the dinner or supper table to place the palm of his hand before his mouth as though speaking in secrecy, but his voice always thundered out the words so that every one in the room could hear, and there was no secret after all!

One of the nicest men among the many hundreds who have been willing subjects is Lord Newlands. I was struck with his considerate and charming manner to all he came in contact with, even to an old charwoman. It was interesting to hear him talk of his old friend, Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol College, whose memory he regarded with the deepest respect. My early caricature of him seemed to have pleased him so much that he not only gave a good sum for it at the sale of *Vanity Fair* cartoons

at Christie's, but also commissioned me to make a copy of it. As Henry Hozier he was secretary to Lord Salisbury, 1878–80.

Amongst the many prominent men in connection with Canada that I cartooned were Sir Wilfrid Laurier, perhaps the most striking personality of all the colonists that came my way; Sir Walter Blake, who over here became a prominent member of the House of Commons; the late Duke of Argyll, a delightfully intellectual and kind-hearted man; Lord Minto, whom I depicted in Canadian riding-kit, who was a gentleman to the backbone and a thorough sportsman; and Lord Grey, whose distinguished career is so well known.

Of the Duke of Connaught, whose retirement, when it comes, is sure to be felt in Canada with regret, it can only be said that no one of the Royal Family could have filled the post better, and that a more popular successor to the post of Governor-General could not have been selected than Prince Alexander of Teck. Of course I mention all these as having been victims of my brush at one time or another.

Shortly before her marriage, I went to Kensington Palace to make a drawing of Princess Ena of Battenberg (now the Queen of Spain). I was in some difficulty at first about the regulation of the light upon my sitter, and to soften the effect I pinned a large sheet of brown paper over the lower part of the window, but it was suggested by her mother that, perhaps, some drapery would be equally serviceable and more ornamental from the view of those outside. I am afraid that being keen on my work I had not considered the appearance of the Palace windows as no doubt I should have done.

The young Princess was a very handsome girl, with a wealth of beautifully silky fair hair, a lovely complexion and fine eyes full of fun; she was also particularly bright and natural in her manner. At one of the sittings I met the Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg; I had not the honour of a presentation, but she entered into conversation with me. She was most charming, but although I gathered she had unusual knowledge of art, it was not until after she had left the room that I was informed of her identity. I regretted not having known at the time that she was the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, as I should have liked to have told her of my enjoyable cruise with her father.

So highly did the Princess Henry of Battenberg value her niece's criticism of my sketch, that when the young Princess disagreed with her over the suggestion of a slight alteration in it, H.R.H. good-humouredly gave in.

I have the pleasantest remembrance of the character drawing of General Sir William Francis Butler, G.C.B., which I made for *Vanity Fair* in 1907. The General was one of the Empire's very big men, and it will be remembered that prior to the Boer War he was very sharply criticised for certain pessimistic prophecies in connection with the war which annoyed everybody; but events justified every word he uttered. He married Miss Thompson of "The Roll Call" fame, and he was very much struck with a proof print from a drawing of her that I had done for *The Graphic* at the time she painted "The Roll Call." It chanced that he sat to me on my birthday, which was in November. I usually left my studio at sunset in time to get a walk, but that

afternoon I lingered until dusk. Presently there came a ring at my bell, which I answered, and seeing some one at a distance from the gate the visitor asked me if Mr. Leslie Ward was in. I exclaimed, "Why, General! Don't you know me? You've been sitting to me all the morning." He said, "Here is a little parcel which I should like you to accept, it being your birthday," and hurried off. I took it into my studio and found it contained a pair of extremely handsome silver candlesticks of the Georgian period. My subject had a stern countenance but a kind heart.

Not long after, I began to realise that my long association with *Vanity Fair* was about to come to an end. When Mr. Gibson Bowles resigned his connection with the journal, in order to take an active part in the political field which had always attracted his keenest interest, I could not have contemplated a more delightful successor than Mr. A. G. Witherby as my chief, for I again received every encouragement to succeed in my work. Not only is he a very clever caricaturist and draughtsman, but he is equally clever as a writer; in addition to which he is a good sort and keen sportsman, and when he decided to part with the paper it was a great blow to me. I shall ever remember the kind hospitality I received from him and his wife during his proprietorship of the paper.

In early days my father cautioned me against giving more than half of my time to work for reproduction, and experience has taught me the wisdom of the warning. I think after all he was right, and I regret that for nearly forty years I devoted too much time to the work on *Vanity Fair*. As a society journal it was certainly for a long period a

PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG.

Drawn at Kensington Palace, May 1906, just previously to her marriage with the King of Spain.

publication of unique interest, and I venture to prophesy that, when the history of the Victorian Era comes to be written in true perspective, the most faithful mirror and record of representative men and the spirit of their times will be sought and found in *Vanity Fair*.

CHAPTER XVII

A HOLIDAY MISFORTUNE—ROYAL PORTRAITS—FAREWELL

Belgium.—Accident at Golf.—Portraits of King George V., the Duke of Connaught, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Garvin.—Portrait painting of to-day.—Final reflections.—Farewell.

SOMETIMES as the late summer comes round, my wife and I prefer to take our holiday or part of it abroad, when the change of scene and living is a possible attraction.

Five years ago we had been told of a quiet and charming little watering-place in Belgium, not far from Ostend, called Wenduyne, and having in advance booked rooms at the hotel recommended to us, we arrived and found it most comfortable. I took no work with me, not even pencil and brushes, for I was determined to have a complete rest. We were pleased to learn that the golf links at Le Coq were quite handy, and we lost no time in taking the tram there and inscribing our names as temporary members. These links are beautifully kept up, and in the vicinity of the Club House are gaily decorated with flower beds.

Mrs. Oakes (my wife's cousin) and I soon arranged to play a game of golf. The nailed boots that I had been wearing during the morning were new and uncomfortable, so I changed them for a pair of canvas shoes with india-rubber soles, which were well adapted to the course in dry weather. A sudden

This figure lean and youthful mien, he tells us on the quiet,
Are simply due to reasons two—" Engaged, and on a Diet '

And we recalled the happy times, just one short year ago,
When Leslie tottered on the scene with gout stones in the toe

Drawn in September 1899 by Mr A. G. Witherby. What was mistaken for the gout was a broken bone in the foot.

storm, however, made its appearance, and the rain fell in buckets, saturating the ground completely. We were soon wet through, but knowing there were but two holes more to play we decided to continue to the bitter end, which shortly came. I made a bad shot and placed my ball awkwardly. In my endeavour to move it, and at the same moment of striking (and I conclude the india-rubber soles of my shoes were the cause) my foot slipped and I fell helplessly to the ground. My companion, in ignorance of the serious consequences of the fall, urged me to try and rise to my feet, when I found that my leg was badly fractured above the ankle. In time, but not before I was exhausted, a chauffeur turned up with a private motor-car on a road near at hand, and I was borne off by some cottagers and placed inside, while Mrs. Oakes, who had been in search of aid, escorted me back to the hotel.

After being jolted two or three miles over the rough, cobbled road, I was deposited on a sofa until surgical aid came. Fortunately I was soon in very competent hands, although the pain I underwent during the setting of the fracture I shall never forget, for it was agonising.

My wife returned to the hotel to find me safely installed in the proprietor's (M. Machiel's) private sitting-room, which he most kindly gave up for my use. She nursed me for some time under the surgeon's directions, until I urged her to enjoy the remainder of her visit and procure the services of a hospital nurse from London to relieve her.

It was over a month before I was allowed to stir, and when the time came that I might be wheeled on to the balcony of M. Machiel's villa I breathed again. The surgeon, whose temporary villa was

adjoining the hotel, was a well-known town-councillor and scientist in Antwerp who must have weighed twenty stone. When giving me permission at first to get up, he invited me to waltz with him, which gave me hopes of my permanent recovery, but I did not accept the invitation.

On returning home, after the kind attention I received both from M. and Madame Machiel and the officials at Ostend who saw to my comfort before boarding the boat, I found every aid awaiting me at my studio, where I remained in the experienced hands of Dr. Reginald Ingram, who attended me until I was convalescent.

The press cuttings sent me while abroad concerning the accident amused me, as I was reported in some papers to have broken both my legs, while among the kind letters I received was one from Hermann Vezin, the actor, who was lying on a bed of sickness from which he never recovered. I reproduce here another, and amusing, communication which came from an anonymous friend after the accident I have just described. It invites me, as will be seen, to "smile" in spite of all.

My studio on the ground floor at Buckingham Gate made an excellent hospital, but I was still prevented from doing any work for some time. When *The World* approached me after my decision

to terminate my connection with *Vanity Fair*, the inducement was that in addition to the same remuneration which I had received from that paper, I was permitted to retain the rights of my original drawings. In consequence, I was able to send a collection to the Turin Exhibition at the request of Sir Isidore Spielmann, for which I received a Grand Prix.

My second drawing of the present King was published by his permission in *The World* in 1910; it was but a short time before the death of King Edward, for a paragraph in reference to it appeared in *The Morning Post* opposite the announcement of the late King's death. I knew on the best authority that the Prince was a very fine shot, so I represented him in shooting-kit grasping his gun. H.R.H. took the greatest trouble to sit in order that every detail of the picture should be perfectly correct; indeed, on the occasion of the first sitting he not only changed into a complete suit of shooting-clothes, but he permitted me to choose the suit I thought best for the drawing. He told me he always shot with a hammered gun, and preferred it to any other, and that he made a point of wearing a red tie when shooting. On reminding him of boyhood days and the circumstances of my cruise on the *Hercules*, he remembered the incident perfectly. Not long after, I received the honour of sittings from the Duke of Connaught. I had been presented to H.R.H. at St. James's Palace by Sir Henry De Bathe at my first levee, and not having a Court suit of my own, I hired one for the occasion. When I returned to my cab after the levee I was horrified to discover that through careless tailoring my black velvet breeches had split across my thigh, the accident evidently having

occurred at the moment I made my obeisance. I was naturally very much concerned at this ill-timed catastrophe, and could only hope that it had escaped observation.

When the Duke of Connaught was sitting to me I told him the story. He laughed, and related an incident that occurred on another occasion. An old and seemingly rather eccentric military officer was advancing to make his bow, when the Lord Chamberlain noticing something rather strange in his apparel attempted to draw his attention to the fact, and to prevent his advance. Other royal attendants made similar efforts, only to be waved aside by the old gentleman, who obstinately refused to be stopped. It was then that the Duke noticed that his sword, every button, in fact, and all the gold upon his uniform was covered with yellow tissue paper which he had obviously forgotten to remove.

I sketched the Duke in undress uniform, and while the portrait was in progress the Duchess and the Princess Patricia came to look at it, and the Princess, who is herself a clever artist, seemed to take an especial interest in my method of work. On my next visit H.R.H. told me that the Duchess had been so much pleased with the portrait that she would like to possess the original. It was then arranged that the drawing should be sent out to Canada, but at my request it was first lent to the proprietors of *The Graphic*, who reproduced it in colour for the special Duke of Connaught number, which was published shortly after the Duke had accepted office as Governor-General of Canada.

The Graphic also reproduced in colour a drawing that I did of Sir Colin Keppel, in Admiral's uniform ;

he, it will be remembered, took the King and Queen to India.

When the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on Mr. Roosevelt, Oxford made quite a fête day of the occasion. At the ceremony of installation I went down to observe the ex-President in all the glory of his robes and red gown.

Another interesting portrait I painted about this time, also within the fine setting of official dignity and circumstance, was that of Archbishop Bourne in his Cardinal's robes. I sent it to the 1911 exhibition at the Royal Academy, where it was alloted a very prominent position.

It was at the request of *The World* that I made the drawing described as "His Majesty's Servants." It was a group picture of the most prominent actors of the day, including Tree and Bourchier, Weedon Grossmith, Willard, and H. B. Irving, etc. Among a number of very interesting subjects which appeared in *The World* was Captain Scott, and I think I was about the last artist to whom he sat before he started on his fatal expedition.

One of my drawings of Mr. Lloyd George also appeared in *The World;* but my best caricature of the much discussed Chancellor of the Exchequer was published in *Vanity Fair*. He was so pleased with it that he selected it as a frontispiece for his biography, which appeared shortly after its publication, and when this cartoon was put up for sale with some other original drawings it fetched a very high price.

I occasionally made a drawing for *Mayfair*, the only Society journal that I can recall having succeeded in any way on the lines of *Vanity Fair*, although in this paper any accentuation of

characteristics seems out of place. The fact is the object of *Vanity Fair* was most distinctly the entertainment of the public, while that of *Mayfair* is rather purposely for the satisfaction of the individuals.

In 1913, I was commissioned by *Mayfair* to make a drawing of the distinguished scientist, Sir John Murray, who died recently. He was a splendid subject, and had a most picturesque head. His portrait, which was exhibited in the New Gallery, was painted by Sir George Reid, and is one of the most striking in my memory. Mr. Bowie, the well-known Scottish A.R.S.A., to whom I recently sat for the portrait exhibited at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, which has been so well noticed, also painted a very life-like portrait of Sir George Reid.

Mr. Birch Crisp, the well-known stockbroker, who was responsible for the Chinese and Russian loans, was one of my recent subjects in *Mayfair*. He sat several times in spite of the fact that he is an extremely busy man and rarely to be found out of his office. He was very interested in my work, and has made a representative collection of it, which hangs in his beautiful house near Ascot.

Another of the most interesting of my later-day subjects was Mr. Locker-Lampson. His clean-cut face with its strongly-marked features shows the determined character of the man. A good story is told by him in connection with the General Election of 1910. He was due at a political meeting in the neighbourhood of the Fen district, and being already rather behind time, his car was at top speed when they turned an awkward corner of the road—and passengers and car were

suddenly in the water. Mr. Locker-Lampson scrambled to the bank, left the car and proceeded to the local vicarage, where he borrowed the parson's coat and spoke that night at three meetings. The next morning all the village turned out to the scene of the accident; there was the stranded car and from a pole attached to it a banner waved in the wind bearing the words "Locker's In," and he got in all right by a big majority.

Last year at the request of the staff of *The Pall Mall Gazette* and *The Observer*, I made a portrait of their editor, Mr. Garvin. Owing to a family bereavement I was not able to be at the presentation dinner, to my regret, as I had very much enjoyed the opportunity of meeting and drawing this very distinguished man of letters.

As I conclude this book, so, incidents during my professional career of forty-three years seem to arise, but I must not try the patience of my readers by referring to any more.

It strikes me that the average standard of portrait painting has now for many years past been in the ascendant, but that snapshot photography has to a great extent interfered with the old form of coloured caricature, which was for so long a feature of *Vanity Fair*, although the increase of illustrated journalism has both aided and encouraged the development of many a clever caricaturist.

Again I hesitate to mention names lest I should leave out some of the best, and, *à propos* of this, I have always found it wiser when asked the questions, "Who is the best portrait painter of the day for men?" or "Who do you consider paints women best?" to reply in joke, "Why, of course, *I* am the best for both men and women." Thus one

does not commit one's self; as I have invariably found when I have mentioned a name that the answer has been, "Oh! do you really think so? I can't bear his portraits, he has just painted me and my wife, and we have had to relegate both the pictures to the 'Servants' Hall.'"

The illustrations in *Punch* stand as high as the names of its excellent artists, and of course caricature portraiture plays its part prominently there in black and white, as it also does in many of the magazines and evening papers.

"Poster" work is in a strong position, too, in this manner, and here I must again refrain from individualising its chief exponents.

One word also in praise of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, and the work of its members, of whom it is only necessary to read down the list to realise how representative it is, and where I am proud to have contributed my latest portrait in oil—that of Mr. M. P. Grace, the present occupant of "Battle Abbey," my ambition now being to devote a far greater portion of my time to strict portraiture.

Praise is as acceptable to an artist as to any other worker, and in addition to the kindly tributes of my personal friends I should like to express appreciation for those I have received from strangers. I was particularly gratified to receive the following letter: —

"Nov. 19th, 1904.

"My dear Sir,

"As a reader of 'Vanity Fair,' I much desire to take the opportunity of wishing you many happy returns for your birthday on Monday, and of sending you a few cordial and sincere words of greeting for that occasion. I suppose you will receive many

From a life-size oil picture] [*painted by Leslie Ward, 1911.*

M. P. GRACE, ESQ., BATTLE ABBEY.

such messages from friends both known and unknown, whilst others not caring to trouble you will at least think upon your name with much respect, and with such thoughts will couple expressions of good will.

"This is, of course, quite as it should be, and, personally, I would assure you of my very high esteem and regard. I thank you most sincerely for the pleasure your cartoons ever gave me, and for the successful part you take in making 'Vanity Fair' such a splendid publication. I read much, owing to indifferent health precluding my indulgence in vigorous exercise of any kind, thereby necessitating my leisure being spent in quiet and instructive pastimes—such as a study of art, literature, and music.

"I would express in all sincerity my fervent hope that every happiness and joy this world can possibly give may be yours to enjoy, with an entire lack of all that tends in any way to cause trouble or promote pain. Particularly do I wish you excellent health. Nothing, I feel sure, adds to or detracts more from life than the physical state—hence my remark. May all good luck and fortune attend you, and permit you to continue for many years yet your splendid work as an artist. Somehow I feel that words are quite inadequate to express all that is in one's heart to say. I can only ask you, therefore, my dear Sir, to accept my poorly expressed words as *heartfelt and sincere*, and believe them to come from one who takes the keenest interest in yourself and your fine work.

"Can you kindly oblige by replying to the two following questions for me:—

"1. Where may a brief and authentic sketch

of your life and career be found? I much desire to have the opportunity of perusing such.

"2. Also may I enquire where a *good* portrait of yourself may be procured? I am anxious to have a good one for framing, as a slight personal 'memento' (if I may so call it) of one whose work greatly interests me.

"Wishing you again many happy returns, offering you my sincerest congratulations, and hoping you are well,

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely yours,

"A READER OF 'VANITY FAIR.'

"LESLIE WARD, ESQ., 'SPY.'"

So kind a letter I naturally preserve with gratification.

POSTSCRIPT.

In March last, and for the two months that I spent in the Empire Hospital, Vincent Square, I received from Mr. Jocelyn Swan and Mr. Reginald Ingram the best surgical and medical skill that man could wish for. The hospital itself, which is for paying patients (excepting during the war, in the cases of military officers), and which contains a number of comfortable private rooms, is perfectly managed. Then it was that a combination of Brighton air and a delightfully conducted nursing home hastened my convalescence and quickly gave me the desire to work again.

One of the principal consolations of convalescence

I found, as soon as I was well enough to receive them, lay in the visits of my friends. It was with particular pleasure—for we had not met for a long time—that I saw Sir Willoughby Maycock by my bedside at the Empire Hospital. I was also much honoured and gratified by receiving a visit from the Duchess of Argyll, who, on learning of my illness, expressed a wish to see me.

During convalescence I made up my mind to write an additional chapter of this book, and indeed I went so far as to cause search to be made for the notes upon which the chapter was to be based, and for the material which I had prepared before my illness. Unfortunately, however, notes and material alike had disappeared—irretrievably; and I am forced to conclude without the chapter I had planned. I should like to append here a note which really bears upon the pages dealing with my school-days at Eton, and which to my mind has considerable historical interest. It refers to the Brocas at Eton.

"Sir John de Brocas was a Gascon Knight who became an officer of Edward the Second's Household, and settled in England. His third son, Sir Bernard Brocas, was a great favourite with the Black Prince, and Master of the Horse to his father Edward the Third. He was also a friend of William of Wykeham, sat in ten parliaments for Hampshire, and chamberlain to Richard the Second's queen. By his second marriage (in 1361) with Mary, widow of Sir John de Borhunte, he became hereditary Master of the Royal Buckhounds, a post which his descendants held until 1633, when they sold it. He owned a lot of property in and about Windsor and Clewer, whence comes the name the Brocas Clump, etc., but his chief estate was at Beaurepaire, near

Basingstoke. He died in 1395, and was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, Westminster Abbey."

Finally, I see that in telling the story of Craigie at the Beefsteak Club on pages 175–176 I have omitted to mention some members who almost invariably accompanied him and helped greatly to make the Beefsteak meetings so agreeable. I should not like to appear forgetful of Lord Hothfield, Sir George Chetwynd, Mr. 'Johnny' Morgan, Colonel Walter Dally Jones, and Sir J. K. Fowler, of all of whom I have such pleasant memories.

I must now conclude with thanking my friend Charles Jerningham, 'The Linkman,' for his introduction (after persuading me to write my reminiscences) to Mr. Spalding of Messrs. Chatto & Windus. From him and others in this old firm of publishers I have received every help and courtesy. I now say farewell, and hope that the good public will forgive what shortcoming there may be in "Forty Years of 'Spy.'"

INDEX

Adam, Patrick, 81
Adams-Acton, John, 243
Adler, Very Rev. Hermann, 230
Agnew, William, 95
Ainger, Canon, 222
Aird, Sir John, 226
Albemarle, Lord, 271
Albert, Prince (the Prince Consort), 11, 30, 260
Alexandra, Queen, 273
Alington, Lord, 96, 245
Allandale, Lady, 251
Alleyne, F. M., 40
Alma-Tadema, Sir L., 151, 164, 226, 227
Alverstone, Lord, 216
Amalia, 174, 189
Ames, Major Oswald, 326
Argyll, Duke of, 328
Ashburton, Lady, 300
Ashby-Sterry, J., 190
Ashton, Edmund, 84
Ashwell, Lena, 293
Asquith, Mr., 326, 327
Astley, Philip, 15
Austin, Alfred, 291
Aynesworth, Allan, 295

Baden-Powell, Sir R., 324
Baldwin, J. L., 231
Balfour, A. J., 247
Ballantyne, Serjeant, 183
Bancroft, Sir Squire and Lady, 293
Barry, Edward, 70
Bateman, Miss (Mrs. Crowe), 44
Bathe, Sir Henry de, 88, 335
Battenberg, Princess Henry of, 329
Battenberg, Prince Louis of, 274
Battyany, Prince, 269
Bayard, Mr., 117, 118, 282
Beaufort, Duke of, 249
Beerbohm, Julius, 288
Beerbohm, Max, 288
Bellew, Rev. J. M., 23
Bellew, Kyrle, 24
Benckendorff, Count, 282
Benson, Archbishop, 230
Benson, A. C., 230
Bentinck, F., 321
Beresford, Lord C., 268, 269
Bernhardt, Sarah, 184
Bickersteth, Dr., 229
Birch, Charles, 19
Bird, T., 183
Biron, H. C., 211, 216
Birrell, Rt. Hon. A., 215
Black, William, 291
Blake, Sir W., 328
Boehm, Sir Edgar, 289, 290
Borradaile, Mrs., 197
Bourchier, Arthur, 295
Bourne, Archbishop, 337
Bowie, John, 338
Bowles, Gibson, 93, 94, 103, 133, 236, 248, 270, 330
Brampton, Baron, 197
Bricka, Fraülein, 317
Bridge, Sir F., 284
Brodrick, Mr., Warden of Merton, 134
Brookfield, Charles, 172, 173, 182, 183, 272, 289
Brookfield, Mrs., 174
Brooks, Shirley, 88
Brooks, Sir Wm. Cunliffe, 143, 144
Brough, Robert, 146
Buller, Sir R., 324
Burnaby, Col. Fred, 103, 277
Burnand, Sir Francis, 88, 176, 190
Burgess, J. B., 53
Burton, Sir Richard, 145
Butler, Hedges, 320
Butler, Sir W. F., 329, 330
Butt, Isaac, 238

Buzzard, Dr., 164
Byam, Rev. R. B., 35
Byng, Rev. F. E. C., 245
Byron, H. J., 190

Calderon, Philip, 59, 239
Caley, Mrs. T., 141, 154
Calthrop, Claude, 37
Cameron, Mrs., 43
Campbell, Rev. R. J., 229, 230
Cardigan, Lady, 269
Carlos, Don, 277
Carr, Comyns, 134, 135, 176
Carrington, Sir F., 324
Carroll, Lewis, 42
Castle, Egerton, 292
Cecil, Arthur, 88, 283
Cecil, Lord Robert, 214
Cetewayo, 280, 281
Chambers, Sir Thomas, 213
Choate, J., 282
Churchill, Lord Randolph, 27, 247
Clarence, Duke of, 260, 265
Claridge, Mr., 278
Clemens, S. L. (Mark Twain), 129
Clifford, Sir A. W., 237
Clifford, Lord de, 190
Cobbett, Sir William, 84
Cockburn, Capt. A., 103
Cockburn, C. S., 284
Cole, Vicat, 22, 46
Collier, the Hon. John, 151
Collins, Charles, 6, 7
Collins, T., 243
Collins, Wilkie, 6, 15, 66
Collins, Mrs. William, 6
Colonsay, Lord, 245
Colvile, General Sir Henry, 190, 191
Connaught, the Duke of, 187, 328, 335, 336
Connaught, Princess Patricia of, 336
Constable, Mr., a brewer-artist, 45
Cooke, Edward, 52, 53
Coope, Mr. and Mrs., 156
Cooper, Sydney, 53
Corbett, Colonel, 141
Cornwallis-West, Mrs., 153
Corry, Monty, 240
Courtney, W. L., 296
Cousins, Samuel, 144
Cozens-Hardy, Sir Herbert, 214
Craigie, a member of the Beefsteak Club, 175
Crane, Walter, 299
Crewe, Lord, 61
Cripps, Sir Alfred, 214
Crisp, Birch, 338
Cruikshank, George, 85

Dalgleish, Robert, 244
Darnley, Lord, 231
Dashwood, Mrs., 225
Davidson, Dr. Randall, 324
Delaware, Lord and Lady, 37
Denmark, King of, 319
Desart, Lady, 103
Dickens, Charles, 15, 63, 65, 103
Dickens, Mrs. Henry, 59
Dicksee, Sir Frank, 145
Dilke, Sir Charles, 65
Disraeli, B., 240
Dixie, Lady Florence, 103
Dixon, W. H., 64
Doran, Alban, 32
Doran, John, 19, 53, 54, 89, 90, 107
Doré, Gustave, 298
Doyle, Sir Hastings, 248
Druce, T. C., 205
Drummond, Hugh, 192
Dubourg, Augustus, 288
Du Maurier, George, 59, 87, 88, 290
Dundonald, Lord, 324
Dunlop, Richard, 80, 82

Edge, K.C., J. H., 20, 53
Edinburgh, Duke of, 252, 253, 258, 262, 264
Edward VII, King, 11, 19, 100, 127, 148, 154, 187, 253, 270, 272, 273 274, 303, 304
Elliot, William, 173, 296
Ellis, Prof. Robinson, 233
Erskine, Captain, 237
Etherington-Smith, R. B., 231
Eugenie, Empress, 276
Evans, Mr. and Miss, 30

Faed, Thomas, 83
Fagan, Louis, 164
Farren, Nellie, 174, 175, 189
Farren, William, 293
Farquhar, "Gillie," 113
Fechter, 62

Ferguson, Sir James, 153
Fildes, Sir Luke, 107, 145
Fitzgerald, Lord and Lady Otho, 274, 275, 276
Fleming, Canon, 322, 325
Forbes, Archibald, 164
Forbes-Robertson, Sir J., 86
Fox, Mr. and Mrs. George, 82, 225, 228
Fox, Harry, 83
Fraser, General Sir Charles, 152
Fraser, General Sir Keith and Lady, 152
French, Sir J., 324
Frere, Sir Bartle, 248
Frewer, the Rev. Dr., 28
Frith, W. P., 53, 71, 154
Fry, C. B., 231
Fry, Oliver, 291
Furniss, Harry, 237, 239, 246
Furse, Charles, 146

Gambert, 22
Garibaldi, 60
Garvin, J. L., 339
Gennadius, M., 315
George V, King, 260, 264, 265, 316, 334, 335
George, D. Lloyd, 337
German Emperor, the, 269, 270, 271
Gibson, Dana, 291
Giffard, J., 183, 190
Gilbert, Sir W. S., 64, 190
Gill, K.C., Charles, 215
Gillette, William, 117, 294
Gladstone, W. E., 240, 241
Godfrey, Dan, 283
Gomm, Sir William, 247
Gooch, Captain, 190
Goodford, Dr., 223, 224
Goodhart, Dr., 33
Gordon, Sir Evans, 211
Gorst, Sir John, 247
Gosset, Mr., 237
Gould, F. C., 300
Gounod, M., 157
Grace, M. P., 340
Grace, W. G., 231
Graham, Peter, 53, 146
Grain, Corney, 177, 178, 183, 186
Gray, Thomas, 8
Greece, King of, 274
Grey, Lord, 328
Grimthorpe, Lord, 213
Grisi, 23
Grossmith, George, 177, 178, 186
Grossmith, jun., George, 295
Grossmith, Weedon, 186, 295
Guinness, Hon. R., 272

Haldon, Lord, 137, 138
Hall, Sir Charles, 213
Hall, Marshall, 216, 323
Hall, Mr. and Mrs. S. C., 55, 56, 79
Hall-Say, Mr., 30
Halsbury, Lord, 214
Hamilton, Duke of, 253
Hamilton, McClure, 148, 152
Harcourt, Sir W., 246
Hardie, Keir, 131
Hardinge, Admiral, 254
Hardy, Thomas, 292
Hare, Sir John, 40
Harris, Lord, 231
Harris, Mr., a *Times* correspondent, 308
Hawke, Lord, 231
Hawtrey, Charles, 295
Hay, Col. J., 282
Hayashi, Viscount Tadasa, 281
Hearsey, General Sir John, 18
Heneage, Admiral Sir A., 259
Henley, W. E., 292
Henry, Mitchell, 238
Herbert, J. R., 51
Herkomer, Sir Hubert, 87
Herkomer, Herman, 148
Herschel, Sir William, 9
Hewitt, Admiral Sir W., 254, 258, 262
Higgins, 'Willie,' 191
Hill, Raven, 187
Hirst, George, 231
Holl, Frank, 144
Hollingshead, John, 189
Hollmann, 184, 227
Holmes, O. W., 189
Holmes, T. K., 189
Hood, Lord, 258, 259
Hope-Johnstone, Wentworth, 25
Houghton, Lord, 66, 192, 303
Hume the medium, 79
Hunt, W. Holman, 4, 5, 53, 144
Hunter, General, 324
Huntly, the Marchioness of, 143

Ignatieff, General, 278
Imperial, the Prince, 17, 274
Ingham, Sir James, 213
Irving, Sir Henry, 63, 143, 183, 184, 196
Irving, H. B., 296

Jackson, F. S., 231
Jackson, R.A., John, 2
Jaffray, Sir William, 85
Jenkins, Edward, 243
Jerrold, Douglas, 64
Jessop, G. L., 231
Joachim, 66
Jones, Henry Arthur, 297
Jowett, Dr., 327
Jung, Sir Salar, 278, 279

Keene, Charles, 164
Kemble, Henry, 288
Kendal, Mr. and Mrs., 288
Kenealy, Dr. Edward, 198
Kensington, the Bishop of, 218
Kent, the Duchess of, 9
Keppel, Sir Colin, 336
Kipling, Rudyard, 291
Kirby, Joshua, 34
Kitchener, Lord, 324
Knight, Joseph, 327
Knollys, Sir F., 273
Kruger, Paul, 322, 323

Labouchere, Rev. J., 322
Laird, John, 242
Lampson, Dr., 196
Landseer, Charles, 85
Landseer, Sir Edwin, 4, 51
Landseer, Thomas, 51
Langtry, Mrs., 153
Laurier, Sir W., 328
Lawson, Sir Edward, 183, 303
Lehmann, Rudolph, 178, 233
Leighton, Lord, 52, 145, 290
Lemon, Mark, 88
Lennox, Lord Henry, 132
Leopold, Prince, 303, 305
Leslie, R.A., C. R., 2, 53
Leslie, R.A., George, 2
Leslie, Henry, 157
Le Strange, Commander, 254, 264
Leven, Lord, 92
Leverson, Madame Rachel, 197
Levy, Edward, 73
Levy, Mr. and Mrs. J. M., 46, 302
Lewis, Arthur, 39, 43, 62, 82, 88, 94, 95
Lewis, Sir George, 213
Lichfield, Bishop of, 225, 228
Lind, Jenny, 56
Lipton, Sir Thomas, 272
Locker-Lampson, G., 338
Lockwood, Colonel, 25
Lockwood, Sir Frank, 196
Londesborough, Lord, 184
London, Bishop of, 325
Londonderry, Lord, 250
Long, E. L., 53
Lonsdale, Lord, 117
Loudoun, the Countess of, 141
Louise, Princess, 274
Lover, Sam, 58
Lucas, Seymour, 145
Lucy, Sir Henry, 229
Lumley, A. S., 148, 316
Lush, Mr. Justice, 199
Lytton, Lord, 76, 107
Lytton, the second Lord, 249

McCalmont, Fred, 190
McCalmont, Harry, 272
McCalmont, Mrs. Harry, 141
Macdonald, Sir H., 324
Macdonald, Admiral Sir R., 252
Machiel, M., 333, 334
Mackenzie, Mr., of Kintale, 255,256
Maclagan, Mrs., 228, 229
Maclean, I., 190
Maclise, Daniel, 50, 77
Mahony, Mr., 260
Majendie, Colonel, 285
Makunan, H.H. Ras, 279, 280
Marks, Stacy, 62, 87, 164
Martin, Sir Theodore and Lady, 60
Martino, Chevalier, 270
Mary, Queen, 316, 317
Matthews, Sir Charles, 215
Maude, Cyril, 294
Melba, Madame, 227
Mellor, Mr. Justice, 199
Mensdorff, Count, 282
Metternich, Count Paul, 282
Meux, Sir Henry and Lady, 165, 166, 167

Meyer, Jeremiah, 34
Middleton, Captain Bay, 276
Midhat Pasha, 278
Midleton, Viscount, 244
Miles, Frank, 153
Mill, John Stuart, 104
Millais, Sir John, 53, 87, 112, 113, 142, 143, 250, 290
Millais, Mrs., 153
Minto, Lord, 328
Monkswell, Lord, 151
Montagu of Beaulieu, Lord and Lady, 325, 326
Moriarty, Daniel, 257
Morland, George, 2
Moroni, 80
Moscheles, Felix, 59
Mulready, W., 4, 52
Munday, Luther, 184
Munday, Mrs. Miller, 141
Munro, Mrs. Butler Johnstone, 74
Munroe, Kate, 174
Munster, Count, 282
Murray, Sir John, 337
Muttlebury, Mr., 232

Nash, Edward, 12, 146
Nash, Rev. Zacchary, 68
Neville, Henry, 56
Newlands, Lord, 327
Newman, Cardinal, 132, 133
Newton, Harry, 322
Northbrook, Lord, 248
Norway, King of, 319

Oakes, Mrs., 332, 333
Onslow, Guilford, 199
Orchardson, W. Q., 145
Ossington, Lady, 199, 200
Ouless, W. W., 145
Owen, Sir Cunliffe, 247
Owen, Professor, 92, 93

Paganini, 58
Paget, Lord A., 242
Paget, Sir James, 33
Palgrave, Mr., 236
Palk, "Piggy," 137
Pankhurst, Christabel, 160
Parker, Frank, 191
Parker, Henry, 183
Parnell, C. S., 239
Parry, Serjeant, 212
Pasley, Mr., 270
Patti, Adelina, 23, 46
Patti, Carlotta, 23
Pellegrini, 93, 94, 95, 96, 112, 132, 164, 236
Pender, Lady, 74
Penley, W. S., 288
Penn, John, 8
Persia, Shah of, 281
Pettie, John, 145
Philipson, the wicket-keeper, 231
Piggott, Mostyn, 187
Pigott, Mr., the Examiner of Plays, 15, 136
Pitman, C. M., 233, 234
Planché, J. R., 34
Plowden, Mr., 215
Plumer, Colonel, 324
Poland, Sir Henry, 212
Pole-Carew, General, 324
Portarlington, Earl of, 242, 314, 315
Portland, the fifth Duke of, 199, 200
Post, Frederick, 176
Powis, Earl of, 243
Poynter, Sir E. J., 146
Prinsep, Val, 164

Ranelagh, Lord, 197
Ranjitsinhji, K. S., 231
Rawlinson, F. P., 217
Rawlinson, Sir Henry, 246
Reading, Lord, 216
Redesdale, Lord, 326
Reece, 190
Reeves, Sims, 23
Reid, Sir George, 146, 338
Reid, Whitelaw, 282
Ribblesdale, Lord, 3
Richter, Hans, 283
Richmond, R.A., George, 21, 144
Richmond, Sir W., 144
Rivière, M., 157, 158
Roberts, David, 52, 53
Roberts, Lord, 323
Robinson, Dr. Armitage, 230
Rocksavage, Lord, 117
Rollit, Sir Albert, 247
Roosevelt, T., 337
Ross, Sir William, 12

Rossit, Madame de, 78
Rousby, Mrs., 153
Royal, the Princess, 9, 263
Royce, 189
Ruskin, John, 56
Rutzen, Sir Albert de, 214

St. John, Florence, 45, 227
Sala, G. A., 9
Salisbury, Lord, 326
Sambourne, Linley, 164, 290
Sargent, J. S., 156
Savile, Henry, 204
Saxe-Coburg, Princess Beatrice of, 329
Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Victoria of, 274
Scott, Captain, 337
Seaman, Sir Owen, 176
Seely, Brig.-Gen., 244
Seely, Charles, 244
Selfe, Judge, 40
Sewell, Dr. James, 220, 221
Shannon, J. J., 149
Shave, a waiter, 161, 162
Shaw, Sir Eyre, 46
Shrewsbury, Lord, 261
Shrewsbury, Lady, 154, 155
Smiles, Samuel, 292
Smirke, Sir Edward, 67
Smirke, Sir Robert, 67
Smirke, R.A., Sydney, 67, 68
Smith, the Misses, 18
Smith, Horace, 2
Smith, James, 2
Sothern, E. A., 63
Spain, Queen of, 328, 329
Spielmann, Sir I., 335
Spiers, Phené, 164
Spofforth, F. R., 231
Spooner, Dr., 134
Stainer, Sir John, 221
Stanfield, Clarkson, 52, 53
Stanhope, Lord, 65
Stephens, F. G., 53
Stone, Marcus, 22, 164
Straight, Sir Douglas, 212
Street, G. E., 69
Stuart, Sterling, 126
Sturge, Mr., 243
Sturt, Colonel Napier, 248
Sullivan, Sir Arthur, 87, 91
Swinburne, A. C., 162
Sykes, Mark, 155
Sykes, Lady, 155

Taglioni, 21
Tarver, Frank, 225
Taylor, Tom, 39, 56, 88
Taylor, Mrs. Tom, 57
Teck, Duke and Duchess of, 317
Teck, Prince Adolphus of, 316, 317
Teck, Prince Alexander of, 328
Tempest, Marie, 184
Temple, Archbishop, 324
Teniers, 37
Tenniel, Sir John, 88, 164
Terry, Edward, 189
Terry, Ellen, 41
Terry, Florence, 88
Terry, Kate (Mrs. Arthur Lewis), 39, 43, 62, 82, 88, 95
Terry, Marion, 41
Thackeray, W. M., 15, 18
Thomas, Moy, 107
Thompson, Alfred, 183
Thompson, General Perronet, 58
Tichborne, A. C., 198
Tissot, J. J., 101, 102
Tooke, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, 9
Toole, John, 183
Tooth, the Rev. Arthur, 133
Torrington, Lord, 222, 223
Tree, Sir H. B., 287
Trevor, Leo, 293
Trollope, Anthony, 104
Trumper, the Misses, 7, 8
Twiss, Quintin, 190

Van Beers, Jan, 225
Varley, John, 148, 150
Vaughan, Cardinal, 230
Vaughan, Kate, 174, 175, 189
Vezin, Hermann, 334
Victor Emmanuel, King, 10
Victoria, Queen, 10, 11, 13, 30
Vincent, Sir Howard, 46
Virtue, James, 56, 104
Virtue, William, 71
Vivian, Lord, 243

Wagner, Richard, 283
Walker, Dr., 225
Walker, Fred, 86, 87

Ward, Beatrice, 36, 62, 92
Ward, R.A., E. M., 2, 10, 13, 20, 33, 34, 35, 63, 69, 70, 80, 106
Ward, Mrs. E. M., 2, 5, 11, 17, 37, 59, 159
Ward, George Raphael, 2, 4
Ward, R.A., James, 2, 3, 4
Ward, M.V.O., the Hon. John, 3
Ward, Russell, 38, 43, 63, 92
Ward, William, 3
Warner, Lady Lucia, 141
Warren, Sir T. H., 222
Waterford, Lady, 21
Watney, Mrs. R., 322
Watts, G. F., 41, 142
Weldon, Mrs. Georgina, 157, 158, 159, 160
Weldon, W. H., 98
Welldon, Dr., 224
Wellesley, Dean, 219
Wentworth-Cole, Mr., 254, 264
Whibley, Charles, 292
Whistler, 48, 112, 163, 172, 298, 305
Whitaker, Colonel, 306
White, Sir George, 324
White, Mr., Consul at Tangier, 307
Wilberforce, Archdeacon, 245
William IV, King, 2
Williams, Montagu, 68, 183, 195, 212
Windt, Harry de, 175
Winslow, Dr. Forbes, 158
Witherby, A. G., 330
Wolff, Sir H. Drummond, 247
Wombwell, Sir George, 165
Wood, Mrs. John, 284
Wood, Percy, 186, 187
Wortley, A. S., 149, 150, 175, 189, 190, 325
Wyllats, Willie, 103
Wyndham, Sir Charles, 293
Wynn, Sir W. W., 127

Yardley, William, 189
Yates, Edmund, 105, 106, 163
Yates, Mrs. Edmund, 91

Zoffany, 34

THE END

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